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## SOCIAL LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN.

HOW THE PRESIDENT SPENDS HIS SALARY, AND WHAT ALLOWANCES THE GOVERNMENT PROVIDES FOR HIM—THE EXECUTIVE MANSION AND ITS MEMORIES OF A CENTURY OF HISTORY.

THE House of Representatives recently declined, for reasons which no doubt were satisfactory to its members, to raise the salary of the President

more likely to provide a pension, or retirement pay, of perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars a year, so that an occupant of the White House would feel



THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING PART OF THE GROUNDS, WHICH ARE MAINTAINED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

of the United States, now fixed at fifty thousand dollars a year. As these same legislators voted in favor of paying into their own pockets two hundred thousand dollars for a "constructive" railroad journey which they never took, it looks as if the Congressional viewpoint on money matters was a somewhat selfish one. Under the Constitution, the Presidential stipend cannot now be increased until after the end of Mr. Roosevelt's present term. Moreover, instead of a direct addition to the salary, Congress is

under no obligation to lay aside anything for a rainy day.

Of course, fifty thousand dollars is not the entire official income of the President—as other men measure incomes. So closely are public and private needs merged in the allowances that Congress makes for the maintenance of the Executive dignity and comfort, that no two expert accountants commissioned to investigate the subject would be likely to agree within five thousand dollars as to the precise amount of the President's



THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1799, WHEN THE BUILDING WAS NEWLY FINISHED AND THE GROUNDS NOT YET LAID OUT.

*Drawn by Gordon H. Grant from an old print.*

compensation. Besides his fifty thousand dollars a year, he is interested in four different appropriations. The first grant alone is at least as large as his salary—it was fifty-nine thousand dollars this year—and all of it is spent upon the White House. The care of the old mansion, with its repair, repainting, and refurnishing, falls to the superintendent of public buildings and grounds, who is an officer detailed from the engineer corps of the army. When Colonel Bromwell, the present superintendent, went before the Appropriations Committee, the chairman, Congressman Hemenway, asked him just two questions:

“How much do you want?”

“Thirty-five thousand dollars,” was the answer.

“How much did you have last year?”

“Thirty-five thousand dollars.”

The inquiry ended at that point. No itemized statement is ever rendered of

the use made of this particular allowance, which may be expended “by contract or otherwise, as the President may determine.” It covers such things as the annual coat of white paint that keeps the mansion true to its popular name, and the new carpets which are constantly needed, particularly in the rooms to which the sight-seeing public is admitted. No American wants to see anything in the White House that has become shabby.

Six thousand dollars is appropriated for the President's fuel, supplying the green-houses and stable as well as the house



MRS. JOHN ADAMS, THE FIRST MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

*From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.*

itself. The maintenance of the conservatory costs nine thousand dollars, and this year there was a special vote of another nine thousand for its rebuilding and extension. That last expenditure will not soon recur, but it is typical of other outlays that will. Formerly, the greenhouses were directly connected with the mansion itself, covering what is now the west terrace. In the restoration of three years ago they were removed to the Monument grounds, but they are still carried in the appropriation bill as the White House conservatory.

The second appropriation is one of twenty thousand dollars for lighting, coming partly from the Federal Treasury and partly from the District of Columbia. Here public and personal utilities are inextricably intermingled, for the same allowance furnishes electricity for the lamp on the President's desk and for the arc lights outside the White House, which are part of the illumination of Pennsylvania Avenue. It is even specified by statute that this grant shall pay for the White House matches, as well as stoves and fuel for the watchman's lodge and the stable.

A third vote, also of twenty thousand dollars, is for contingent expenditures of the Executive Office. This includes little that can be regarded as strictly personal, such as a private citizen would have to pay for. It chiefly covers stationery, record books, the telegraph service, and the telephone, on which the White House is a private branch exchange, entered in the Washington books as "Main No. 6."

It also provides for the official stable, which is a wholly different institution from the chief magistrate's own stable, although the two occupy the same building. The government provides four horses for the President's secretary, and pays the salary of his driver and his groom. The President himself, from im-

memorial custom, buys his own carriages and horses, pays for the grain they eat, and engages a man to take care of them. The government, however, hires his driver, and furnishes the stable, lighted, and supplied with city water.

Of the fourth White House appropriation, which amounts to nearly sixty thousand dollars, little could be regarded as ministering to the President's personal needs. It pays the salaries of the White House employees—the doorkeeper, the eight assistant doorkeepers, the nine messengers, and three or four others. The President's steward receives eighteen hundred dollars; he is a bonded officer, responsible for the table-ware and furnishings. But most of this appropriation goes to the clerical



MRS. JAMES MADISON (DOLLY MADISON), PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE MISTRESSES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

*From the portrait by Chappel.*

force that transacts the routine business of the Executive Office. Incidentally, -of course, these official clerks make out the invitations to the White House dinners and receptions. Since there is no line which can separate the President's social obligations as an individual from those that he incurs as a President, there should be none in the government's provision for these things.

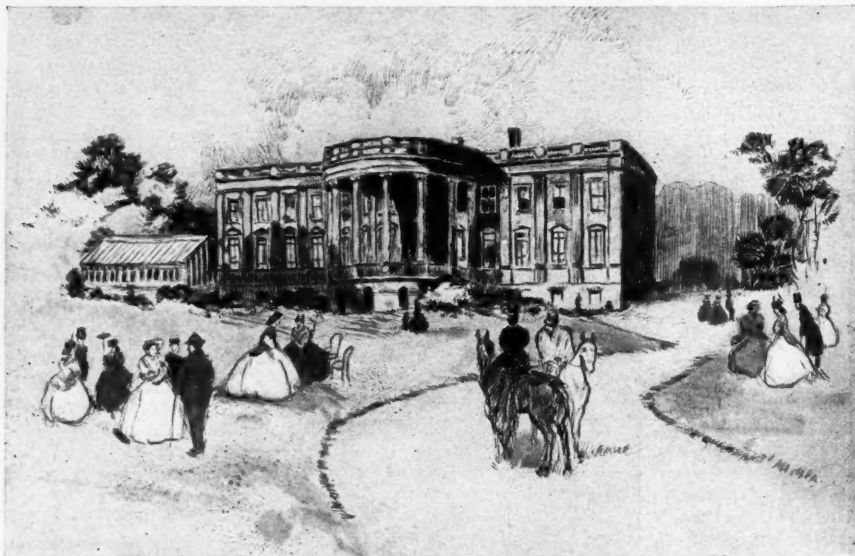
Liberal as are the President's allowances, he has heavy expenses to meet out

of his salary. One of the largest items that falls to his private purse is that of supplies for the table. The government pays the wages of about two dozen White House employees but the President is expected to feed them. He also bears the cost of dinners and entertainments, paying the caterer, if one is employed, and compensating all extra cooks and waiters brought in for the occasion when the

lines, it would not answer to attach his car to a regular train.

#### MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

It was clearly intended by the fathers of the republic that the President should live better than any other American. In proportion to the wealth of the country there was more state and ceremony under George Washington than there is



A VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE ABOUT THE YEAR 1850, SHOWING THE SOUTH FRONT AND THE GROUNDS.

*Drawn by Gordon H. Grant from an old print.*

official steward manages the feast. Occasionally a President's wife buys cut flowers when the supply from the White House conservatory runs short.

Another class of expenditures depends largely on the President's personal attitude. There are many things to which he would be perfectly welcome, if willing to accept them, as gifts—the use of private trains, boxes at the theater, and the services of musicians and entertainers at White House functions. With regard to railroad travel the existing situation is not at all satisfactory. The American people ought not to expect their President to travel as much as custom now requires and to pay out of his own pocket for a private train. To journey in any less expensive way would be neither comfortable nor dignified. His speeches must be arranged at suitable hours, and where he is traveling on roads that have only two or three passenger trains a day, as is the case on some of the Western

under Theodore Roosevelt. General Washington always drove with four horses, and with two liveried footmen standing behind him; and though he never lived in the White House, he set the standards for it. So much entertaining has never been done in the old mansion as when Dolly Madison presided there. In its early days it was called "the palace," and its receptions were known as "drawing-rooms." Some historians think that these high-sounding terms were used satirically, but there is no actual need of such a theory. The White House undoubtedly was a palace according to the standards of a century ago. The British minister, attending Jefferson's second inauguration in 1805, described it in his letters home as the only worthy building in the American capital.

To a certain extent every President has regulated his own entertaining, but there are certain functions prescribed by cus-



Justice  
Walke.

Gen.  
Banks.

Gen.  
Logan.

Gen.  
Butler.

Gen.  
Halleck.

Adm.  
Porter.

Gen.  
Burnside.

Gen.  
Lincoln.

Mrs. Lincoln.

Chase.

Stanton.

Johnson.

Mrs. Grant.

Gen. Grant.

Farragut.

Haucock.

Sheridan.

Charles  
Sumner.

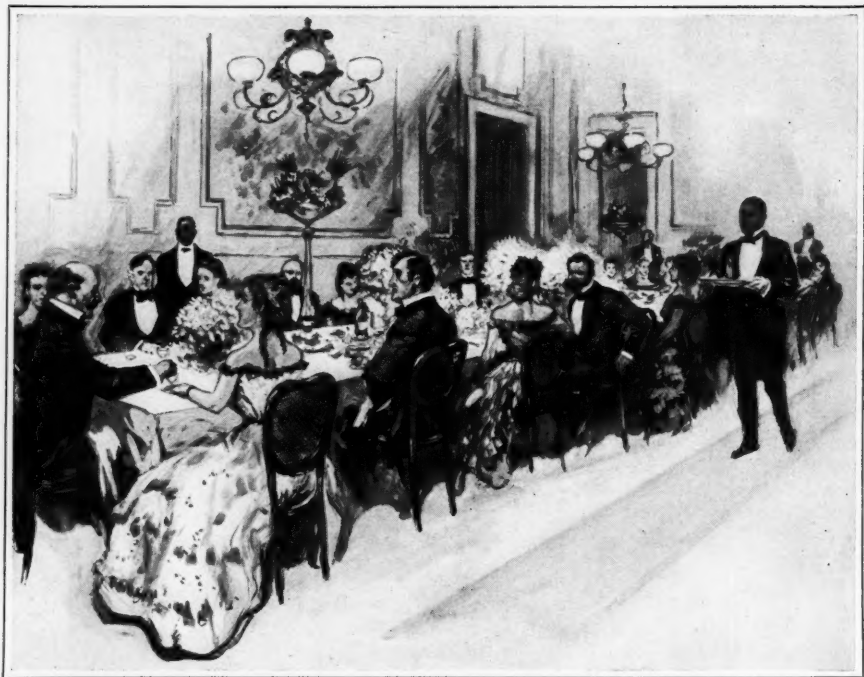
Wm. T.  
Sherman.

John  
Sherman.

Seward.

A RECEPTION IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1865, DURING THE LAST MONTHS OF LINCOLN'S PRESIDENCY.

From a lithograph published in 1865.



A DINNER PARTY IN THE STATE DINING-ROOM DURING GRANT'S PRESIDENCY.

*Drawn by Gordon H. Grant from a contemporary print.*

tom, to be omitted only in case the household is in mourning. Each year the members of the diplomatic corps, of the Cabinet, and of the Supreme Court, must be invited to dine at the White House. There must be a series of receptions at which the official society of Washington is invited to meet respectively the diplomats, the judiciary, the army and navy, and Congress. Beyond these annual affairs, the number of dinners and the length of the guest lists have varied according to the tastes and circumstances of the President and his family. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt have done more entertaining than any of their recent predecessors. One of their most interesting and unusual functions—unusual, that is, for the White House—was a children's party given a year ago last Christmas.

A dinner invitation to the White House is like a "command" to the hospitality of a king or emperor—etiquette rules that it cannot be declined. It is no valid excuse to say that you have asked guests to your own house for the same evening; your dinner must be postponed or must be served in your absence.

Countless are the historical memories of White House entertainments. In the

mansion's century of existence it has witnessed all sorts of scenes and incidents—splendid and tragic, pathetic and ludicrous. Here is one of the last category, such as would pass unrecorded in the chronicles that deal with weightier events:

President Lincoln used to bring the most unconventional people in to dinner in the most unconventional way. One day an old neighbor of his from Illinois, a portly farmer, sat at his table. Stewed chicken was served. The visitor accidentally swallowed, or partly swallowed, a small bone. Choking violently, and struggling to remove it from his throat, he finally threw it across the table, where it hit young Tad Lincoln on the forehead. As soon as the stout Illinoisan recovered from his confusion, he congratulated the lad that the bone which hit him had not been a leg!

The White House has seen its share of the three great events of human life—births, marriages, and funerals. The first child born there was James Madison Randolph, a grandson of President Jefferson. Then came a granddaughter of John Quincy Adams, three grandchildren of Jackson, and two of Tyler. Esther

Cleveland is last in the list, and the only child of a President that it contains.

The earliest White House wedding was in Dolly Madison's reign, when Miss Todd, a relative of hers, was married to Congressman Jackson of Virginia. The most brilliant was probably that of Nellie Grant and Algernon Sartoris, on May 22, 1874, before a distinguished company gathered in the East Room. The bride and groom stood under a huge floral bell, with a background of flowers filling a window behind them. There were six bridesmaids, and General Grant gave away his daughter with ill-concealed emotion. Mr. Cleveland's wedding—a very quiet affair—was the only one in which the President figured as a principal. John Tyler was married during his term of office, but in New York.

#### THE WHITE HOUSE OVERRUN BY MOBS.

Most of the Presidents have been men of simple tastes, and their family life has usually been unpretentious. Had they desired a more elaborate and ceremonious menage, they would have found themselves seriously hampered. The White House was a palace to its first occupants; but conditions changed as Washington developed from a wilderness—so Mrs. John Adams called it when she migrated from Philadelphia to the new capital—into a rich and handsome city, as the nation grew in wealth and numbers, as the business of the Executive Office increased, and as the railroads began to bring vast throngs of politicians, office-seekers, and sightseers with a claim, real or fancied, upon the time and attention of the republic's chief servant, the President.

As a result, the White House became unequal to the demands upon it. Even in

Jackson's time, the official receptions attracted unmanageable mobs. It was the custom in those days to set out a sort of free lunch for the President's callers. When Old Hickory first opened the executive door to his admirers, such a throng rushed in that two great cheeses, which he had provided for his hungry guests, were thrown to the floor and trodden into a greasy pulp all over the White House carpets. Later Presidents made

half-hearted efforts to limit their receptions to invited guests; but the invitations were stretched to include many for whom they were not intended, and others came without any card at all, on the theory that the Executive Mansion belongs to all the people.

Not until the administration of McKinley was this abuse finally corrected. Under his régime cards were made out to admit only those to whom they were sent, and they had to be presented at the door. Moreover, people were asked to attend some particular reception, and not all or any of the series. On the other hand, a very

sensible innovation was made in extending recognition to Washington society outside of official life. Before that, a Washingtonian might possess means, culture, and all the social qualities, but if he were not an office-holder he was ignored at the White House. These reforms have been continued under the present administration.

#### THE IMPROVED WHITE HOUSE OF TO-DAY.

As the public demands upon the President's house increased, his family and his home life were correspondingly encroached upon. As early as Jackson's day there were complaints of lack of room for the reception of visitors. Not only was this state of things a discom-



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND, THE ONLY BRIDE OF A  
PRESIDENT MARRIED IN THE WHITE HOUSE,  
AND THE MOTHER OF THE ONLY CHILD  
OF A PRESIDENT BORN IN THE  
WHITE HOUSE.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Bell, Washington.*

fort to the occupants of the mansion, but it sometimes resulted in serious official inconvenience. For instance, when the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, visited Washington in 1860, diplomatic etiquette required that President Buchanan should entertain him and his suite; but it was quite impossible to do so properly. Only the prince and two aides could be accommodated in the White House; the rest of the party had to go to the British embassy. Under

carried out three years ago, the Executive Office has been accommodated in a new building to the west of the mansion proper, and connected with it in a way that does not interfere with its simple architectural dignity. The state dining-room, into which, at most, sixty guests could be squeezed, has been enlarged by absorbing part of the corridor, and is now a really handsome hall, accommodating a little more than a hundred people—which is none too many. The whole



THE UP-STAIRS ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT USES AS HIS DEN AND FOR INDOOR EXERCISE.

*From a photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington.*

some of the subsequent Presidents, even this limited hospitality could not have been extended, unless the regular inmates of the mansion had moved out.

To remedy a condition that was positively discreditable to a great nation, an extension of the White House was proposed. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison urged the addition of wings at each end of the building, one to serve as an art gallery and historical museum, the other to be used for public functions and official business, leaving all the original structure for the President and his family. Fortunately, perhaps—for the nation would have been loath to see the aspect of the old mansion so materially changed—a less radical plan was finally adopted.

By this scheme, which was successfully

edifice has been renovated and fitted with modern appliances, and its floors—which had actually become unsafe under the throngs they had to bear—have been strengthened and made fireproof. The entire up-stairs region is now reserved for the Presidential household, and no visitor is allowed to ascend the stairways—excepting, of course, the personal guests of the family; so that the dwellers above are not seriously disturbed by the sight-seers below.

The White House of to-day does not, of course, compare with the palaces of most European rulers; but it is at least a comfortable modern dwelling, in which President Roosevelt and his family can live in reasonable privacy and entertain their friends when they wish to do so.

# FAIR MARGARET.\*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORKSTONE," "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING," ETC.

## I.

MARGARET went alone to the house of Mme. Bonanni, the famous lyric soprano, who was to hear her sing. She had not even a maid with her, for except in some queer neighborhoods, Paris is as safe as any city in the world, and it never occurred to her that a girl of twenty-two could need protection. If she should ever have any annoyance she could ask a policeman, but she had a firm and well-founded conviction that if a young woman looked straight before her and held her head up as if she could take care of herself, no one would ever molest her, from London to Peking.

It was not very far from her teacher's rooms in the Boulevard Malesherbes to the pretty little house Mme. Bonanni had built for herself in the Avenue Hoche; so Margaret walked. It is the pleasantest way of getting about Paris on a May morning, when one has not to go a long distance.

The great cities all have faces. If all the people who live in each of them could be photographed exactly one over the other, the result would be the general expression of the city's face. New York would be discontented and eager; London would be stolidly grim and healthy, with a little surliness; Berlin would be supercilious, overbearing; Rome would be gravely resentful; and so on; but Paris would be gay, incredulous, frivolous, pretty, and impudent. The reality may be gone, or may have changed, but the look is in her face still when the light of a May morning shines on it.

What should we get, if we could blend into one picture the English descriptions of Paris left us by Thackeray, Sala, Du Maurier? Would it not show us that face as it is still, when we see it in spring? And drawn by loving hands, too, obeying the eyes of genius. An empty square in Berlin suggests a possible regimental parade, in London a mass-meeting; in Paris it is a playground waiting for the Parisians to come out and enjoy themselves after their manner, like pretty moths and dragonflies in the sun.

But there is another side to it. More than any city in the world, Paris has a dual nature. Like Janus, she has two faces; like Endymion, half her life is spent with the gods, half with the powers of darkness. She has her sweet May mornings, but she has her hideous nights when the north wind blows and the streets are of glass. She has her life of art and beauty, and taste and delight, but she has her fevers of blood and fury, her awful reactions of raw brutality, her hidden sores of strange crime. Of all cities, Paris is the most refined, the most progressive in the highest way, the most delicately sensitive; of all cities, too, when the spasm is on her, she is the most medieval in her violence, her lust for blood, her horrible "inhumanity to man."

Margaret was not thinking of these things as she took her way through the Parc Monceau, not because it was nearer, but because she loved the old trees and the contrast between the green peace within its gates and the intense life outside. She was nearer to fright than she had perhaps ever been, just then, and yet she would not for the world have turned back, nor even slackened her pace. In five minutes she would be ringing the bell at Mme. Bonanni's door.

She had heard the prima donna several times, but had never met her. She knew that she was no longer young, though her great voice was marvelously fresh and elastic. There were men, of that unpleasant type that is quite sure of everything, who recalled her first appearance and said that she could not be less than fifty years old. As a matter of fact, she was just forty-eight, and made no secret of it. Margaret had learned this from her own singing teacher, but that was all she knew about Mme. Bonanni when she stopped at the closed door of the carriage-entrance and rang the bell.

She did not know whether she was to meet a *Juliet*, an *Elsa*, a *Marguerite*, or a *Tosca*. She remembered a large woman with heavy arms, in various magnificent costumes and a variety of superb wigs, with a lime-light complexion that was always the same. The rest was music.

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That, with a choice selection of absurdly impossible anecdotes, is as much as most people ever know about a great singer or a great actress. Margaret had been spared the anecdotes, because most of them were not fit for her to hear, but she had more than once heard fastidious ladies speak of Mme. Bonanni as "that dreadful woman." No one, however, denied that she was a great artist, and that was the only consideration in Margaret's present need.

She rang the bell and glanced at the big window over the entrance. It had a complicated arrangement of folding green blinds, which were half open, and a gray awning with a red border. She wondered whether it was the window of the singer's own special room.

The house was different from those next to it, though she could hardly tell where the difference lay. She thought that if she had not known the number she would have instinctively picked out this house, amongst all the others in that part of the Avenue Hoche, as the one in which a prima donna or an actress must be living. As she stood waiting, a very simple and well-bred figure of a young lady, she felt that on the other side of the door there was a whole world of which she knew nothing, which was not at all like her own world, which was going to offend something in her, and which it was nevertheless her duty to enter. She was in that state of mind in which a nun breathes an ejaculatory prayer against the wiles of Satan, and a delicately nurtured girl thinks of her mother.

Her heart hardly beat any faster than usual, though she was sure that one of the great moments of her life was at hand; but she drew her skirt round her a little closer, and pursed her lips together a little more tightly, and was very glad to feel that nobody could mistake her for anything but a lady.

## II.

THE servant who opened the door smiled. He was a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, with cheerful blue eyes, a brown mustache, and pink cheeks. He wore a blue cotton apron, and had a feather duster in his hand; and he smiled very pleasantly.

"Mme. Bonanni said she would see me this morning," Margaret explained.

"What name, if you please?" the man asked, contemplating her with approval.

"Miss Donne."

"Very well. But *madame* is in her bath," observed the servant, showing no inclination to let Margaret pass. "*Mademoiselle* would do better to come another day."

"But Mme. Bonanni has given me an appointment."

"It is possible," the man replied, still smiling calmly.

"I have come to sing to her," Margaret said with a little impatience.

"Ah, then it is different!" He positively beamed. "Then *mademoiselle* is a musician? Who would have thought it?"

Margaret was not quite sure who would have thought it, but she thought the servant decidedly familiar. At that moment he stood aside for her to pass, shut the front door after her, and led the way to the short flight of steps that gave access to the house from the carriage entrance.

"This way, *mademoiselle*. If *mademoiselle* will be good enough to wait, I will inform *madame*."

"Please don't disturb her! You said she was in her bath."

"Oh, that has no importance!" the man cried cheerfully, and disappeared at once.

Margaret looked about her, but if she had been blind she would have been aware that she was in a place quite unlike any she had ever been in before. The air had an indescribable odor that was almost a taste; it smelt of Greek tobacco, Persian carpets, women's clothes, liqueur, and late hours; and it was not good to breathe—except, perhaps, for people used to the air of the theater. Margaret at first saw nothing particular to sit upon, and stood still.

It was a big room, with two very large windows on one side, a massive chimney-piece at the end opposite the door, and facing the windows the most enormous divan Margaret had ever seen. Over this a great canopy was stretched, a sort of silk awning with its corners stretched out and held up by more or less medieval lances. The divan itself was so high that an ordinary person would have to climb upon it, and it was completely covered by a wild confusion of cushions of all colors, thrown upon it and piled up, and tumbling off, as if a Homeric pillow-fight had just been fought upon it by several scores of vigorous schoolgirls.

The room was plethoric with artistic objects, some good, some bad, some atrocious, but all recalling the singer's past triumphs, and all jumbled together on tables, easels, pedestals, brackets, and shelves with much less taste than an

average dealer in antiquities would have shown in arranging his wares. There was not even light enough to see them distinctly, for the heavy and expensive Genoa velvet curtains produced a sort of dingy twilight. Moreover, the Persian carpet was so extremely thick that Margaret almost turned her ankle as she made a step upon it.

As she knew that she must probably wait some time, she looked for a seat. There were a few light chairs here and there, but they were occupied by various objects; on one a framed oil painting was waiting till a place could be found for it, on another there was a bandbox, on a third lay some sort of garment that might be an opera cloak or a tea gown, or a theatrical dress; a little silver tray with the remains of black coffee and an empty liqueur-glass stood upon a fourth chair, and Margaret's searching eye discovered a fifth, with nothing on it, pushed away in a corner.

She took hold of it by the back, to bring it forward a little, and the gilt cross-bar came off in her hand. She stuck the piece on again as well as she could, and as she did not like to disturb any of the things she stood still in the middle of the room, wondering vaguely whether Mme. Bonanni's visitors usually sat down, and if so, on what.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon a piano, standing behind several easels that almost completely hid it. A piano usually has a stool, and Margaret made her way between the easels and the little oriental tables, and the plants, and the general confusion, toward the keyboard. She was not disappointed; there was a stool, and she sat down at last.

The air was oppressive, and she wished herself out in the Parc Monceau in the May morning. The time seemed endless. By sheer force of habit she slowly turned on the revolving stool and touched the keys; then she struck a few chords softly, and the sound of the perfect instrument gave her pleasure. She played something, trying to make as little noise as possible, so long as she remembered where she was; but presently she forgot herself, her lips parted, and she was singing, as people do who sing naturally.

She sang the waltz song in the first act of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." After the first few bars she had altogether forgotten that she was not at home, with her own piano, or else standing behind her teacher's shoulder in the Boulevard Malesherbes.

Now there are not many singers living

who can sing the waltz song and accompany themselves without making a terrible mess of the music; but Margaret did it well, and much more than well, for she was not only a singer with a beautiful voice, but a true musician. There was not a quaver or hesitation in her singing from beginning to end, nor a false note in the accompaniment.

When she had finished, her lips closed, and she went on playing the music of the scene that follows. She had not gone on a dozen bars, however, when a head appeared suddenly round the corner of a picture on an easel.

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed the head in an accent of great surprise.

Its thick dark-brown hair was all towzled and standing on end, its brown eyes were opened very wide in astonishment, and it was showing magnificently strong teeth, a little discolored.

Margaret sprang to her feet with an apology for having forgotten herself, but the head laughed, and came forward, bringing with it a large body wrapped in an enormous gown of white Turkish toweling, evidently held together by the invisible hands within. Margaret thought of the statue of Balzac.

"I thought it was Caravita," said Mme. Bonanni. "We are great friends, you know. I sometimes find her waiting for me. But who in the world are you?"

"Margaret Donne."

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed the great singer again, the two syllables being apparently her only means of expressing surprise.

"But I told your servant——" Margaret began.

"Why have you not made your début?" cried Mme. Bonanni, interrupting her, and shaking her own disordered locks as if in protest. "You have millions in your throat! Why do you come here? To ask advice? To let me hear you sing? Let the public hear you. What are you waiting for? To-morrow you will be old! And all singers are young. How old do you think I am? Forty-five, perhaps, because it is printed so! Not a bit of it! A prima donna is never over thirty, never, never, never! Imagine *Juliet* over thirty, or *Lucia*! Pah! The idea is horrible! Fortunately, all tenors are fat. A *Juliet* of thirty may love a fat *Romeo*, but at forty it would be disgusting, positively disgusting! I am sick at the mere thought!"

Margaret stood up, resting one hand on the corner of the piano, and smiling at the torrent of speech. Yet all the time, while Mme. Bonanni was saying

things that sounded absurd enough, the young girl was conscious that the handsome brown eyes were studying her quietly and perhaps not unwisely.

"I am twenty-two," she said by way of answer.

"I made my debut when I was twenty," answered the prima donna. "But then," she added, as if in explanation, "I was married before I was seventeen."

"Indeed!" Margaret exclaimed politely.

"Yes. He died. Let us sing! I always want to sing when I come out of my bath. Do you know the duo at the beginning of the fourth act? Yes? Good. I will sing *Romeo*. Oh, yes, I can sing the tenor part—it is very high for a man. Sit down. Imagine that you admire me, and that the lark is trying to imitate the nightingale, so that we need not part. We have not heard it yet. The man is beginning to turn up the dawn outside the window behind us, but we do not see it. We are perfectly happy. Now begin!"

The chords sounded softly, the two voices blended, rose and fell and died away. The elder woman's rich lower notes imitated a tenor well enough to give Margaret the little illusion she needed, and her overflowing happiness did the rest. She sang as she had not sung before.

"I wish to embrace you!" cried Mme. Bonanni when they had finished.

And forthwith Margaret felt herself enveloped in the Turkish bath gown, and entangled in the towzled hair, and held by a pair of tremendously strong white arms. Being thus helpless, she experienced a kindly but portentous kiss on each cheek; after which she was set at liberty.

"You are a real musician, too!" Mme. Bonanni said with genuine admiration. "You can play anything, as well as sing. I hope you will never hear me play. It is awful. I could empty any theater instantly, if there were a fire, merely by playing a little!"

She laughed heartily at her little joke, for like many great singers she was half a child and half a genius, and endowed with the huge vitality which alone makes an opera singer's life possible.

"I would give my playing to have your voice," Margaret said.

"You would be cheated in your bargain," observed Mme. Bonanni. "Let me look at you. Have you a big chest and a thick throat? What are your arms like? If you have a voice and talent, strength

is everything! Young girls come and sing to me so prettily, so sweetly! They want to be singers! Singers, my dear, with chests like paper dolls and throats like plucked spring chickens! Bah! They are good for nothing, they catch cold, they give a little croak, and they die. Strength is everything. Let me see your throat! No, you will never croak! You will never die. And your arms? Look at mine. Yes, yours will be like mine some day!"

Margaret hoped not, for Mme. Bonanni seemed to be a very big woman, though she still managed to look human as *Juliet*. Perhaps that was because the tenors were all fat.

Again a hand emerged from the thick white folds and grasped Margaret's arm firmly above the elbow, as a trainer feels an athlete's biceps.

"Good, good! Very good!" cried Mme. Bonanni approvingly. "It is a pity you are a lady! You are a lady, aren't you?"

Margaret smiled.

"I am a peasant," the singer answered without the least affectation. "I always say that it takes five generations of life in the fields to make a voice. But you are English, I suppose. Yes? All the English live out of doors. If they had a proper climate they would all sing, but they have to keep their mouths shut all the time, to keep out the rain, and the fog, and the smoke of the chimneys. It is incredible how little they open their mouths! Come and sit down. We will have a little talk."

Margaret thought her new friend had managed to talk a good deal already. Mme. Bonanni slipped between the easels and pedestals with surprising ease and lightness, and made for the divan. Margaret now saw that a stool was half concealed by a fallen pillow, so that the singer used it in order to climb up. In a moment she had settled herself comfortably, supported on all sides by the huge cushions. Margaret fancied she looked like a big snowball with a human head.

"Why don't you sit down, my dear?" inquired Mme. Bonanni blandly.

"Yes, but where?" asked Margaret with a little laugh.

"Here! Climb up beside me on the divan."

"I'm not used to it!" Margaret laughed. "It looks awfully hot."

"Then take a chair. Oh, the things! Throw them on the floor. Somebody will pick them up. People are always send-

ing me perfectly useless things. Look at that picture! Did you ever see such a daub? I'll burn it! No—I'll give it to the missionaries. They take everything one gives them, for the African babies. Ah!"

Mme. Bonanni shrieked suddenly, seized a big cushion, and held it up as a screen before her. She looked toward the door, and Margaret, looking in the same direction, saw an over-dressed man of thirty-five standing on the threshold.

"Go away!" screamed Mme. Bonanni. "Logotheti, go away, I say! Don't you see that I'm not dressed?"

"I see nothing but cushions," answered the newcomer, showing very white teeth and speaking with a thick accent which Margaret had never heard before.

"Ah, so much the better!" returned Mme. Bonanni with sudden calm. "What do you want?"

"You did me the honor to ask me to breakfast," said Logotheti, coming forward a few steps.

"To breakfast? Never! You are dreaming!" She paused an instant. "Yes, I believe I did. What difference does it make? Go and get your breakfast somewhere else!"

"Oh, no!" protested the visitor, who had been examining Margaret's face and figure. "I can wait any length of time, but I shall keep you to your bargain, dear lady."

"You are detestable! Well, then, you must go and look out of the window while I get down."

"With pleasure," Logotheti answered, meaning exactly what he said, and turning his back after a deliberate look at Margaret.

Mme. Bonanni worked herself to the edge of the divan with a curious side-long movement, got one of her feet upon the stool, and slipped down till she stood on the floor. Then she gathered the folds of her bathing-gown to her, and ran to the door with astonishing agility for so large a person.

Margaret was not sure what to do, and began to follow her, hoping to exchange a few words with her before going away. At the door, Mme. Bonanni suddenly draped herself in the dark velvet curtain, stuck her head out, and looked back.

"Of course you will stay to breakfast, my dear!" she called out. "Logotheti, I present you to Miss—Miss—oh, the name doesn't matter! I present you!"

"I'm afraid I cannot—" Margaret began to say, not knowing how long she might be left alone with Logotheti.

But Mme. Bonanni had already unfurled the curtain and fled. Logotheti bowed gravely to Margaret, cleared the things off one of the chairs, and offered it to her. His manner was as respectful with her as it had been familiar with the singer, and she felt at once that he understood her position.

"Thank you," she said quietly as she seated herself.

He cleared another chair and sat down at a little distance. She glanced at him furtively, and saw that he was a very dark man of rather long features; that his eyes were almond-shaped, like those of many orientals; that he had a heavy jaw and a large mouth with lips that were broad rather than thick, and hardly at all concealed by a small black mustache which was trained to lie very flat to his face, and turned up at the ends; that his short hair was worn brush fashion, without a parting; that he had olive-brown hands with strong fingers, on one of which he wore an enormous turquoise in a ring; that his clothes were evidently the result of English workmanship misguided by a very un-English taste; and finally that he was well built and looked strong. She wondered very much what his nationality might be, for his accent had told her that he was not French.

After a little pause he turned his head quietly and spoke to her.

"Our friend's introduction was a little vague," he said. "My name is Constantine Logotheti. By birth I am a Greek of Constantinople, or what we call a Fanariote there. I live in Paris, and occupy myself with what we call 'finance' here. In other words, I spend an hour or two every day at the Bourse. If I had anything to recommend me, I should say so at once, but I believe there is nothing!"

"Thank you!" Margaret laughed a little at the words. "You are very frank. Mme. Bonanni could not remember my name, as she has never seen me before to-day. I am Miss Donne; I am studying to be an opera singer, and I came here for advice. I am English. I believe that is all."

They looked at each other and smiled. Margaret was certainly not prepossessed in the man's favor at first sight. She detected over-dressed men, men who wore turquoise rings, and men who had oily voices; but it was perfectly clear to her that Logotheti was a man of the world, who knew a lady when he met one, no matter where.

"It is my turn to thank you," he said, acknowledging with a little bow the favor she had conferred in telling him who she was. "I fancy you have not yet seen much of theatrical people off the stage. Have you?"

"No," answered Margaret. "Why do you ask?"

"I wonder whether you will like them when you do," said Logotheti.

"I never thought of it. Is Mme. Bonanni a good type of them?"

"No," Logotheti answered after a moment's reflection. "I don't think she is. None of the great ones are. They all have something original, personal, dominating, about them. That is the reason why they are great. I was thinking of the average singer you will have to do with if you really sing in opera. As for Mme. Bonanni, she has a heart of pure gold. We are old friends, and I know her well."

"I can quite believe that she is kind-hearted," Margaret answered. "But don't you think, perhaps, that she is just a little too much so?"

"How do you mean?"

"That she might be too kind to tell a beginner just what she really thinks?"

"No, indeed!" Logotheti laughed at the idea. "You would not think so if you knew how many poor girls she sends away in tears because she tells them the honest truth, that they have neither voice nor talent, and will fail miserably if they go on. That is real kindness, after all! Have you sung to her?"

"Yes," answered Margaret.

"May I ask what she said? I know her so well that I can perhaps be of use to you. Sometimes, for instance, she says nothing at all. That means that there may be a chance of success, but that she herself is not sure."

"She kissed me on both cheeks," Margaret said with a laugh, "and she talked about my debut."

"Then I should advise you to make your debut at once," Logotheti answered. "She means that you will have a very great success."

"Do you really think so?" asked Margaret, much pleased.

"I know it," he replied with conviction. "That woman is utterly incapable of saying anything she does not think, but she sometimes gives her opinion with horrible brutality."

"I rather like that!"

"Do you?"

"Yes. It is good medicine."

"Then you have only been a spectator,

and never the patient!" Logotheti laughed.

"Perhaps. Tell me all about Mme. Bonanni."

"All about her?" Logotheti smiled oddly. "Well, she is a great artist, perhaps the greatest living soprano, though she is getting old. You can see that. Let me see, what else? She is very frank, I have told you that. And she is charitable. She gives away a great deal. She has many friends, of whom I call myself one, and we are all sincerely attached to her. I cannot think of anything else to tell you about her."

"She said she was born a peasant," observed Margaret, who wished to hear more.

"Oh, yes!" Logotheti laughed. "There is no doubt of that! Besides, she is proud of it."

"She was married at seventeen, too."

"They all marry," answered Logotheti vaguely, "and their husbands disappear, by some law of nature we do not understand—absorbed into the elements, evaporated, drawn up into the clouds like moisture. One might write an interesting essay on the husbands of prima donnas and great actresses. What becomes of them? We know whence they come, for they are often impecunious gentlemen, but where do they go? There must be a limbo for them somewhere, a place of departed husbands. Possibly they are all in lunatic asylums. The greater the singer, or the actress, the more certain it is that she has been married and that her husband has disappeared! It is very mysterious."

"Very!" Margaret was rather amused by his talk.

"Have you lived long in Paris?" he asked, suddenly changing the subject.

"We live in Versailles. I come in for my lessons."

Without asking many direct questions, Logotheti managed to find out a good deal about Margaret during the next quarter of an hour. She was not suspicious of a man who showed no inclination to be familiar or to pay her blatant compliments. She told him that her parents were dead; that she lived in Versailles with Mrs. Rushmore, an American lady, an elderly widow, and that she saw many interesting people, most of whom he seemed to know. He, on his part, told her many things about Versailles which she did not know, and she soon saw that he was a man of varied tastes and wide information. She wondered why he wore such a big turquoise ring,

and why he had such a wonderful waistcoat, such a superlative tie, such an amazing shirt, and such a frightfully expensive pin. But it was not the first time in her life that she had met an otherwise intelligent man who made the mistake of over-dressing, and her first prejudice against him began to disappear.

She even admitted to herself that he had a certain charm of manner which she liked, a mingling of reserve and frankness, of repose and strength, the qualities which appeal so strongly to most women. If only his voice had not that disagreeable oiliness! After all, that was what she liked least. He spoke French with wonderful fluency, but he abstained from the tiresome compliments which so many Frenchmen reel off even at first acquaintance. He had really beautiful almond-shaped eyes, but he never once turned them to her with that languishing look which young men with almond eyes seem to think quite irresistible. Surely, all this was in his favor.

After being gone about half an hour, Mme. Bonanni came back. Her Juno-like figure was clad in a very pale green tea-gown, very open at the throat, and her thick hair was smoothed in great curved surfaces which were certainly supported by cushions underneath them. Her solid arms were bare to the elbows, and the green sleeves hung almost to her feet. Her face was rouged, and there were artificial shadows under her eyes. Round her neck she wore a single string of pearls as big as olives, and her fingers were covered with all sorts of rings.

"Now you may look at me," she said with a gay laugh.

"I see a star of the first magnitude," Logotheti answered gravely.

Margaret bit her lip to keep from laughing, but Mme. Bonanni laughed herself, very good-naturedly, though she understood.

"I detest this man!" she cried, turning to Margaret. "I don't know why I ask him to breakfast."

"Because you cannot live without me, I suppose," suggested Logotheti.

"I hate Greeks!" screamed the prima donna. "Why are you a Greek?"

"Doubtless by a mistake of my father's, dear lady; quite unpardonable, since you are displeased! If he had lived, he certainly would have rectified it to please you, but the Turks killed him when I was a baby in arms; and that was before you were born."

"Of course it was," answered Mme. Bonanni, who must have been just about

to be married at that time. "But that is no reason why we should stand here starving to death while you chatter!"

Thereupon she put her arm through Margaret's and led her away at a brisk pace, Logotheti following at a little distance and contemplating the young girl's moving figure with the satisfaction that only an oriental feels in youthful womanly beauty. It was long since he had seen any sight that pleased him as well, for his artistic sense was fastidious in the highest degree where the things of daily life were not concerned. He might indeed wear waistcoats that inspired terror and jewelry that dazzled the ordinary eye, but there were few men in Paris who were better judges of a picture, a statue, an intaglio, or a woman.

In a few moments the three were seated at a carved and polished table overloaded with silver and cut glass, one on each side of Mme. Bonanni. Three other places were set, but no one appeared to fill them. The cheerful servant with the mustache was arrayed in a neat frock coat and a white satin tie, and he smiled perpetually.

"I adore plover's eggs!" cried Mme. Bonanni, as he set a plate before her containing three tiny porcelain bowls, in each of which a little boiled plover's egg lay buried in jelly.

It was evident that she was speaking the truth, for they disappeared in an instant, and were followed by a bisque of shrimps of the most creamy composition.

"It is my passion," she said.

She took her spoon in her hand, but appeared to hesitate, for she glanced first at Margaret, then down at her green tea-gown, and then at Margaret again. At last she seemed to make up her mind. Quickly unfolding the damask napkin, she tied it round her neck in a solid knot. The stiff points stood out on each side behind her ears. She emitted a sigh of satisfaction and went to work at the soup. Margaret pretended to see nothing, and made an indifferent remark to Logotheti.

Mme. Bonanni made a good deal of noise, finally tipping up her plate and scraping out the contents to the last drop.

"Ah!" she exclaimed with immense satisfaction. "That was good!"

"Perfect," assented Logotheti, who ate delicately and noiselessly, as orientals do.

"Delicious!" said Margaret, who was hungry.

"I taught my cook the real way to

make it," Mme. Bonanni said. "I am a good cook, a very good cook! I always did the cooking at home before I came to Paris to study, because my mother was not able to stand long. One of the farm horses had kicked her and broken her leg, and she was always lame after that. Well?" she asked suddenly, turning to the cheerful servant. "Is that all we are to have to-day? I am dying of hunger!"

A marvelous salmon trout made its appearance a moment later.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the prima donna, "I am fond of eating! You may laugh at me if you like, Logotheti. I am perfectly indifferent!"

And she was. She did all sorts of things that surprised Margaret, and when a dish of ortolans with a rich brown sauce was put before her, she deliberately discarded her knife and fork altogether and ate with her hands. By way of terminating the operation, she stuck every finger of each hand into her mouth as far as it would go, licked all ten thoroughly, and then looked at them critically before drying them on her napkin.

"Logotheti says that in the East they all eat with their fingers," she observed.

Logotheti laughed, but Margaret was disgusted, and did not even smile. Mme. Bonanni's proceedings had made an impression on her which it would be hard to forget, and she sat silent for a while, not tasting what followed.

"Logotheti," said the singer later, with her mouth full of strawberries and cream, "you must do something for me."

"An investment, dear lady? I suppose you want some of the bonds of the new electric road, don't you? They are not to be had, but of course you shall have them at once. Or else you have decided to give your whole fortune to an eccentric charity. Is that it?"

"No," answered Mme. Bonanni, swallowing. "This charming young lady—what is your name, my dear? I have forgotten it twenty times this morning!"

"Donne—Margaret Donne."

"This charming Miss Donne sings, Logotheti."

"So I gathered while we were talking."

"No you didn't! You gathered no such thing! She told you that she took lessons, perhaps. But I tell you that she sings. It is quite different."

Mme. Bonanni pushed away her plate, planted her large white elbows on the table, and looked thoughtfully at Margaret. Logotheti looked at the young

girl, too, for he knew very well what his old friend meant by the simple statement, slightly emphasized.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "I understand. I am at your service."

"What is it?" asked Margaret, blushing a little and turning from one to the other.

"Logotheti knows everybody," answered Mme. Bonanni. "He is rich, immensely rich, fabulously rich, my dear. He is in the 'high finance,' in fact. It is disgusting how rich he is, but it is sometimes useful. He wants a theater, a newspaper; he buys it and does what he likes with it. It makes no difference to him, for he always sells it again for more than he gave for it, and, besides, it amuses him. You would not think it, but Logotheti is often dreadfully bored."

"Very often," assented the Greek, "but never when I am with you."

"Ah, bah! You say that! But why should I care? You always do what I want."

"Invariably."

"And out of pure friendship, too."

"The purest!" Logotheti uttered the few words with profound conviction.

"I never could induce this creature to make love to me," cried Mme. Bonanni, turning to Margaret with a laugh. "It is incredible! And yet I love him—almost as well as plover's eggs! It is true that if he made love to me I should have him turned out of the house. But that makes no difference. It is one of the disappointments of my life that he doesn't!"

"What I admire next to your genius is your logic, dear lady," said Logotheti.

"Precisely. Now before you have your coffee you will give me your word of honor that Miss Donne shall have a triumph and an ovation at her début, and an engagement to sing next season at the Opéra."

"Really——" Margaret tried to protest.

"You know nothing about business," interrupted Mme. Bonanni. "You are nothing but a child! These things are done in this way. Logotheti, give me your word of honor."

"Are you sure of the voice?" asked the Greek quietly.

"As sure as I am of my own."

"Very well. I give you my word. It is done."

"Good. I hate you, Logotheti, because you are so cautious, but you always do what you promise. You may have your coffee now! What name are you going

to take, my dear?" she asked, turning to Margaret, who felt very uncomfortable. "The name is very important, you know, even when one has your genius."

"My genius!" exclaimed the young girl in confusion.

"I know what I am talking about," answered Mme. Bonanni in a matter-of-fact tone. "You will go to bed as little Miss Donne, nobody! You will wake up as the great new soprano, famous! That is what you will do. Now don't talk, but let me give you a name, and we will drink your health to it in a drop of that old white Chartreuse. You like that old white Chartreuse, Logotheti. You shall have none till you have found a name for Miss Donne."

"May I not keep my own?" Margaret asked timidly.

"No. It is an absurd name for the stage, my dear. All the people would make jokes about it. Of course you must be either Italian, or French, or German, or Hungarian, or Spanish. There is no great Italian soprano just now. I advise you to be an Italian. You are Signorina—Signorina what? Logotheti, do make haste! You know Italian."

"May I ask where you were born, Miss Donne?" inquired Logotheti.

"In Oxford. But what has that to do with it?"

"Translate into Italian—ox, *bove*, ford, *guado*. No, that won't do."

"Certainly not!" cried Mme. Bonanni. "Try again. Think of a pretty Italian name. It must be very easy! Take a historical name, the name of a great family. Those people never object."

"Cordova is a fine name," observed Logotheti. "She may just as well be Spanish, after all. Margarita da Cordova. That sounds rather well."

"Yes. Do you like it, my dear?" asked Mme. Bonanni.

"But I don't know a word of Spanish—"

"What in the world has that to do with it? It is a good name. You may have your Chartreuse, Logotheti. Margarita da Cordova, the great Spanish soprano! Her health! You were born in the little town of Boveguado in Andalusia. Your father was the famous *contrabandista* Ramon da Cordova, who sang like an angel and played the guitar better than any one in Spain."

"Was there ever such a man?"

"No, of course not! And, besides, he was stabbed in a love affair when you were a baby, so that it does not matter. You ought to be able to make something

out of that for the papers, Logotheti. *Carmen*, don't you know? Heavens, how romantic!"

Margaret had a vague idea that she was dreaming, that Mme. Bonanni and Logotheti were not real people, and that she was going to waken in a few minutes. The heavy, middle-aged woman with the good-natured face and the painted cheeks could not possibly be the tragic *Juliet*, the terrible *Tosca*, the poor, mad, fluttering *Lucia*, whose marvelous voice had so often thrilled the young girl to the heart in Paris and in London. It was either a dream or a cruel deception. Her own words sounded far away and unsteady when she was at last allowed to speak.

"I am sure I cannot sing in public in less than a year," she said. "You are very kind, but you are exaggerating my talent. I could never get through a whole opera well enough."

Mme. Bonanni looked at her curiously for a moment, not at all certain that she was in earnest; but she saw that Margaret meant what she said. There was no mistaking the troubled look in the girl's eyes.

"I suppose you are not afraid to come here and sing before an impresario and three or four musicians, are you?" inquired the singer.

"No!" cried Margaret. "But that is different!"

"Did you think that any manager would engage you, even for one night, merely on my word, my child? You will have to show what you can do. But I can tell you one thing, little Miss Donne!" A great, good-natured laugh rolled out before Mme. Bonanni proceeded to state the one thing she could tell. "When you have sung the waltz song in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the duo in the fifth act, to four or five of the men who make a living out of us artists, you will be surprised at what happens afterward! Those people will not risk their money for your handsome eyes, my dear! And they know their business, don't they, Logotheti?"

He answered by speaking directly to Margaret.

"I think," he said quietly, "that you can have confidence in Mme. Bonanni's opinion."

"Listen to me," said the prima donna suddenly, and for some unknown reason rubbing all the rouge off her right cheek with a corner of her napkin, and then curiously inspecting the color that adhered to the linen. "Listen to me! I

sing day after to-morrow, for the last time before going to London. Come to my dressing-room after the second act. I will have Schreiermeyer there, and we will make an appointment for the next day, and settle the matter at once. It's understood, isn't it?"

Margaret was delighted, for Logotheti's quiet words had reassured her a little. Mme. Bonanni rose suddenly, untying her napkin from her neck as she got up, and throwing it on the floor behind her. Before she had reached the door she yawned portentously.

"I always go to sleep when I have eaten," she said. "Find a cab for little Miss Donne, Logotheti—for the famous Señorita da Cordova!"

She laughed sleepily, and waved her hand to Margaret.

"I don't know how to thank you," the young girl began, but before she could get any further Mme. Bonanni had disappeared.

A few moments later Margaret and Logotheti were in the street. The noon-day air was warm and bright, and she drew in deep breaths as she had done in the morning. Logotheti looked at her from under the brim of his Panama hat.

"We shall find a cab in a minute," he said in an indifferent tone.

They walked a few steps in silence.

"I hope you don't really mean to do what Mme. Bonanni asked of you," Margaret said, rather awkwardly. "I mean about my debut, if it really comes off."

Logotheti laughed lightly.

"She always talks in that way," he said. "She thinks I can do anything, but as a matter of fact I have no influence to speak of, and money has nothing to do with an artist's success. I shall certainly be there on your first night, and you will not object to my splitting my gloves in applauding you."

"Oh, no!" Margaret laughed, too. "You are welcome to do that! There is a cab."

She held up her parasol to attract the driver's attention, and Logotheti made a few steps forward and called him.

"Where shall I tell the man to take you?" Logotheti asked as she got in.

"To the St. Lazare station, please. Thank you very much!"

She smiled pleasantly and nodded as she drove away. He stood still a moment on the pavement, looking after her, and then turned in the opposite direction, lighting a cigarette as he walked.

Logotheti was a Greek, and an educated one. As he sauntered along on the

shady side of the Avenue Hoche, the cigarette twitched oddly in his mouth, as if he were talking to himself. From four and twenty centuries away, in the most modern city of the world, an ode of Anacreon came ringing to his ears, and his lips formed the words noiselessly.

### III.

MARGARET was not quite sure how she should find her way to Mme. Bonanni's dressing-room at the Opéra, but she had no intention of missing the appointment. The most natural and easy way of managing matters would be to ask her teacher, Mme. Durand, to go with her, and she could then spend the night at the latter's house. She accordingly stopped there before she went to the station.

The elderly artist burst into tears on hearing the result of the interview with Mme. Bonanni, and fell upon Margaret's neck.

"I knew it," she said. "I was sure of it, but I did not dare to tell you so!"

Margaret was very happy, but she was a little nervous about her frock, and wondered whether tears stained, as sea water does. The old singer was of a very different type from Mme. Bonanni, and had never enjoyed such supremacy as the latter, even for a few months. But she had been admired for her perfect method, her good acting, and her agreeable voice, and for having made the most of what nature had given her; and when she had retired from the stage comparatively young, as the wife of the excellent M. Durand, she had already acquired a great reputation as a model for young singers, and she soon consented to give lessons. Unfortunately, M. Durand had made ducks and drakes of her earnings in a few years, by carefully mis-investing every penny she possessed; but as he had then lost no time in destroying himself by the over-use of antidotes to despair, such as absinthe, his widow had soon reestablished the equilibrium of her finances by hard work, and was at the present time one of the most famous teachers of singers for the stage.

Mme. Durand was a Neapolitan by birth, and had been known to modest fame on the stage as Signora De Rosa, that being her real name; for Italian singers seem to be the only ones who do not care for high-sounding pseudonyms. She was a voluble little person, overflowing with easy feeling, which made her momentarily intensely happy, miserable, or angry, as the case might be.

Whichever it might be, she generally shed abundant tears.

Margaret went back to Versailles feeling very happy, but determined to say nothing of what had happened except to Mrs. Rushmore, who need only know that Mme. Bonanni had spoken in an encouraging way and wished to see the girl at the theater. For Margaret herself found it hard to believe half of what the prima donna had told her, and was far from believing that she was on the eve of signing her first engagement.

Margaret's father had been a distinguished student and critical scholar, holding a professorship of which the income, together with what he received from writing learned articles in the reviews, had sufficed for himself, his wife, and his only child. At his death he had left little except his books, his highly honorable reputation, and a small life insurance.

He had married an American whose father had been rich at the time, but had subsequently lost all he possessed by an unfortunate investment depending upon an invention, which had afterwards become enormously valuable. Finding himself driven to extremities and on the verge of failure, he had been glad to make over his whole interest to a distant relative, who assumed his liabilities as well as his chances of success. Utterly ruined save in reputation, he had bravely accepted a salaried post, had worked himself to death in eighteen months, and had died universally respected by his friends and as poor as Job.

His daughter, Mrs. Donne, had felt her position keenly. She was a sensitive woman; she had married a poor man for love, expecting to make him rich; and instead she was now far poorer than he. He, on his part, never bestowed a thought on the matter. He was simple and unselfish, and he loved her simply and unselfishly. She died of a fever at forty-two, and her death killed him. Two years later Margaret Donne was alone in the world.

Mrs. Rushmore had known Margaret's American grandmother, and had been Mrs. Donne's best friend. She had grave doubts as to the conditions on which the whole interest in the invention had been ceded to old Alvah Moon, the California millionaire. After consulting her own lawyers in New York, she had insisted upon bringing suit against him, in Margaret's name, but at her own risk, for the recovery of an equitable share of the fortune it had ultimately produced. A

tenth part of it would have made the girl rich, but there were great difficulties in the way of obtaining evidence as to an implied agreement, and Alvah Moon was as hard as bedrock.

While the suit was going on, Mrs. Rushmore insisted that Margaret should live with her, and Margaret was glad to accept her protection and hospitality, for she felt that the obligation was not all on her own side. Mrs. Rushmore was childless, a widow, and very dependent on companionship for such enjoyment as she could get out of her existence. It was pleasant to delude herself with the idea that Margaret was almost her daughter, and she wished she could adopt her; but Margaret was far too independent to accept such an arrangement, and Mrs. Rushmore had the common sense to guess that if the girl were bound to her in any way, a sort of restraint would follow which would be disagreeable to both in the end. If there could be a bond, it must be one which Margaret should not feel, nor even guess, and such a relation as that seemed to be an impossibility. Margaret was not the sort of girl to accept anything from an unknown giver, and if the suit failed it would be out of the question to make her believe that she had inherited property from an unsuspected source. Mrs. Rushmore, in her generosity, would have liked to practise some such affectionate deception, and she would try almost anything, however hopeless, rather than let Margaret be a professional singer.

The American woman was not puritanical; she had lived too much in Europe for that. She had met many clever people, not to say men of much more than mere talent, who had made big marks on their times. But she had been brought up in the narrow life of old New York, when "old New York" still survived, as a tradition if not as a fact, in a score or two of families; and one of the prejudices she had inherited early was that there is a mysterious immorality in the practise of the fine arts, whereas an equally mysterious morality is inherent in "business." Painters and sculptors, great actors and great singers without end, had sat at her table, and she was always interested in their talk and often attracted by their personalities; yet in her heart she knew that she connected them all vaguely with undefined wickedness, just as she associated the idea of virtuous uprightness with all American and English business men.

Next to a clergyman, she unconsciously

looked upon an American banker as the most strictly moral type of man; and though her hair was gray and she knew a vast deal about this wicked world, she still felt a painful little shock when her favorite newspaper informed her that a banker or a clergyman had turned aside out of the paths of righteousness, as they occasionally do, just like human beings. She felt a similar disagreeable thrill when she thought of Margaret singing in public to earn a living. Prejudices are moral corns; anything that touches one makes it ache more or less, but the pain is always of the same kind. You cannot get a pleasurable sensation out of a corn.

Mme. Bonanni had breakfasted at half-past eleven, but Mrs. Rushmore lunched at half-past one, and Margaret found her at table with four or five people. There was an English officer who had won his Victoria Cross in South Africa and was on his way to India, with a few days to spare by the way; there was a middle-aged French portrait painter who had caressing ways and an immense reputation; there was a woman of the world whose husband was an Austrian in the diplomatic service; there was an archeologist just from Crete; and there was Edmund Lushington, the successful young writer. To Margaret they were mere acquaintances, except Lushington, who was spending a week at Mrs. Rushmore's house. He had stayed there for a few days during the previous spring, and in the interval Margaret had seen him several times and exchanged letters with him occasionally.

They were at the end of luncheon when Margaret came in. They were sipping fine wine from very thin glasses; they were all saying their second best things, because each one was afraid that if he said his very best before dinner, one of the others would steal it; and Mrs. Rushmore was in her element.

Margaret came in with her hat on and sat down in her place, which was opposite Mrs. Rushmore. The men subsided again into their chairs and looked at her. Lushington was next to her, but she smiled at the others first, nodding quietly and answering their greetings.

"You seem pleased," Lushington said, when he saw that she would hear him.

"Do I?" She smiled again.

"That sort of answer always means a secret," Lushington replied. "Happiness for one, don't you know?"

"By the way," asked the English officer on her other side, "was not your father the famous army coach?"

"No," Margaret replied. "I'm often asked that."

"What is an army coach?" inquired the French painter, who spoke some English. "Is it not an ambulance? But I do not understand."

Mrs. Rushmore began to explain in an undertone.

"Miss Donne's father was an Oxford don," observed Lushington rather stiffly.

At this quite unintentional pun the French painter laughed so much that every one turned and looked at him. He had once painted a famous man in Oxford, and knew what a don was.

"Make the next one in Greek," said Margaret to Lushington with a smile.

"There are some very bad puns in Aristophanes," observed the archeologist thoughtfully. "Why don't you go to Crete?" he inquired very suddenly of Mrs. Rushmore.

Mrs. Rushmore, who did not happen to have heard of the recent discoveries yet, felt a little as if the young man had asked her why she did not go to Jericho. But she concealed her feelings, being quite sure that no offense to her dignity was meant.

"It is so far," she answered with a vague smile.

"It's a beastly hole," observed the soldier. "I was there when that row was going on."

"The discoveries have all been made since then," answered the archeologist, who could think of nothing else. "I have been there several weeks, and I'm going back next month. Logotheti is going to take a party of us in his big yacht."

"Who is Logotheti?" inquired Margaret with great calm.

"A financier," put in Lushington.

"A millionaire," said the artist. "I have painted his portrait."

"He seems to be interested in discoveries," Margaret said to the archeologist. "I suppose you know him very well."

"Oh, yes! He is a most interesting person, a Greek of Constantinople by birth, but a real Greek at heart, who knows his own literature, and loves his country, and spends immense sums in helping archeology. He really cares for nothing but art. Finance amuses him now and then for a while, and he has been tremendously lucky. They consider him one of the important men in the money market, don't they?"

The question was directed to the French artist.

"Certainly they do," replied the latter

with alacrity. "I have painted his portrait."

"I should like to know him," said Mrs. Rushmore.

"He is quite delightful," the woman of the world chimed in. "Quite the most amusing man I know."

"You know him, too?" Mrs. Rushmore asked.

"Everybody knows Logotheti," answered the other.

"You must really bring him," said Mrs. Rushmore in a general way to everybody.

"I am sure he will be enchanted!" cried the archeologist. "I am dining with him to-night, and if you will allow me I'll bring him to-morrow afternoon."

"You seem very sure that he will come," Margaret said.

"But why should he not? Every one is glad to come to Mrs. Rushmore's house."

This was an unanswerable form of complimentary argument. Margaret reflected on that strange law by which, when we have just heard for the first time of a fact or a person, we are sure to come across it, or him, again within the next twenty-four hours. She did not believe that Logotheti could be found at short notice and introduced to new acquaintances so easily as the young scholar seemed to think; but she made up her mind, if he came at all, that she would prevent him from talking about their meeting at Mme. Bonanni's, which she wished to avoid mentioning for the present. That would be easy enough, for a man of his tact would understand the slightest sign, and behave as if he had not met her before.

#### IV.

In the afternoon Margaret found herself alone with Lushington. They walked slowly under the oaks and elms, and he seemed rather depressed.

"What is the matter?" Margaret asked gently, after a silence.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you," he answered.

"The thought seems to make you sad!" Margaret laughed, for she was very happy.

"Yes, it does," he answered with a sigh that certainly was not affected.

"But why?" she asked gravely.

"There is no reason why I should not tell you. After all, we know each other too well to apologize for saying what we think. Don't we?"

"I hope so," Margaret answered, wondering what he was going to say.

"But then," said Lushington disconsolately, "I am perfectly sure that nothing I can say will have the slightest effect."

"Who knows?" The young girl's lids dropped a little and then opened again.

"You know."

He spoke gravely and with regret. She tried to laugh.

"I wish I did! But what is it? There can be no harm in saying it."

"You have made up your mind to be an opera singer," Lushington answered. "You have a beautiful voice, you have talent, you have been well taught. You will succeed."

He had never said as much as that about her singing, and she was pleased. After many months of patient work, the acknowledgment of it seemed to be all coming in one day.

"You talk as if you were quite sure."

"Yes. You will succeed. But that is another side of it. Shall you think me priggish and call me disagreeable if I tell you that it is no life for a woman brought up like you?"

Margaret had just acquired some insight into the existence of the class she meant to join, though by no means into the worst phase of it. She was sure that if she closed her eyes she would see Mme. Bonanni vividly before her, and hear her talking to Logotheti, and smell the heavy air of the big room. She felt that she could not call Lushington a prig.

"I think I know what you mean," she answered. "But surely an artist can lead her own life, especially if she is successful?"

"No," Lushington answered, "she cannot. That's just it."

"How do you know?" Margaret asked incredulously.

"I do know," he said with emphasis. "I assure you that I know. I have seen a great deal of operatic people. A few, and they are not generally the great ones, try to lead their own lives, as you put it, but they either don't succeed at all, or else they make themselves so disagreeable to their fellow artists that life becomes a burden."

"If they don't succeed, it's because they have no strength of character," Margaret answered, "and if they make themselves disagreeable, it's because they have no tact."

"That settles it!" Lushington laughed dryly. "I had better not say anything more."

"I did not mean to cut you short. I beg your pardon. Please go on; please!"

She turned to him as she said the last words, and there was in the word "please" that one tone of hers which he could never resist. It is said that even lifeless things, like bridges and towers, are subject by nature to the vibration of a sympathetic note, and that the greatest buildings in the world would tremble and shake and rock and fall in ruins if that single musical sound were steadily produced near to them. We men cannot pretend to be harder of hearing and feeling than stocks and stones. The woman who loves, whether she herself knows it or not, has her call, which we answer as the wood bird answers his mate, her sympathetic word and note at which we vibrate to our heart's core.

When Margaret said "please" in a certain way, Lushington's free will seemed to retire from him suddenly, to contemplate his weakness from a little distance. When she said "please go on," he went on, and not only said what he had meant to say, but a great deal more, too.

"It would bore you to know all about my existence," he began, "but as a critic and otherwise I happen to have been often in contact with actors and opera singers. I have at least one—er—one very dear friend amongst them."

"A man?" suggested Margaret.

"No. A woman—of a certain age. As I see her very often, I naturally see other singers, especially as she is very much liked by them. I only tell you that to explain why I know so much about them; and if I want to explain at all, it's only because I like you so much, and because I suppose that what I like most about you, next to yourself, is just that something which my dear old friend can never have. Do you understand?"

Lushington was certainly very shy as a rule, and most people would have said that he was very cold; but Margaret suddenly felt that there was a true and deep emotion behind his plain speech.

"You have been very fond of her," she said gently.

He flushed almost before she had finished speaking; but he could not have been angry, for he smiled.

"Yes, I have always been very fond of her," he answered, after a scarcely perceptible pause, "and I always shall be. But she is old enough to be my mother."

"I'm glad if it's really a friendship," said Margaret; "and only a friendship," she added.

He turned his eyes to her rather slowly.

"I believe you really are glad," he answered. "Thank you. I'm very fond of you. I can't help it. I suppose I love you, and I have no business to—and sometimes you say things that touch me. That's all."

After this rather inexplicable speech he relapsed into silence. But there are silences of all sorts, as there is speech of all sorts. There are silences that set one's teeth on edge; and there are silences that are gentler, kinder, sweeter, more loving, more eloquent, than any words. It is always a relief to break the one, and always a wrench to interrupt the other. Of these was the pause that followed now; but Margaret was asking herself what he meant by saying that he had no right to love her.

"Do you know what the hardest thing in my life is?" Lushington asked, suddenly rousing himself. "It is the certainty that my friend can never have been and can never be at all like you in everything that appeals to me most. But it would be still worse—oh, infinitely worse!—to see you grow like her, by living amongst the same people. You will suffer if you do, and you will suffer if you cannot. That is why I dread the idea of your going on the stage."

"But I really think I shall not change so much as you think," Margaret said.

"You don't know the life," Lushington answered rather sadly. "All I can do is to tell you that it is not fit for you, or that you are not fit for it, because you are not by nature what most of them are, and please God you never will be."

He spoke very earnestly, and another little silence followed, during which the two walked on.

"Please notice that I have not called you a prig for saying that," said Margaret at last. "And I have not thought you one, either," she added, before he could answer.

"You're very nice!" Lushington tried to laugh, but it was rather a failure.

"But of course you've no business to think me nice, have you?"

"None whatever," he said.

"Why not?"

It was not even curiosity, nor an idle inclination to flirt, that made Margaret ask the question at last. She had never felt so strongly drawn to him as now. He looked at her quietly, and answered without the least hesitation or shyness.

"I've no business to be in love with you, because I'm a fraud," he said.

"A fraud! You? What in the world do you mean?"

Margaret was thoroughly surprised. This gifted, shy, youthful man who had fought his way to the front by his own talent and hard work—she knew so much about him and very little more—was of all people the one with whom she least connected any idea of deception. He only nodded and looked at her.

"A fraud!" she exclaimed again. "I suppose it's some sort of false modesty that makes you say that. You know that you are a very successful writer, and that you have earned your success. Why do you try to make out—"

"I'm not trying to make out anything. I tell you the plain truth. I'm a fraud."

"Nonsense!" Margaret was almost angry at his persistence.

"I would not tell you, if I did not care for you so much," he answered. "But as I do, and as you seem to like me a little, I should be an awful cad if I kept you in the dark any longer. You won't publish it on the house-tops. I'm not Edmund Lushington at all."

"You are not Edmund Lushington, the critic?" Margaret's mouth opened in surprise.

"I'm the critic, all right," he answered, with a faint smile. "I'm the man that writes—the man you've heard of. But I'm not Lushington. It's an assumed name."

"Oh!" Margaret seemed relieved. "Is that all? Many people who write take other names."

"But they are not generally known by them to their friends," Lushington observed. "That's where the fraud comes in in my case. A man may sign his book 'Judas Iscariot' or 'Peter the Great,' if he likes, provided he's known as Mr. Smith at home, if that's his real name."

"Is your real name Smith?" Margaret asked. "Is that why you changed it?"

Lushington could not help smiling.

"No. If I had been called Smith, I would have stuck to it. Smith is a very good, honest name. Most of the people who originally came by it made armor, and were more or less artists. I wish I were a Smith—indeed I do! The name is frequent, not common, that's all."

Margaret was puzzled, and looked at his face as if she were thinking out the problem.

"No," she said suddenly, and with decision. "You are not a Jew. That's impossible!"

"I'm not a Jew." He laughed this time. "But I know several very interesting Jews, and I don't dislike them at all. I really should not mind being called Solomon Isaacs. I would not have changed the name, either."

"You forget that you have not told me your real name yet. You see, if I should ever happen to think of you again, I'd rather not think of you under a pseudonym, unless it were in connection with your books."

"That's the only way in which you are likely to think of me," he answered. "But if you really want to know, my first name is Thomas, diminutive Tom—plain Tom."

"I like that better than Edmund," said Margaret, who had simple tastes. "Is the other one as nice?"

"I don't know what you might think of it," Lushington answered. "It is neither common nor uncommon, and not at all striking, but I cannot tell you what it is. I'm sorry to make a mystery of it, for my father was nobody in particular, and I was nobody in particular until I was heard of as Lushington, the critic. And I've been Lushington so long that I'm used to it. I was called so at school and at Oxford."

"As long ago as that?" Margaret again seemed relieved.

"Yes. Oh, I've done nothing disgraceful, nor my father, either! It's not that. I cannot possibly explain, but it's the reason why I'm a fraud—as far as you are concerned."

"Only as far as I am concerned?"

"Nobody else happens to matter. Mrs. Rushmore receives all sorts of interesting people, many of whom have played tricks with their names. Why should she care? Why should anybody care? We have all done the things we are known for, and we are not in love with Mrs. Rushmore, though she is a very agreeable woman. She wouldn't care to call me Tom, would she?"

"I don't know," Margaret answered with a laugh. "She might."

"At all events, it's not necessary to tell her," said Lushington.

"No. But suppose that I should not care to call you Tom, either, and yet should wish to call you something, don't you know? That might happen."

Lushington did not answer at once, and Margaret was a little displeased, for she had said more than she had ever meant to say to show him what she was beginning to feel.

(To be continued.)

# SENATOR WARNER OF MISSOURI.

BY LEONIDAS C. DYER.

THE VETERAN SOLDIER, LAWYER, AND POLITICIAN WHO IS THE FIRST REPUBLICAN SENT TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE BY THE STATE OF MISSOURI FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS.

FOR the first time since the days of reconstruction after the Civil War, Missouri has sent a Republican to the United States Senate. For more than thirty years the Republicans of that sturdy Democratic State have had but scanty official pickings, save such as Presidents of their political faith could give them. When, by one of the greatest upsets of the elections of last November, they found themselves in control of the Missouri Legislature, it was not strange that there should be lively competition for the Senatorship, the chief fruit of their unexpected triumph. The prize could not have gone to a man who better deserved it. To his party, whether in victory or in defeat, Major Warner has rendered lifelong service, and to his State he has for four decades been a loyal son. "Stand up for Missouri!" is a phrase of his own coining that he made the keynote of his campaign for the Governorship a dozen years ago.

William Warner is a typical product of the middle West. In private life he is a Kansas City lawyer. Everybody in Kansas City knows and respects him; he is one of the institutions of the place, which has been his home town since the Civil War. Most of the people who meet him in the streets give him a friendly salutation. There were general rejoicings among his fellow-citizens when they heard of his election to the Senate, on the 18th of March, and thousands of telegrams poured into his house.

He is specially popular with the old soldiers. His interest in the veterans and their affairs is a great part of his life. When the Civil War broke out, he was teaching a country school in Wisconsin, himself a lad of twenty-two who had made his own way to an education, and was ambitious to rise in the world; but on hearing the call to arms he promptly gave up his career and his prospects. He shut up his school and dismissed his scholars, telling them not to come back unless another teacher could be found. Then he marched to the front

and served until the close of hostilities, when he was mustered out as major of the Forty-Fourth Wisconsin. Since the war, he has been a conspicuous figure in the Grand Army of the Republic. He was the first commander of the Missouri department, and at the national encampment of 1888 he was elected commander-in-chief of the organization.

The new Senator is a man of sixty-five, an age that ranks him midway between the patriarchs and the youngsters of the "upper house" of the national legislature. He is broad-shouldered and solidly built, of medium height, with a firm face, kindly gray eyes that gleam with fire, and a carriage that suggests the old military life. He looks what he is—a man of big heart and big brain. In spite of all the hard work he has done, he is as active to-day as a man of forty.

His home life is comfortable and unostentatious. He is one of those truly fortunate men who never need care to wander from their own firesides—for reasons that will be understood from a glance at the portrait on the opposite page. The Senator and his wife will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their wedding next year. Their son and daughter, John B. Warner and Mrs. W. P. Harwood, are grown up and married; the boy and girl in the engraving are their grandchildren, Mary Warner and Warner Harwood.

Like almost all Western lawyers of his generation, Senator Warner has been active in politics ever since he hung out his shingle. In the early days when Kansas City was a flourishing frontier settlement and he a newcomer there, he was nominated for city attorney and elected. Later he became prosecuting attorney, and still later mayor, winning the latter office at an election in which the rest of the local Republican ticket was defeated. When he ran for the Governorship of Missouri, he was beaten—but with less than the usual Democratic majority—by William J. Stone, now his Senatorial colleague. He has served as a United



MISSOURI'S FIRST REPUBLICAN UNITED STATES SENATOR SINCE RECONSTRUCTION DAYS—MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER, OF KANSAS CITY, WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

*From a photograph by Thomson, Kansas City.*

States, district attorney under four Presidents. He has also had experience in legislative work at Washington, having been a Congressman from Kansas City for two terms.

The political tidal wave—the Roosevelt wave, it may fairly be called—which sent the major to the Senate, retired from service the veteran Cockrell, who had represented Missouri there for thirty years. The fact that he succeeds so prominent a figure bespeaks a certain

measure of national attention for the new Senator; but apart from this, he is a man of sufficient personal force to make himself felt in any assembly.

The Senate is often called a millionaires' club, but Major Warner cannot be accused of the crime of great wealth. It is quite certain that money cut no figure in his election. He himself says that his entire expenditure in connection with his candidacy amounted to just twenty-nine dollars and eighty cents.

# ETCHINGS

## The Poet to His Lyric Love.

Out of the deep, the pearl's white gleam ;  
 Out of the sleep, the  
 blissful dream ;  
 Rhyme after prose, song  
 after snows ;  
 And a lily star in the  
 stream !  
 The rhyme, the dream,  
 the song, the star,  
 Each to my heart, my  
 love, you are !

Out of the husk, the yellow corn ,  
 Out of the dusk, the  
 golden morn ;  
 Joy after grief ; bud  
 after leaf ;  
 And a red rose over  
 the thorn !  
 The joy, the rose, the  
 dawn above,  
 Each to my heart you  
 are, my love !

*Julian Durand.*



## An Improved Calendar.

One longs so for variety ! The regular old round  
 Is never worth the candle, as doubtless you have found ;  
 I think it would be wise our old routine to vary,  
 And introduce a novel month we'd call "Decemuary."

It would not be the last nor first ; it would not end  
 the year,

Nor yet remind us painfully another one was here.

"I would serve us as an inclined plane on which we'd  
 softly glide

Into another season, the old one laid aside.

Indeed, the same scheme might apply to all the  
 boresome rest,

And thus with charms of two full months we could  
 one month invest.

The scheme will grow upon you ! It's really necessary  
 To enter on the calendar the new month "Janbruary."  
 Then, long before in Summer's heat we all begin to parch,  
 We might be acclimated in the month of "Februarch."

But there ! Like old Columbus' egg, the plan is now  
 made plain

To any one possessing an average human brain ;

Yet all will pause a moment to reflect, I hope and trust,  
 Upon the awful heated term of that dread month,  
 Jugust.

And in what lovely coloring all nature will enrobe  
 her

To grace the season we shall know as "that sweet  
 month, September."

*Tudor Jenks.*

## THE WOMAN-HATER REFORMED.

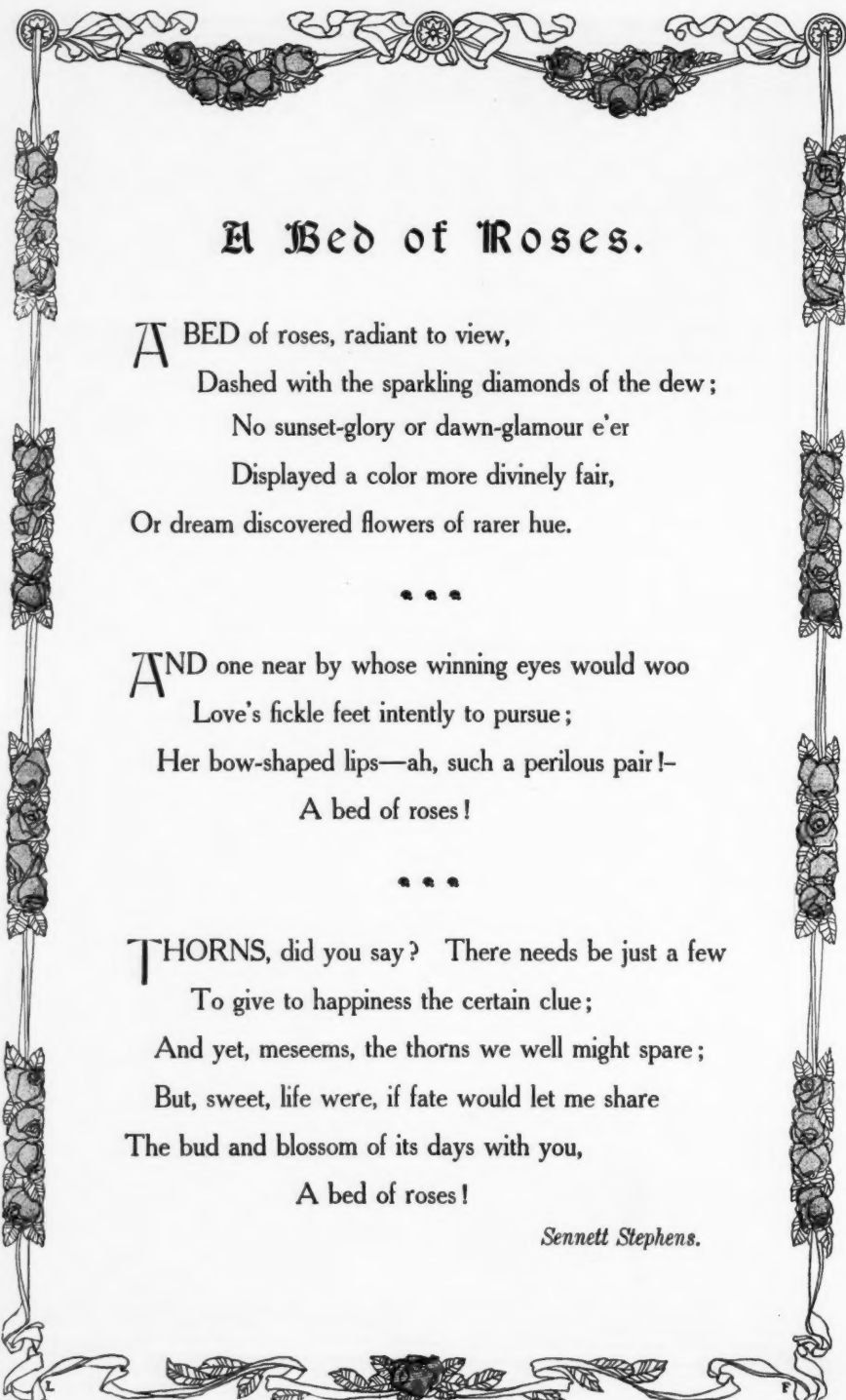
**H**E said to sue for maiden's  
heart  
And hand required too  
much of art  
In framing phrases, making  
pleas,  
And swearing vows on bended  
knees  
"Till death (or court decree)  
doth part."

One's oh, so apt to get the cart  
Before the horse, and at the start  
Break down. It's torture by  
degrees,  
He said, to sue!

Yet when sweet Susan, coy but  
smart,  
Safe landed him, and Cupid's  
dart  
Went through his breast as  
through a cheese,  
And pierced his heart with  
perfect ease,  
He—well, I'll not the words  
impart

He said to Sue!  
*Roy Farrell Greene.*





## A Bed of Roses.

A BED of roses, radiant to view,  
Dashed with the sparkling diamonds of the dew;  
No sunset-glory or dawn-glamour e'er  
Displayed a color more divinely fair,  
Or dream discovered flowers of rarer hue.

...

AND one near by whose winning eyes would woo  
Love's fickle feet intently to pursue;  
Her bow-shaped lips—ah, such a perilous pair!—  
A bed of roses!

...

THORNS, did you say? There needs be just a few  
To give to happiness the certain clue;  
And yet, meseems, the thorns we well might spare;  
But, sweet, life were, if fate would let me share  
The bud and blossom of its days with you,  
A bed of roses!

*Sennett Stephens.*



"Her bow-shaped lips—ah, such a perilous pair!"



"HE NEVER  
HAD TO  
SIT WAITING  
AT THE  
TELEPHONE."

### The Trial that Job Missed.

JOB had troubles, I admit;  
Clearly was his patience shown,  
Yet he never had to sit  
Waiting at the telephone—  
Waiting, waiting to connect,  
The receiver at his lobe.  
That's a trial, I expect,  
Would have been too much for Job!

After minutes of delay,  
While the cramps attacked his knees,  
Then to hear Miss Central say  
Innocently: "Number, please!"  
When the same he'd shouted out  
Twenty times—he'd rend his robe,  
Tear his hair, I've little doubt;  
'Twould have been too much for Job.

Job, with all the woes he bore,  
Never got the "busy" buzz  
When he tempted was of yore  
In the ancient land of Uz.  
Satan missed it when he sought  
His one tender spot to probe;  
If of "central" he had thought,  
She'd have been too much for Job!

*Kennett Harris.*



"SHE'D HAVE  
BEEN  
TOO MUCH  
FOR JOB!"

### The Poet's Limitations.

I MAY not pipe so clear a note as Pan  
On Mount Olympus, when the gods were young;  
Nor wake such strains as when Apollo strung  
His golden harp, and then straightway began  
A prelude to the Pleiades, that ran  
Through stellar spaces; or as those that sprung  
From his strange lute when Israfeli sung  
In Paradise. Such themes are not for man.

What does it matter? If my halting song,  
Full of strange discords, blent with fancies wild,  
Touches some mortal bowed with grief and pain.  
And steads him well to triumph over wrong.  
Until his soul grows calm, and reconciled  
To his estate, shall I have sung in vain?

*George W. Shipman.*

### An Unforeseen Answer.

I OFTEN questioned Prue, to see  
What skill I had at prophecy,  
Predicting her reply;  
But though I tried with all my might  
My prophecies were never right;  
As well regard the butterfly  
And say which blossom it will try!

So when I cried, "I love you, dear!"  
I waited, all in doubt, to hear  
The words of ever-changing Prue.  
Would she be angry—scornful—sad?  
Proud or surprised, distressed or glad?  
But oh, she raised her eyes of blue,  
And calmly said, "Of course you do!"

*Doris Webb*

## A SONG FOR JUNE



INTO my open window blows  
 The spicy fragrance of the rose—  
 A breath that hints of June, and  
 tells  
 Of dew and moonlight in the dells  
 Where dreaming flowers and birds  
 await  
 The opening of summer's gate.

AND now and then, from fields afar,  
 Sweet as the singing of a star,  
 A strain of limpid melody  
 Drifts softly down the dusk to me—  
 The tender music of a tune  
 That stirs the happy heart of June.

SO here I love to linger long  
 Drinking the perfume and the song;  
 Haunted by visions ever fair  
 And voices in the quiet air;  
 Until the shadows have withdrawn  
 And June comes blushing with the dawn.  
 Frank Dempster Sherman.



LEOPOLD II, KING OF THE BELGIANS, AND SOVEREIGN  
OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

# BELGIUM'S BUSINESS KING.

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

LEOPOLD THE SECOND, A HARD-WORKING AND UNPRETENTIOUS MONARCH WHO HAS DONE REMARKABLE SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY AND HER INDUSTRIES—THE DIFFICULTIES HE HAS HAD TO OVERCOME, THE DETRACTION HE HAS SUFFERED, AND THE UNFORTUNATE QUARRELS IN HIS FAMILY.

"THE best business man and the keenest financier in Europe. He should have been a Yankee!"

Such was the characterization of King Leopold II recently given me by a diplomat stationed in Brussels legations. And his Belgian majesty unquestionably deserves the description. Belgium has profited largely by his business acumen. No sovereign in Europe has shown so keen an interest in the welfare, comfort, and happiness of his people, or demonstrated it in so practical a manner.

The less said of King Leopold's family relations the better. To say the least, they have been unfortunate, though his troubles have been exaggerated by an unfriendly press. As a ruler, however, he is ideal. "Merely a figurehead," the term commonly applied to most of the European monarchs, is not applicable in his case. He cares as little for prejudiced opposition as a Theodore Roosevelt. He takes as deep and as practical an interest in *haute finance* as a Pierpont Morgan. He forms his plans and carries them through as determinedly, as unflinchingly, as a Rockefeller.

## A PEN PICTURE OF KING LEOPOLD.

Aristocratic in appearance, democratic in manner, the Belgium king combines kindness and benevolence with the dignity and reserve becoming to his rank. In personal appearance he is one of the most striking figures in Europe. More than six feet in height, his erect, almost military carriage and powerful shoulders belie his age of threescore and ten—for the 9th of April was the seventieth anniversary of his birth. A magnificent snow-white beard, as distinctive an appendage as a peacock's tail, a pair of wonderfully penetrating eyes, an eagle nose, so long as to be all but inquisitive, a decided limp—such are the chief personal characteristics of Leopold II.

He has a strong dislike for display, seldom wears uniform, and, much to the

distaste of his spectacle-loving people, appears in state only on the rarest occasions. He cares little for society—at least, for such society as his capital affords—and still less for the opera, that favorite amusement of Brussels. He is said to have admitted that classical music bores him, and after having seen him sit, yawning, through a gala performance of "Faust" given in his honor, I have no reason to doubt the story.

## A HARD-WORKING MONARCH'S DAY.

His tastes lie in the opposite direction. He is a thoroughly competent civil engineer, a skilled architect, a landscape gardener of no mean ability, a brilliant mathematician, an omnivorous reader, and a keen student of modern affairs. He is a hard worker, rising at five o'clock, even in winter, and being frequently the last of his household to retire. In the morning, when his routine session with the secretaries has been disposed of, he spends several hours in a perusal of the leading newspapers and reviews of Europe and America. During the day, he makes personal inspection of any building or other public work that may be going on in the neighborhood, usually on foot and unaccompanied. After dinner, he plunges into his favorite recreation of drawing up plans for further improvements in the cities of his kingdom, sometimes toiling with ruler and compass far into the night.

The beautification of his capital has been King Leopold's special hobby. Not only did he suggest the series of fine boulevards and parks and plazas which make Brussels one of the most attractive of European cities, but he drew with his own hand the plans from which the engineers worked.

Despite his interest in Brussels, he is so seldom seen there as to be almost unknown to the citizens. Let the visitor ask a cab-driver, a shopkeeper, or a *gendarme* if it is possible to get a glimpse of

the king, and the answer is likely to be a shrug of the shoulders and a grumble:

"You will not see him. We do not see him. He is never here!"

Only for a few weeks during the year does the tricolor float over the great white palace in Brussels, signifying that the sovereign is in residence. His summers are spent in his seaside villa at Ostend, that wonderful city of pleasure of which he is the creator. Autumn finds him aboard his yacht, cruising among the Norwegian fiords. The winter months see him sojourning quietly at his beautiful palace of Laeken, or making flying trips to Paris, and to his villa at Beaulieu on the Riviera.

He appears in military dress only on state occasions, when he wears the severe blue uniform of the commander-in-chief of the Belgian forces, his only decoration being the grand cross of the Order of Leopold. But should the visitor to Ostend or Laeken see the sentries on duty suddenly bring their rifles to the "present" as they catch sight of a tall, white-bearded old gentleman in the gray tweeds and soft slouch hat of an ordinary tourist, he may be sure that he has been rubbing elbows with the king.

Since the death of Queen Marie Henriette, the social functions of the Belgian court have been few and far between. Two state balls in February—which, by the way, are as brilliant as any in Europe—and two garden parties held in the palace grounds at Laeken, in May, make up the social calendar. These affairs provide opportunities for properly introduced foreigners to be presented to the king by their respective ministers. Although gentlemen are expected to appear at the balls in court dress—knee-breeches, silk hose, and swords—and at the afternoon garden parties in evening dress, there is but little of that minute attention to detail which makes a presentation at most foreign courts a labor rather than a pleasure. As at other capitals, the members of the American legation are easily distinguishable at court functions by being the only wearers of ordinary evening dress.

#### A NOT TOO HAPPY ROYAL FAMILY.

The royal household is presided over by the king's youngest and favorite daughter, the Princess Clementine, whose engagement to Prince Victor Napoleon has recently been announced. She inherits from her father her clear-cut, cameo-like profile and her unusual stature—for the princess is six feet in

her stockings—and from her mother the intense love for horses that made the late queen one of the most accomplished horsewomen in Europe. Indeed, so passionately is Clementine attached to her stable that more than once the king has found that the only effective means of disciplining her was to give orders that her favorite horse should be sold. It may be gathered from this, incidentally, that the princess inherits some of her father's positive characteristics as well as his features.

The other two daughters of King Leopold, Stephanie, formerly wife of the Archduke Rudolph of Austria and now the Countess Lonyay, and Louise, wife of Prince Philip of Coburg, whose recent flight from her husband scandalized and yet won the sympathy of all Europe, are, as all the world knows, on very unpleasant terms with their father. As to the rest of the royal family, there is the Count of Flanders, the king's only brother, very deaf and very feeble; his son, Prince Albert, Leopold's nephew and heir apparent, known as *le Mouton* (the sheep) because of his timid manner and the faint, downy growth that adorns his chin; and last, though undoubtedly first in the affections of the people, Albert's wife, the beautiful Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, who in the past three years has presented to her royal uncle two little grand-nephews, the Princes Leopold and Charles of Belgium.

#### KING LEOPOLD AS A SPORTSMAN.

The king is an ardent motorist and a keen yachtsman, though he takes only a mild interest in other forms of sport. He is frequently to be seen driving his car along the Belgian roads, and in traveling between Laeken and his town residence he uses a motor brougham almost exclusively. Some three years ago, while wintering at Beaulieu, he was flying along the fine stretch of road that connects Nice with Monte Carlo. A chauffeur was driving, and the king was sitting beside him on the front seat. As the big car swung around a curve at express speed, the motorists saw, close in front of them, in the middle of the road, a woman wheeling a baby-carriage and leading another child by the hand. The woman was too paralyzed with fear to move; there was no time to stop and no room to turn aside, for the narrow road was bordered by a ditch on either side.

"Run into the ditch!" ordered the king sharply.

The chauffeur obeyed, and the car, its

speed diminished by the hasty application of the brake, shot into the ditch and turned almost a complete somersault, its occupants being hurled upon a grassy bank near by. Fortunately, their injuries did not exceed a few bruises and a severe shaking-up; but it was a brave deed, nevertheless.

While by no means a horseman, Leopold is moderately interested in racing, and Sunday afternoons during the season generally find him in attendance at the Ostend race course, which was constructed after his own suggestions, and almost under the windows of his summer palace. Perhaps his favorite recreation is pedestrianism. In the forest at Laeken, on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, or on the Digue de Mer at Ostend, he may be seen in walking costume—slouch hat, thick-soled boots, trousers turned up—striding off, cane in hand.

King Leopold is a millionaire many times over. In addition to his annual allowance of five million francs, he receives a large income from his investments in the Congo Free State and elsewhere. He is something more than a fluent public speaker; he comes very close to being an orator, and he speaks English, German, Spanish, and Italian quite as fluently as his native tongue.

The Belgians have good cause to be grateful to King Leopold. He has done much for them.

#### WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR BELGIUM.

In no sense of the word a military man, he has applied business methods to the military affairs of his country, and from a disorganized jumble of gold braid, red tape, and incompetence, he has produced an army—small, it is true, but well officered, well disciplined, and efficient.

A dozen years ago Ostend was an almost unknown fishing village on the barren coast of Flanders. King Leopold saw no reason why Belgium should not have its share of the golden stream that flowed each year into Scheveningen on one side and Boulogne and Dieppe on the other. He waved his magician's wand, and there sprang from the earth the most beautiful city of pleasure in all Europe with its three miles of marble and stucco palaces, its magnificent beach, its race course and polo fields, and its gilded Kursaal.

Golf became the rage, and the continental pleasure resorts vied with one another in offering inducements to the golfer. There were no links worthy the name in Belgium, but King Leopold drew

a hundred thousand francs from his private purse, and on the bleak sand-dunes of Coq-sur-Mer there suddenly appeared the finest course in Europe.

A museum was needed in which to show the progress and resources of the Congo State, and he gave to the nation his royal château at Tervuren, making a park of its beautiful grounds.

King Leopold has helped to develop Belgian commerce at home and abroad. He has so carefully fostered all Belgian industries that his country is to-day, its size considered, the most active and successful manufacturing nation in Europe. He has settled ominous differences between capital and labor. He has given to Belgium the cheapest and one of the best railway systems in the world. In his exploitation of the Congo Free State he has provided a most promising field for Belgian enterprise.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES HE HAS OVERCOME.

If ever a sovereign has had difficulties to contend with, it has been the king who has accomplished all these things. In spite of the strict impartiality of his attitude toward the various political parties of Belgium, the powerful influence of the clergy has persistently opposed his schemes, the aristocracy—the most conservative in Europe—has held aloof from him, and the socialist element, which forms more than half the population of the country, has openly fought him. In addition, he has had his private differences with his daughters, who have brought suit against him in his own courts. Through it all he has held to his chosen way, thinking out his schemes and carrying them through to their conclusion with the indomitable self-confidence that has marked his every act since he ascended the throne nearly forty years ago.

He is a strong man, is this King Leopold. He has enemies, but so have all strong men; and even his enemies admit and admire the power of his personality. It is said that he never forgets a kindness or forgives an injury, and it may be so. Certainly his hand is heavy on those that offend him, and he is one who knows how to punish.

But all in all he is a ruler of whom any nation might be proud. The people of Belgium know what he has done for the country. When the blue automobile with the royal arms on the panel whirls down the Laeken road, the bystanders with one accord take off their hats and shout:

"Long live the king!"

# Socialism, Its Growth and Its Leaders.

BY HERBERT N. CASSON.

THE AUTHOR OF "ORGANIZED SELF-HELP" OUTLINES THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT, AND THE VARIOUS FORMS IT HAS TAKEN IN THE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES—ITS ASTONISHING STRENGTH IN THE UNITED STATES, AND THE INFLUENCES THAT HAVE MADE IT A POLITICAL FACTOR.

WHAT shall we think about this new thing called socialism? Now that it is capturing the political power of Germany, upsetting ministries in France, undermining the throne of the Romanoffs in Russia, reconstructing the whole industrial system in Australasia, and polling nearly half a million votes in the United States, it may be said to have become what we Americans call a "paramount issue" in every civilized country.

What should be the opinion of a sensible man or woman upon this riddle of the universe? Is it to be the "coming slavery," as Herbert Spencer prophesied? Will it be the reign of a red-flag mob, destroying private enterprise and achievement? Is the twentieth century to end in a despotism of the envious and the incompetent, a flattening down of civilization to the level of the unfit?

Or is socialism the secret—at last—of an earthly paradise, of an industrial democracy of happy comrades in which every one reaps what he sows and asks neither more nor less?

What between its friends, who admit no defects, and its enemies, who admit no virtues, the ordinary person has no small difficulty in getting at the facts. It has never yet been told in full, this story of socialism, with its sharp contrasts of tragedy and comedy, with its jumble of artists and ditch-diggers, bishops and bomb-throwers, millionaires and tramps. But it has for several years been a theme of the popular dramatists in Germany, France, and Belgium; and a growing proportion of our younger authors are giving us fiction that is distinctly socialistic.

## THE FATHER OF MODERN SOCIALISM.

In 1848 a German Jew named Karl Marx published a pamphlet which has now become almost as famous in Europe as the Declaration of Independence. It ended with this sentence:

"Workingmen of the world, unite!"

That is the keynote of modern socialism. While socialism can be traced back through Franklin, Jefferson, Fourier, Saint Simon, and the French Revolution to Plato, it did not assume its present form until the advent of Marx. For fifty years, in all countries, it was dominated by the genius of this one man.

The "big six" of socialism are Marx, the philosopher and oracle; Lassalle, his forerunner; Engels, his closest friend; Kautsky, who picked up the great man's thoughts and scattered them abroad in pamphlets; Liebknecht, who organized the readers of these pamphlets; and Bebel, the Marxian orator.

Marx was soon chased out of Germany and took refuge in England. For years he spent from ten to twelve hours a day in the British Museum, mastering the writings of British economists. Above all other books he studied Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," the book which had shaped the commercial policy of England.

"Labor produces all wealth," said Adam Smith, "and therefore should not be interfered with."

"This book is only half finished," said Marx. "If labor produces all wealth, then all wealth should belong to labor!"

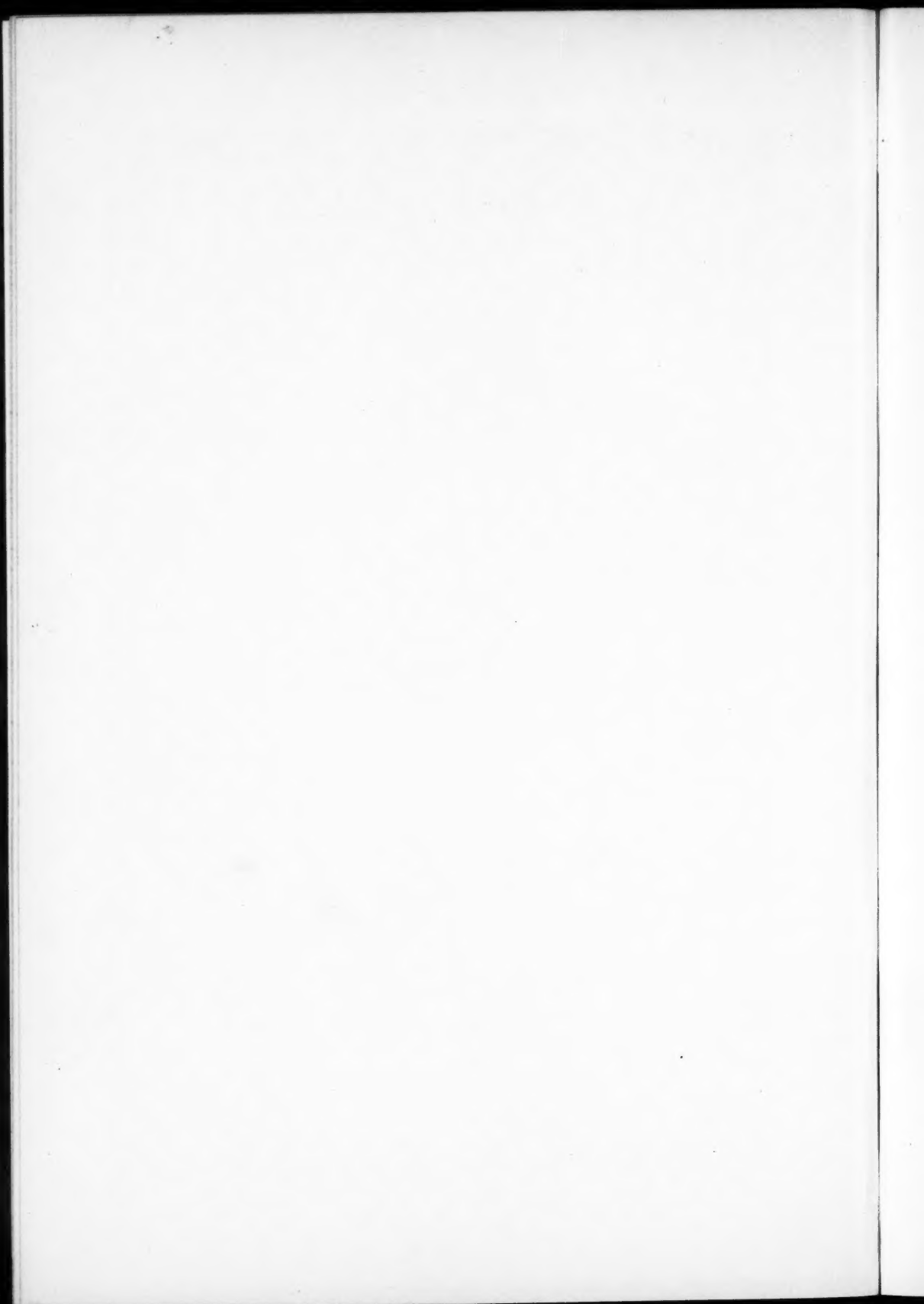
## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARX.

Unhampered by the slightest personal knowledge of industry, Marx began to weave his philosophy. He began where Adam Smith ended. Gathering together an immense mass of evidence from British governmental reports, he declared that the capitalists who owned the land, machinery, and money would inevitably possess all the property, that the wage-workers would inevitably sink lower and lower, and eventually be compelled by hunger and cold to take away the land, machinery, and money from the few owners and make them the common property of the nation. This is,



VICTOR BERGER, OF MILWAUKEE, A LEADER OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

*From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.*



in a sentence, the gist of his great book, "Capital," which at once became the Bible of socialism.

The Marxian argument, carried from point to point with amazing skill, was as follows:

The invention of machinery has forever destroyed hand labor. The workingman is too poor to buy machinery. He must sell his labor to the men who own the machinery, who will make him do the greatest possible amount of work for the least possible amount of money. The surplus value of their labor goes to the owners of the machinery, and makes them rich. The workingmen receive just enough to keep them alive and working, no more. But soon the supply of goods becomes greater than the demand, as the working people are too poor to buy back what they produce. The factories are closed, and business comes to a standstill. At this point the impoverished workers, united by misery and educated in Marxian philosophy, swing together in an overwhelming political party and capture the government. A law is passed that henceforth all machinery, land, and capital shall belong, not to individuals, but to the nation. As soon as this is done, all social troubles are at an end, and the nation lives happily ever afterwards.

There is a wonderfully persuasive power in a definite, untried, optimistic scheme. When there are no troublesome details and no local issues, it is easy to make mass-meetings unanimous. The gospel of Marx was good news to all the under dogs of the world. "Wait! Agitate! Organize! Educate! As sure as the sun shines, your turn will come to be the rulers of the world." This was the message whispered along the line in factories and workshops.

#### A VISIONARY PHILOSOPHY.

The philosophy of socialism has been developed almost wholly by Germans and Jews. Practically no other nationality has added a word. As the German's patriotism is local rather than national, and as the Jew has no country, socialism became therefore uncompromisingly international. Into it were woven the undying Semitic ideal of a "promised land" and the inevitable Teutonic metaphysics. To any non-German, reading Marx' book is like wading through a lake of cold molasses. Phrases, which are often the counterfeit of ideas, became to the Marxians as sacred as a Kaffir's fetish. All was visionary, speculative, far from

the facts and limitations of life. To the German, socialism was a philosophy; to the Jew it was a religion.

Naturally, such a doctrine was far above the heads of the wage-working millions in all countries. In the simplicity of his earnest soul, Marx intended it for the masses, and for none else. But it was picked up by students, editors, lawyers, doctors, and scientists. A prosperous stock-broker became its leading champion in England. To-day the foremost French socialist, M. Jean Jaurès, is the millionaire owner of a daily paper and a department store—the John Wanamaker of Paris. In Germany not one of the eighty-one socialist members of the Reichstag is a *bona fide* workingman. Half of them are editors, a fact which is not astonishing when we recollect that about sixty editors are imprisoned every year in Germany for speaking impolitely of the Kaiser. In Bavaria the socialist leader is a born aristocrat and ex-officer of cavalry; and in South Germany he is a millionaire manufacturer. The most conspicuous woman lecturer among the English socialists is a countess of international fame.

The socialist orators went among the poor, and lectured on street corners and in beer-halls. The audiences could not understand the philosophy, but they were won over by the earnestness of the speakers and entertained by their denunciations of capital. As soon as they learned to introduce some popular demands into their perorations, the propaganda went with a rush. There are now more than three million socialist voters in Germany, and probably most of them were won over by the party's two simplest and most unphilosophical planks—"cheap food" and "less army." The German objects to paying more for his bread and coffee because the emperor wants a great navy. He objects to a war-tax of two hundred million dollars a year. And the socialist political leaders are the only ones who dare to be the spokesmen of this national grievance.

#### SOCIALISM IN FRANCE.

In France, where there are nine hundred thousand public officials already, the socialist doctrine of a government that shall be the universal owner and employer was welcomed. A theory so sweeping, so comprehensive, and so dramatic in its grand finale, made an impression at once upon the French imagination. Marx' philosophy was rewritten to make it eloquent, but its main principles re-

mained the same. Even yet, French socialism is too lofty and ethereal to deal with any practical details. When Millebrand, an able and trusted socialist leader, was honored by being made a member of the cabinet, he was sternly expelled from the party as one who had defiled himself. Although they are in control in ten of the largest cities, the French socialists have made little practical headway toward their ideal, partly because of their lack of political and business discipline, and partly because French cities have a comparatively small degree of self-government. According to Napoleon's system of centralization, the mayors or prefects of French cities are not elected, but appointed from Paris with a veto power which renders them masters of the municipal situation.

The socialist movement gathered to itself men and women of such various abilities that it soon became much more than a class in higher economies. Practically, it became a church, with its saints, martyrs, bishops, and clergy, its hymns and parades, its doctrines and its mutual aid. In Belgium, especially, the socialist organization has become so complex that it touches the life of its members at every point. It is, in fact, becoming the chief capitalist in the country. It sells its members groceries and dry goods, insures their lives, supplies them with music and books, and entertains them with excursions and festivals.

#### GAS-AND-WATER SOCIALISM IN BRITAIN.

In the unheroic, matter-of-fact atmosphere of England, Marxian socialism wilted like a banana tree in Norway. A handful of refugees from the continent kept it feebly alive in London; but even British social reformers and trade unionists rejected it until the famous London Fabian Society Anglicized it and disinfecting it of all revolutionary germs. The socialism of England, Australia, and New Zealand is not of the Marxian brand. It waves no red flag and chants no Marseillaise. It is not moved to action by the golden promises of revolutionary company-promoters. Like Missouri, it says: "Show me!" It cares more for one "is" than for ten "might be's." In these countries socialism appears in the form of innumerable committees, each one grappling with some one definite local issue, such as cheaper gas, public baths, purer water, better tram service, and so on.

New Zealand has from the first been entirely immune from the doctrine of

Marx, and in the matter of practical progress it has far outstripped all other countries. As a land without a millionaire, without a tramp, and without a striker, it stands unique. In short, the New Zealanders have placed themselves in the van of social progress, not so much because they have been led by abler statesmen, but because of their isolation and the absence of social classes among them. A member of the present New Zealand government expressed popular opinion in his country recently by saying:

"We are organizing our great industries so that they shall not make a few individuals enormously rich, but so that they will give the advantage of cheaper service to the whole body of the people."

#### WHAT SOCIALISM ACTUALLY IS.

We find that socialism, then, is not a fixed quantity. It is a variable evolutionary system of thought and action. It actuates the assassin in Russia and the premier in New Zealand. It flaunts the red flag in Italy and cuts coupons in Belgium. Every country gets the kind of socialism it is fit for. With repression it becomes revolutionary and destructive; with freedom it pulls contentedly in the traces of good citizenship. Where there is most of the doctrine, there is often least of the fact.

The essence of socialism is that the private ownership of the means of production and distribution shall be replaced by public ownership. Social problems are to be considered from the standpoint of the whole of the people, not from the standpoint of those who now happen to be in control. Instead of granting special privileges to men who are rich and competent, government should rather assist the poor and incompetent. The strong are to be pulled back and the weak pushed forward, just as a mother gives any extra dainty to her crippled child. It is thus very evident that the so-called socialist organizations represent only an insignificant fraction of those whose opinions are essentially socialistic.

In all countries, except Russia, organized socialism has evolved almost completely from revolution to reform. "We will fight this question out on the battlefield," said Liebknecht in 1874. Twenty years later he said: "Compromise is sometimes necessary."

Until 1891 socialism was fiercely anti-religious; at present its public policy is to let all religious subjects strictly alone.

A number of "immediate demands" have been forced on the leaders of the movement, and these practical questions are steadily forcing the abstract Marxian philosophy into the background.

Nine-tenths of these demands are very moderate. In fact, most of the demands of the German, Austrian, and Italian socialists are in force in the United States. Out of eleven demands made by the socialists in Italy, nine have passed into law in Colorado, plainly without transforming the State into a social and industrial paradise. In the European countries mentioned, there has as yet been no disillusionment with regard to the workings of political democracy. It is assumed that a just law will at once become magically efficacious. The far-off hills of democracy look green.

#### HOW SOCIALISM HAS LEARNED MODERATION.

About five years ago it was seen that the prophecies of Marx were not coming true. Like Miller, the famous Adventist, Marx had set a time for the industrial world to come to an end, and it persisted in going on in an aggravatingly vigorous manner. He had declared that the middle classes were about to disappear, that the bonanza farms and the department stores would swallow up all smaller competitors, that wages would decrease, that our present system of industry could be abolished but not improved, and that overproduction would soon bring it to a standstill. None of these predictions has been verified, except in local instances. On several occasions the Marxians have rushed out, during a financial panic, with their red ascension robes on, only to find that the stop was for a way-station and not at a terminus.

Wherever socialists have undertaken to operate coöperative stores or factories, their idealistic philosophy has been greatly modified. They have learned to appreciate business ability, and the old phrase, "Labor creates all wealth," becomes less convincing than before.

In a socialist store in Brussels, the head clerk is paid five times more than an ordinary clerk.

"Why do you do this?" asked a visitor. "Because he is worth it," was the reply.

The heavy debt of New Zealand, and of the municipal-ownership cities of Great Britain, is taking some of the rosy glow out of the socialistic future. And so, in most countries, the socialists are sadly coming down out of the enchanted land of philosophy, and prepar-

ing for a long, hard pull on the steep road of social progress.

#### SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States, socialism has been growing like a gourd in recent years. It has also been passing from revolution to reform, and from German to American control. It is a curious and little-known fact that one of the world's first advocates of socialism was a New Yorker named Thomas Skidmore, who in 1829 wrote a book in favor of the collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution.

"All men should live on their own labor," he said. "We want the right to life, liberty, and *property*."

At that time the word "socialism" had not been coined, and the great Marx was a curly-haired child of eleven.

In 1840 the writings of Fourier, the Frenchman, and Robert Owen, the Englishman, attracted the attention of literary people in New York and Massachusetts. Scores of little coöperative communities were formed, that of Brook Farm being the most notable. Instead of soaring to the ideal, these communities sank into squalor and bankruptcy, and are worth mentioning only because of the eminent Americans who approved of them. Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, Albert Brisbane, George Ripley, and Parke Godwin were members of the Brook Farm community, and Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, Longfellow, Whittier, Channing, Greeley, and Higginson were its sympathetic friends.

In 1888 Bellamy's "Looking Backward" was taken seriously, to the surprise of its author, and a second wave of idealistic socialism swept over the country. At this time Marxian socialism existed only in New York and Chicago, and it was too distinctly a foreign importation to have any influence. Nine out of ten of its adherents were German and Jewish refugees, who were fiercely suspicious of American tendencies. Loudly proclaiming socialism to be international, they insisted upon making it strictly Jewish and German. Native-born converts were welcomed, but never trusted, and usually expelled in a few months. There was constant friction.

The editor of the official paper succeeded in making his chair the seat of all authority, and there were more heresy trials among the little handful of malcontents than among all the churches. The famous controversy among the philosophers of the tenth century, as to how

many angels could dance on the point of a needle, was not more fantastic than some of the doctrinal points over which the socialists wrangled until long past midnight in their dingy halls.

#### SOCIALISM IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

Until 1888 political action was regarded as too tame and tardy for revolutionary spirits. Then a candidate was nominated for mayor of New York.

"I cannot much English speak," said he, "but I can your mayor be."

In another city a worthless fellow was put on the ticket. "Any man is good enough," said the socialist leader. "We want the world to know that we vote for the principles and not for the man." [Wild applause.]

About a year after the great railroad strike in Chicago, the socialists who believed in less doctrine and more results organized a separate party, and brought their party for the first time into the public eye by capturing Haverhill and Brockton, two shoe-making cities in Massachusetts. In all, forty assemblymen, mayors, councilmen, and other minor officials, were elected in that State. They accomplished little or nothing, partly because they were outvoted, but mainly because none of them were practical men of affairs. Their creed taught them much about the millennium, but nothing about how to establish a clean, efficient handling of public affairs; and they proved to be children in the hands of the shrewd manipulators who still held the reins. They were earnest and enthusiastic men, nearly all American-born, but the task was too great for them, and they soon dropped out. The socialist vote in Massachusetts has since fallen from forty thousand to fifteen thousand, largely through the opposition of the trade unions and the Roman Catholic church, which the socialists, in the flush of victory, had derided.

The socialist vote in the United States at the last Presidential election—three hundred and ninety-three thousand, with an additional thirty-three thousand cast for a second candidate—was not startling. What figures can startle us any more in these days? Yet this was equal to the total vote of nine States—Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nevada, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wyoming. According to their numbers, the socialists should have had sixteen electors in the Electoral College. If they were represented in Congress as are the voters of the above nine States,

whom they equal in numbers, they would have forty-five Senators and Representatives.

This vote was polled in a year of more than average prosperity. It was registered in opposition to a President of unquestioned integrity and phenomenal popularity. It was not the aftermath of a labor war, being larger in Connecticut than in Colorado. It was no cry of poverty, as it appears to be highest in those States where labor is well paid. Neither was it in any sense foreign, as it was proportionately heaviest in the far West. The socialist vote was nine per cent of the total in the extreme West, seven per cent in the Rocky Mountain States, five per cent in the middle, three per cent in the East, and scarcely anything in the South, with the single exception of Florida.

At the last national convention of the socialists, three out of every four delegates were American-born. The most popular weekly paper has a circulation of more than two hundred thousand, being taken in bundles by the local organizations. As in Europe, the party is still dominated, as an organization, by the prestige of Marx and the earlier leaders. Any editor or orator who is not doctrinally sound is attacked and usually expelled. But among the rank and file, in the West especially, socialism is being interpreted into American ideas and methods. The practical socialism of Australia and New Zealand is being carried into California by sailors; and in a few years the Marxian epoch in America will be at an end, unless it is prolonged by business depression.

#### MILWAUKEE A SOCIALIST STRONGHOLD.

At the present time, Milwaukee may be called the center of American socialism. From all appearances it will be the first large city to come under the control of the new party. Eighteen socialists have been elected to office, including five members of the Legislature. Every third voter in the city is a socialist, and the Democratic party has been left two thousand votes in the rear. Newspapers and leaflets are printed in eight languages, and literally tons of these are distributed every year. The campaign expenses last November amounted to fifty-four hundred dollars, the name of every contributor being made public.

To learn at first hand the facts about this new force which is stubbornly thrusting its way into American politics, the writer recently visited Milwaukee.

From two items in a Milwaukee paper, bought on the train, it appears that the Milwaukee socialists have both wealthy friends and powerful enemies. On one page was an advertisement: "Found, in the West Side Hall, after the socialist meeting last Friday night, a gold pin in the form of a sun-burst, set with brilliants." Another page contained a two-column statement from a socialist leader, under the heading, "Berger Defends Socialism from Attack of Archbishop." On a billboard opposite the station a huge yellow poster announced that "Half a Thousand Dollars in Prizes will be Given at the Grand Monster Socialist Carnival." The same announcement, in smaller form, hangs near the desk in the hotel. The cabman admits that he is one of the new political sect. So, also, does the hotel clerk.

#### A SOCIALIST POLITICAL LEADER.

As every one in Milwaukee seems to know, the socialism of the city swings around one man, Victor L. Berger. He is its brains, its tongue, its pen, its fist. Under his discipline, seventeen thousand of Milwaukee's voters have become organized into an army of political roughriders. While Berger himself holds no office, it is he who prepares the bills and maps out the plan of operations for the socialist public officials.

Though Berger would not deny that he is a Marxian, he is sufficiently Americanized to put local issues before the phrases of his creed. According to him, socialism is "the international movement of wage-workers for better food, better houses, sufficient sleep, more leisure, more education, and more culture." With regard to trade unionism, his policy is to select the most trustworthy union officials, educate them in socialistic ideas, and then run them for public offices. He opposes strikes, but when a strike is declared he becomes the active champion of the strikers.

"Our movement here is of native growth," he said. "It was not 'made in Germany,' although sixty-two per cent of our citizens are of German parentage. Of the five Assemblymen whom we elected, four were American-born, and all were members of trade unions. My idea is to teach the working people to help themselves, and not to let others do their thinking. As for me, I'm not a political boss, but merely the organizer and editor of our party. Every question among us is decided by popular vote."

Personally, Berger is a man of force,

magnetism, and thorough culture. His private library contains about three thousand volumes, mainly on sociological and scientific subjects. He has willed it to the State in case of his death. Mentally, he is inclined to be a bookworm, but temperamentally he is an agitator. His presence in a public assemblage is invariably followed by some sort of an ebullition. Every one in Milwaukee believes in his sincerity, but most regard him as being too headstrong and explosive to be entrusted with authority over the city's affairs. It is conceded, even by the present mayor, that Berger and his lieutenants may be in power next year. According to the present outlook, Wisconsin may be the first socialist State, and California the second.

#### THE WORLD-WIDE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.

And so the United States, as well as Europe, is confronted by the socialist peril, if it be a peril. Apparently it is impossible to sail the waters of civilization without being driven toward the stormy entrance of that mysterious, uncharted sea of collectivism, whether we put the rudder hard a-port like Russia, or lash it amidships, like New Zealand. In all parts of the world there were last year over more than seven million socialist voters, and these represent only the extreme or uncompromising wing of the whole army. The full strength of the socialistic tendency cannot be estimated.

"We are all socialists now," said a member of the British House of Lords, half in jest and half in earnest.

It has been shown that there are now more than three hundred and thirty different trades, professions, and institutions that are directly operated by government, in some parts of the globe. Twenty-five nations own their savings-banks. Fifty-four own their railroads, wholly or in part. Sixty-eight own their telegraph systems. Some nations have found it safe and profitable to operate such enterprises as pawn-shops, drug stores, theaters, blast furnaces, coal mines, factories, hotels, and breweries.

With the exception of ancient Peru, we do not know of any nation which has ever adopted wholly the principle of collectivism; neither do we know of any nation that has been wholly without it. After all, is it not the unending task of all peoples to establish a just balance between the rights of the individual and the rights of society in general, so that there shall be liberty without chaos and order without repression?

# THE LODGER IN NUMBER ELEVEN.

BY KATE JORDAN.

MISS PICKERWICK lived in a garret in a decayed mansion which stood at the corner of upper Bleecker Street and one of the queer little byways with a forgotten name running across that dingy New York thoroughfare.

It was springtime. The dormer windows were open, and on each window-sill stood a small flower-pot, the sturdy blossoms making a bit of color that was very effective beside the gauzy curtains of cheese-cloth. An old mahogany dresser, to which Miss Pickerwick had clung most tenaciously, even when she was hungry, stood in a corner, polished so beautifully by her own delicate hands that it shone like a dusky mirror. There were a few old blue plates, too, saved from the wreckage of her affluence.

As for Miss Pickerwick herself, she was in harmony with the refinement and coziness of her garret room. Her collars and cuffs were of her own embroidering, and her best silk gown, turned so many times that it was now of a color not in the calendar, fitted her spare, graceful figure with a smoothness that told of long acquaintance with every line. She had a smile that old people and children warmed to, and a voice, a touch of hand, that made homeless cats and dogs adopt her as their own as soon as they came within the radius of either.

Nevertheless, this gentle Miss Pickerwick, who made scarfs or did fine sewing for a living, who painted china when anyone wanted it, and had been known to make over old hats at very low prices, thought herself quite a cynic. She thought all men fickle and faithless—except her young cousin Ralph. She thought all actresses wicked—she had known only one. The reason for these fixed antipathies tells her story.

Years before—ah, how many, many years before!—she had lived in this very house where now she rented a garret. Then it had been the mansion of her father, a prosperous lawyer, and she had been his petted daughter. In this house she had loved. In this house she had first known what it was to taste the cup of pain. No one remembered the story now—except Miss Pickerwick.

"David Townsend" was the name written across a *carte de visite* photo-

graph at the bottom of a cedar box which an uncle of Miss Pickerwick's had brought years ago from Palestine. The picture showed a handsome, reckless type of the ultra-fashionable young man of the late sixties. The face had poetry and fire in it; the very pose of the head was impulsive. He seemed a man who would make bitter mistakes and eat the kernel of despair in unavailable regret for them.

This is just what David Townsend did, no doubt, when he jilted pretty Rosanna Pickerwick for Mlle. Delaphine, the dancer at the Bowery Theater who walked on the hearts of the young men of that day. You will understand now why Miss Pickerwick hated the words "actress" and "theater."

She stopped sewing when a barrel-organ paused under her window and began churning out "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." The old, old song that so many girls had sung to their sweet-hearts in the long ago seemed to speak in reawakened tenderness to the old house, and also to Miss Pickerwick's heart. She had caroled that old song to David Townsend many a time, his eyes glowing as he listened.

"It is years since last we met,  
We may never meet again.  
I have struggled to forget,  
But the struggle was in vain."

"Never meet again!" her thoughts ran. "Never, indeed!"

The needle fell unheeded to the floor as she began to think of the second chapter of her life's story—the dark chapter after the blow fell, when she had to bear the stigma of "jilted." She had carried her head high, though her heart seemed no longer to beat under its load of pain. Her cold, proud face was a defiance to the curious, pitying eyes of her friends. By degrees, when people had dared speak David's name to her, she heard he had circulated a story that she had dismissed him. She remembered now that she had thought him merciful, though weak and false, and she had not contradicted the rumor.

She picked up the needle and went on with her task.

"If he is living, I suppose he is still in Paris. Wasn't it in seventy-seven

that Abby Sheldon ran across him on the stairs of the Grand Opéra? Yes, he was living there then. Then it was eighty-four when Mary Fitzwilliam wrote to me from Rome, saying he was living in a pension there, his wife dead, most of his money gone. Ah, he's probably dead by this time!" She stitched diligently. "I wonder if he was happy—I wonder if he ever regretted—" and her thoughts trailed away into thin imaginings.

There was a hurried little tip-tap at the door. It was Ralph's individual knock, so that she would not hesitate to admit him. The same timidity that always made her look under her bed at night, although it was scarcely ten inches from the floor, and could be the hiding-place of only the most attenuated marauder, made her keep her door locked constantly.

"I stay here because of old association," Miss Pickerwick had explained at times; "but some of the lodgers seem to be doubtful people, and tipplers."

She hurried over and turned the key, her face very happy. She loved Ralph—his youth, his handsome face, his talent, his ambition to be a great sculptor.

"Why, Ralph," she said as she shook his hand, drawing him in, "I didn't expect a visit to-day. This is a pleasant surprise to your old cousin."

"I was down after an Italian model—thought I'd look in," said Ralph with a touch of confusion as he sat down.

"Can you have a bite of lunch with me, dear?"

"Of course. Tea and toast? I'll be delighted."

When the little table was set, Miss Pickerwick became suddenly aware of a surprising thing, which she had failed to notice in her hurry.

"Why, Ralph," she exclaimed, "have not you on your best gray suit?—and a white flower in your button-hole? What does it mean?"

"Why, it means, Cousin Rosie, that besides hunting for a model I've been calling on a young lady who lives in this very house."

"Whom can you possibly know here, Ralph?" and she stared at him.

"Don't you know the people in No. 11, first floor?" he asked.

"I make no acquaintances among the lodgers here. They are mostly foreigners."

From Miss Pickerwick's untraveled, ultra-Puritan standpoint, foreign birth was eminently undesirable.

"Foreigners?" Ralph laughed. "Why,

auntie, you've no idea what nice people live in other countries. Now this girl—Eugénie—is French."

Miss Pickerwick thought of Mlle. Delphine and her very educated toes.

"Have nothing to do with her, my dear Ralph," she said, setting her mouth primly. "Frenchwomen are butterflies."

"She's a peach!" said Ralph tenderly and with boyish warmth.

"A what?"

"Well, I mean she's just right. Her eyes are just like amethysts—I never saw such eyes!"

Miss Pickerwick leaned forward and transfixed him with as stern a look as she was capable of.

"What about her character?" she demanded.

"She has character to burn!"

"Is that slang?" Miss Pickerwick asked helplessly. "I don't understand."

"Yes, I suppose it is, and not very elegant; but I mean she has heaps of character. Why, do you know, after singing her little part every night in an opera, she comes home and nurses her sick father; and in the daytime she makes—*straw hats*!" Ralph delivered the last words with an air which seemed to count out any further contradiction. "If that isn't character, if it isn't sweetness, if it isn't courage, if it isn't, being a brick, then show me what is! I tell you Eugénie is adorable! She's a witch, a saint, as merry as a kitten, as wise as a philosopher, and—and—she has the miserable fate to love me!"

He knew that this would create consternation, and it did, but not the sort Ralph had expected. To his amaze she sat back quietly, a pallor almost bluish stealing over the sweet, patient face.

"A Frenchwoman—an actress?" she said in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and then she looked past Ralph into the distance—into years of which he could know nothing.

"What's the matter?" he asked, springing up and taking her hands, which were closed and cold.

"It seems strange that you should have chosen this girl of all others, because—because—"

"Well? Tell me, Cousin Rosie. You look so strange! You've never even seen Eugénie, I'm sure!"

"I'm not thinking of her," she said, holding his hands fast, and letting her gray eyes look deep down into his heart. "I'm thinking of the ruin a woman made of my life—a Frenchwoman, an actress."

"Why, Cousin Rosie!"

"You never heard my story, Ralph. Every one belonging to both of us is gone, and my embittered heart, my useless life, were important failures only to myself. But you see, dear, why I feel almost an uncanny terror of this girl you love. She is not the one I would have chosen for you. Is she worthy of you? Will she make your life happy? How can she, a foreigner, a girl of the theater, help or understand you in your career?"

Ralph was touched to the very core of his warm heart. He could have tried to overcome her objections with a jest and a laugh, had they been merely dislikes formed from her prim, narrow outlook; but this glimpse of the disillusioned self which she had kept so long and so proudly hidden awakened new thoughts.

He drew his chair over to Miss Pickerwick's, and wheeled from her some of the facts of her love story. She had told only a few things—her lover's name, the dancer's name—when a slow light of comprehension stole over Ralph's face.

When the story was done he looked at Miss Pickerwick, an unwonted tenderness mixed with a strange excitement in his blue eyes.

"You have never seen this David Townsend since—since he married?"

"Never. He went to Paris to live. I remained here. No, indeed; that pain was spared me," said Miss Pickerwick, rising with a sigh. "And now, dear, that you have listened to my old maid's love tale, you will know how the thought of any similarity between your wife and the woman who dazzled David Townsend, and drew him away from me, could only cause me pain."

"Yes, I understand," said Ralph, and there was still that strange look of excitement in his eyes. "But believe me, dear Cousin Rosie, you misjudge my sweetheart. Wait until you see her. She earns her living by singing to support her father, because God has given her the gift of a beautiful voice. She's as pure as a violet. The theater need not be a den of iniquity, Cousin Rosie. Believe me, young as I am, I've learned that you can find in a place just what you bring to it. Eugénie comes and goes upon her way as a singer, but in heart and at home she is just a simple girl, true, womanly, proud, and sweet."

Miss Pickerwick sat down, her hands folded primly.

"I see you have made up your mind," she said with a little sigh. "You are your own master, of course. What favor do you want to ask of me?"

"Well, it's just this," said Ralph slowly. "You have been asking me about Eugénie, and you're awfully afraid I'm making a mistake. Now her father is coming to you to make inquiries about me, because he's afraid Eugénie may be making a mistake."

"Her father?" and Miss Pickerwick gave a little shiver of distaste.

"Yes!" Ralph burst out into a peal of boyish laughter. "Oh, I suppose you see him in your mind's eye—a swarthy, mincing Frenchman of the most objectionable sort. Perhaps you think he wears earrings."

Miss Pickerwick passed her hand tremblingly over her face.

"I speak so little French now——"

"He speaks English as well as you do," Ralph's tone was full of anticipation and mystery, although Miss Pickerwick did not realize it. "Will you see him?"

"When?"

"Now."

"Oh!" The unusualness of the coming episode flushed her cheek. "Very well," she added gently; "if you wish it, dear. But give me time to put away the lunch things and tidy up a bit."

Ralph went to the door, and then he paused and looked at Miss Pickerwick. She was frail, and no longer young. A great surprise might shock her spent heart dangerously; and he had a great surprise in store for her.

Impulsively he went back to her side and put his strong, masterful arms around her, kissing her warmly.

"See here, Cousin Rosie, something wonderful is going to happen to you—something wonderful. Now don't ask any questions, but be prepared!"

He fled from the room before she could speak. Miss Pickerwick remained standing where he had left her. She pondered over Ralph's last words, but without reaching their meaning. Then she brushed her soft blond hair, and fastened her embroidered collar with the cameo brooch worn only on special occasions.

When a quiet but decided knock came upon her door she gave a nervous start. A thrill ran through her whole system, opening her gray eyes with expectancy, and making a rosy bloom leap to her wan cheek, so that for a moment she looked more like the Rosanna Pickerwick of other days than she had done in years.

It was well that she did; for when her door opened, admitting a gray-haired man in well-fitting but worn clothes, she knew that the Past had entered—that it

was looking at her from under the visitor's brows with the dark, unquenchable, never-to-be-forgotten eyes of David Townsend.

For a moment the two stood, like ghosts come back, and gazed at each other. A miracle had happened. It was the man who spoke first.

"You—are Ralph Morton's cousin?"

"Yes; and—you—" she faltered.

"I'm Eugénie's father."

He placed his hat on the table just in time to assist Miss Pickerwick as she swayed in trying to reach a chair. As she rallied, their hands touched.

"We meet again here," David was saying, "in the old house."

"How long have you been here?" Miss Pickerwick asked, when she could.

"Since before Christmas—four or five months. When I came back to New York with Eugénie, I wandered through this old neighborhood, now so sadly changed. When I saw this, your old home, rented out in rooms, I settled here with my daughter." He looked at her with sudden yearning. "Are you sorry? Do you want me to go away?"

"I wonder why you came. This is a house I should have thought you'd try to forget," said Miss Pickerwick, trying to be very stern.

"But why should I wish to forget? All these years I've thought tenderly of you, in spite of the letter you sent casting me off to pay the price of my folly."

"Cast you off? Folly?" Miss Pickerwick asked, sitting upright.

"Surely you haven't forgotten," said David. "I confess I acted like a young fool, and deserved to be dismissed; but now, in the twilight of our lives, I may tell you the truth—it was you I loved, Rosanna. I loved you then, and I love you still."

As she listened in amaze it seemed to Miss Pickerwick that life had turned back many chapters.

"When your letter came breaking the engagement—" David continued.

"Letter!" Miss Pickerwick's lips tried to murmur in denial.

"I think I went mad with grief. Then I wrote you, begging an interview. You wrote back a refusal. I thought I hated you then, and in my pain and wrath I married Delaphine."

Miss Pickerwick was silent; but her memory was busy. She recalled how, fifteen years before, her Aunt Betty, with whom she had lived then, had tried on her death-bed to tell her niece something about a letter. Now it was all clear.

Aunt Betty, thinking David too inconsistent and reckless to make a good husband, had sent those letters to keep Rosanna from what she thought would be a wretched marriage!

Miss Pickerwick pondered on the situation. Should she tell David the truth? No! Wise and feminine to the core, she determined to shield Aunt Betty. She sat perfectly quiet, dropped her lashes, a smile nicking the corners of her mouth.

As David leaned nearer and kissed her hand with the grace that men have lost in these rushing modern days, her heart stirred under the caress like a bird in the spring.

"Don't you think, Rosanna, that God has sent us to each other at last?"

In the back parlor with No. 11 marked in white letters on the big mahogany door, the younger lovers waited for the return of Eugénie's father.

"Oh, it is such a happy day!" said Eugénie, her hand in Ralph's as they listened for his step. "You know this morning there came news of a legacy to my papa from his great-aunt, enough to buy us all a pretty house in the country. It is wonderful—wonderful that your cousin and he are old sweethearts—wonderful about the money—"

"Wonderful, most wonderful that you love me!" Ralph added.

The hours crept along until it was almost twilight, and still Eugénie's father had not come.

"They have forgotten us," said Ralph. "They have so much to talk of—a whole lifetime since they've seen each other."

"Let's creep up-stairs," said Eugénie. And they did, hand in hand. But outside Miss Pickerwick's door they paused. First they heard a woman's voice, speaking very softly.

"And do you remember, David, that day—"

Then there came a murmur and a low, happy laugh that Ralph could hardly recognize as his elderly cousin's. Next a man's voice said:

"And the night of the ball to the Grand Duke Alexis—you wore white with such a lot of roses. Ah, dearest, don't you remember?"

The boy and girl looked into each other's faces in a startled way, almost with awe, as they stole away more softly even than they had come. On the threshold of No. 11 they paused, and Ralph took his sweetheart's face into the circle of his hands as he looked into her eyes.

"Sweetheart, may we love so—when we are old."

# THE HOUSE OF ASTOR.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

THE FAMOUS FAMILY WHOSE HEADS ARE THE GREAT LAND-  
LORDS OF NEW YORK, AND WHOSE WEALTH GROWS FASTER  
AND FASTER WITH THE EXPANSION OF THE AMERICAN METROPO-  
LIS—THE SOCIAL PRIMACY OF THE WOMEN OF THE HOUSE.

IN a New York newspaper dated January 10, 1789, appeared an advertisement announcing that "J. Jacob Astor, next door but one to the Friends' Meeting-House," had for sale pianos of the most approved makes and furs of the best quality. That rather curiously mixed business was the origin of what is to-day not quite the largest—for it has been surpassed by at least one other—but the most solidly invested and the most tenaciously held of the great American fortunes. Its founder, five years before he began to advertise his pianos and his furs, was an immigrant lad working for two dollars a week as delivery boy to a German baker. Twelve years later, he was putting his profits into land. Twenty years later yet, his prophetic vision of the growth of New York, and of a consequent harvest of "unearned increment," had been marvelously verified; he was the richest man in the city, its first citizen to be worth a million dollars.

## THE GROWTH OF THE ASTOR ESTATE.

To-day the Astor estate is estimated at about four hundred and fifty million dollars, and it is advancing in value faster than ever. So long as it is maintained in its present ironclad position of strategic strength, there is nothing, humanly speaking, that can prevent its continual and colossal increase. It will reach a billion dollars before many years pass, and it may be the first of the world's great fortunes to do so. It does not depend, as most of the others do to a greater or less extent, upon the life of any individual or individuals. Industries may change and fluctuate, railroads may be injured by new competition or new inventions, but nothing can stay the expansion of the American metropolis; and it cannot expand without paying an ever greater tribute into the Astor coffers.

The first John Jacob Astor was a financial genius of the first rank. His successors have simply had to sit still. Of the two present heads of the house,

William Waldorf, who seems destined to found a titled family in England, is esteemed a keen-sighted business man, both prudent and enterprising. His cousin, John Jacob, of New York, fourth of the name, has dabbled in literature and science, has held ornamental commissions, and seen a glimpse of actual warfare; but in real estate matters he has been content to follow the lead of his more progressive cousin.

The two branches of the estate, be it understood, are practically a unit in management, and occupy the same headquarters in an unostentatious office-building in Twenty-Sixth Street, just west of Broadway; but their accounts are kept separately, though in some of the most important Astor properties—for instance, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and the old Astor House—they are jointly interested. The two started even, twenty-nine years ago, when William B. Astor, son of the first John Jacob, divided his hundred millions equally between his two sons, John Jacob III and William. Owing to the greater skill and enterprise of John Jacob III and his son, the present William Waldorf, the elder or English line is now probably thrice as rich as the younger or American line. Still, the latter is worth fully a hundred million dollars.

## THE WOMEN OF THE HOUSE OF ASTOR.

Personally and socially, the women of the house of Astor have shone more brightly than the men. Almost without exception, they have brought into the family beauty, brains, and the best blood of America. William B. Astor set a precedent when he won for his wife the belle and toast of her day, Margaret Armstrong, daughter of the General John Armstrong who was United States Senator from New York, minister to France, and Secretary of War in Madison's Cabinet. Of their two sons, the elder, John Jacob Astor III, married Miss Gibbs, of South Carolina, who is described in con-

temporary social chronicles as "elegant and charming." The younger, William Astor, allied himself with more than one of the oldest Knickerbocker families of New York by his marriage to Miss Caroline Schermerhorn.

Mrs. William Astor, widowed by her husband's death in 1892, has for many years been the recognized leader of New York society. The sovereignty of that brilliant kingdom is a position that requires vastly more than wealth, and Mrs. Astor's long tenure of it has proved her to be a woman of remarkable qualities and powers. A fine portrait of her by Carolus-Duran appeared in the October number of this magazine.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

Both of the present heads of the house found their wives in Philadelphia. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, whose maiden name was Mary Dahlgren Paul, died in England eleven years ago, not long after she and her husband established their residence there. The Willings, the family to which Mrs. John Jacob Astor belongs, have helped to make the history of Pennsylvania for nearly two centuries. Charles Willing was mayor of Philadelphia in 1747; his son Thomas held the same office a few years later, and was the first president of the Bank of the United States. Miss Ava Willing was

famous as a beauty of the Quaker City when she met young Mr. Astor—who had graduated at Harvard the year before—at Newport in the summer of 1889. They were married at the Willing mansion in Philadelphia in the February of 1891.

Whenever the social scepter shall pass from the hand of her husband's mother, it could find no worthier inheritor than the younger Mrs. Astor. No daughter of a hundred earls could be a more gracious and queenly figure than this young American matron. Tall, slender, and graceful; beautiful of face; with all the advantages of education and culture; fond of outdoor life, and able to handle a horse, a gun, a sailboat, a tennis racket, or a golf club with practised skill—she has every physical and mental endowment that a fairy godmother could give to a favorite child. She is the mother of a twelve-year-old son who will succeed to his father's place in the Astor dynasty. Quiet and domestic in her personal tastes, she is already famous for the hospitality she dispenses in the homes between which she and her husband divide most of their time when they are not traveling abroad—their magnificent French château on Fifth Avenue, which they now share with Mrs. William Astor, their Newport villa, and their country place on the Hudson River, near Rhinebeck.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, whose recently painted portrait of Mrs. John Jacob Astor forms the frontispiece of this magazine, is a prominent member of the noble army of European artists who annually, or thereabouts, invade the land of dollars in quest of professional commissions. Perhaps, though, it is scarcely fair to class the prince as a foreigner. His mother was an American, a Miss Winans; and his wife is the talented daughter of Virginia who, some fifteen years ago, when she was Miss Amélie Rives of Castle Hill, a girl scarcely out of her teens, made a sensation in the literary world with that precocious and remarkable production, "The Quick or the Dead."

Belonging to a family that has figured in the annals of Russia, Pierre Troubetzkoy is a thorough cosmopolitan, both in his personality and in his art. He began his studies in Italy—in which country he was born about forty years ago—and continued them in Paris and Munich. Most of his work has been done in London and in the United States. He met his wife in Europe, and his first journey to America was made when he came over to marry her at her Virginia home, nine years ago. He has painted many of the most prominent men and women of England and America, including Mr. Gladstone, George Meredith, the late Lord Dufferin, Lady Eden—whose portrait by Whistler was the subject of a celebrated lawsuit—and many well-known members of New York and Washington society. Perhaps the best thing he ever did is his portrait of William M. Chase, the artist, which has been highly praised wherever it has been shown.

His work is typically natural, simple, and dignified, rather than showy or brilliant. His color schemes are quiet and harmonious, and he displays a commendable avoidance of all outré or strained effects. The portrait of Mrs. Astor is characteristic in its good taste and refinement, a most successful rendering of its subject. A kindly critic has said that "for a woman to be painted by Troubetzkoy is in effect for her to count seven generations of hitherto unrealized ancestors."

At the exhibitions that he has held in New York and London, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy has occasionally shown landscapes, street scenes, and marines; and some of them have included specimens of the work of his brother, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, who is a sculptor of much talent and originality.

# The Oldest Ship in the United States Navy.

BY GEORGE R. MILLER.

THE FRIGATE CONSTELLATION, BUILT IN 1797, AND STILL IN SERVICE AS A RECEIVING-SHIP AT NEWPORT—HOW SHE FOUGHT AND WON TWO FAMOUS SEA-FIGHTS UNDER COMMODORE TRUXTUN.



"THEY are an inspiration," said Rear-Admiral Taylor not long ago, referring to the old American frigate Constellation and her sister ship, the Constitution.

The careful preservation of two little wooden sailing vessels, which have served under the Stars and Stripes for more than a hundred years, but which of course have no fighting value in these days of steam and steel, shows that sentiment and tradition still count for something in the American navy. There have been times when the old frigates were in danger of being ordered to the junk heap, but always they have found champions to defend them. Oliver Wendell Holmes once saved the Constitution when instructions had actually been issued to break her up and sell her timbers. His protest was voiced in the most spirited verses he ever wrote:

Ah, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high.

The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The Eagle of the Sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave.  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the God of Storms  
The lightning and the gale.

Mercenary officialdom fairly shriveled up before the Autocrat's blast of poetic scorn, and the iconoclastic order was recalled. To-day both of the old frigates are so sure of their place in the affections of the nation that they will probably, unless some irremediable disaster should befall them, remain permanently on the navy list.

The older of the two is the Constellation, which was launched just forty-four

days before the Constitution. Dating from 1797, both ships outrank in age almost every other naval vessel now afloat under any flag. The most conspicuous exception is the grand old Victory, which had already seen a dozen years of hard service before she carried Nelson into battle at Trafalgar in 1805.

The Constellation was designed by Joshua Humphreys and built at the yard of Samuel and Joseph Sterret, in Baltimore, under the personal supervision of Commodore Truxtun, who was to command her. She was intended to form one of a fleet of six frigates, to safeguard American commerce, and specially to inflict vengeance upon the Dey of Algiers, who had captured ten of our merchant vessels and killed or enslaved their crews. Before any of the frigates were finished, the quarrel with the pirate chieftain was patched up by a treaty which bribed him into a temporary and grudging respect for the Stars and Stripes.

The Constellation soon had a chance to prove herself, however. A year later war broke out with France—or at least hostilities, for no formal war was declared or organized. In June, 1798, she sailed from Baltimore, under Truxtun's command, with orders to patrol West Indian waters and to attack any French vessel interfering with American shipping. France was then battling desperately with the British navy, and in August of that year her finest fleet was destroyed by Nelson at Aboukir Bay. Her cruisers were scarce upon the high seas, and it was not until February 8 of 1799 that the Constellation fell in with one. On that day, off the island of Nevis, she met the *Insurgente*, a frigate of about her own size, but less heavily armed, carrying forty guns against her forty-eight.

Truxtun promptly attacked, and after a sharp engagement lasting an hour and a quarter forced Captain Barreault to haul down his flag. The secret of his success, as in most of the many naval duels won by the old-time American frigates,

was the deadly aim of his gunners. The *Constellation* had only three men wounded in the action, while the *Insurgente* lost seventy, and was badly cut up.

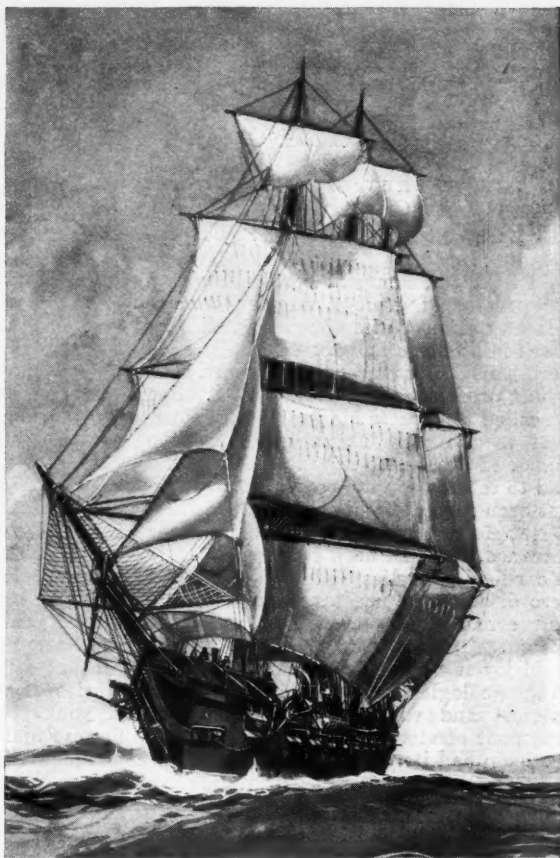
Comparatively insignificant in itself, that battle of two frigates was a memorable event in maritime history. It created a tremendous sensation at the time, and was hailed with great rejoicings not only in the United States, but even in England. The merchants of Lloyd's Coffee House, in London, sent Truxtun a three-thousand-dollar silver service in recognition of the blow he had struck at the sea-power of France. A new navy had made its appearance on the ocean, and had given an impressive demonstration of its fighting abilities.

Almost a year passed before the *Constellation* had a second opportunity to use her guns. On the morning of February 1, 1800, while cruising off Guadaloupe, she sighted a suspicious sail, and gave chase. It was after sunset before she got within hailing distance of the vessel, which proved to be the French frigate *Vengeance*.

For five hours the two ships held on side by side through the darkness, only a pistol shot apart, pouring broadsides into each other; till at one o'clock the next morning the Frenchman ceased fire and was lost to sight in the gloom.

Truxtun bore northward and reached Jamaica, where he refitted. Meanwhile Captain Pitot, of the *Vengeance*, had managed to make port at Curaçao. His frigate had had by far the worst of the duel, having lost almost half her crew killed or wounded, and being severely damaged by Truxtun's guns.

Her victories over the *Insurgente* and the *Vengeance* were the two salient events of the *Constellation*'s career. During the War of 1812, while the *Constellation* was gathering laurels for Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, her sister ship shared the fate of most of the other vessels of the little American navy—she was



THE OLD FRIGATE *CONSTELLATION*, VICTOR IN TWO FAMOUS SEA-FIGHTS OF MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO.

“driven up a creek” and blockaded there by the British fleets that harried our coasts and swept our commerce from the seas. She saw some little service in the Mediterranean, however, against the Tripoli pirates. Later she hunted slavers on the African coast, and during the Civil War she cruised uneventfully in European waters.

Many of our present naval officers remember her as the practise ship on which, as midshipmen at Annapolis, they used to make their summer cruises. She had had twenty years of that peaceful duty when she was replaced by a newer vessel, in 1893, and ordered to Newport as a training-ship for apprentices. There she would finally have gone to pieces from old age, had she not been carefully rebuilt last year at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and put into condition, apparently, for another century of existence.

# HELEN GOULD AND HER CHARITIES.

BY C. HOWARD CONWAY.

THE SECRET OF MISS GOULD'S REMARKABLE SUCCESS IN PHILANTHROPIC WORK—A MILLIONAIRE AMERICAN LADY WHOSE METHODS ARE AS UNIQUE AS HER PERSONALITY.

ABOUT two summers ago a young professor of geology was sent out to Alaska to hunt for Indian relics. A New York millionaire had tossed a big check across his desk to meet the expenses. The young professor was delighted; but when he called to express his grateful enthusiasm to the millionaire, he found the signer of checks too busy to see him, and had to set out for the frozen north without even a sight of his benefactor.

Not long ago the young professor returned. He had been successful. Half a car-load of relics followed him—flint arrowheads, bone needles, stone hatchets, and ornaments of rare and wondrous design. He had "made good." What vivid joy it would give him to point out to the geological millionaire the peculiar interest and value of each particular fragment of stone-work! Every scrap in the heap had its own story.

At the millionaire's office he finds the great man still busy. There are so many checks to sign. He waits in the hall. At last the patron of geology rushes out, on his way to a train for Chicago.

"Oh, yes, you're Professor Blank, are you? You went to the Pyramids or somewhere, didn't you? Glad you got home safely. Sorry I won't have time to look at your stuff. Good-by!"

The door slams on the most astonished and dejected young scientist that ever collided against a cold and unfeeling world. "Stuff" was bad enough, but "the Pyramids or somewhere!" Did ever a stone club or flint arrowhead strike such a blow as this?

This is one way to be benevolent. If we could only keep down our feelings—those rash and fiery rebels—it might not be such a bad way. But it is as different from the sort of philanthropy that I am about to describe as a doctor's lancet is from the touch of a mother's hand. You shall see.

At the close of the Spanish-American War, our other philanthropist, a sweet-faced, dark-haired young woman, was talking with a group of "jackies." They

told her their troubles. Most of her friends do this, because she is a millionaire in sympathy as well as in dollars. The "jackies" told her that they had no land home, no place but the saloons, where only the spenders are welcome.

"Wait a year and you shall have the best club-house in New York," said she.

Next day her architect was sent for.

"Such a club-house will be very expensive," he said. "It will cost four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Begin to-morrow," said this young woman with the quiet, decisive ways; "and let me see all the plans."

In a year there stood near the Brooklyn Navy Yard the most unique and magnificent sailors' club in the world. Nine stories of brick and granite—ten stories if you count the roof-garden, with its flowers and electric lights! And such a complete building! Nothing has been forgotten. If a boy in blue wants lodging, he gets a bed for twenty-five cents. If he is hungry, he gets good food at the poor food price—for example, coffee and rolls for a nickel. If he wants a bath, he opens the bath-room door and finds a swimming-pool as big as a parlor. If he wants clean linen, or a shave, or a shine, or a book, or a telephone, or a game of billiards, he can have them all. Everything is first-class. Even the glass of water that he drinks comes from a private artesian well.

It is easy to see that the young woman revised the plans. What mere man architect would have arranged for six hundred and fifty-six lockers? Here, at last, is a building with enough closet-room. What masculine architect, with pockets, would have thought of a free deposit safe for money and valuables? What practical male builder would have found a place for a dark room for amateur photographers? Or for a laundry with electric flatirons?

This philanthropist, too, is busy signing checks and managing her properties; but she has time to visit the sailors' club on Sundays, when meetings are held in



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT PORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, A BUILDING THAT REPRESENTS ONE OF MISS GOULD'S COUNTLESS BENEFACTIONS.

its little theater. She has time to show the boys that she can knock down the pins in the bowling-alley as well as any of them. She has time to send them some of the rare paintings from her Fifth Avenue home. She has time to accept the bouquets of roses that they buy for her.

Such is our second philanthropist. Is it any wonder that Admiral Dewey once made the remark, "If the men on the American battleships had their way, there would be a statue of Helen Gould on every fighting craft that flies the Stars and Stripes"?

"THE GRACE AND BLUSH OF MODESTY."

Unfortunately for the magazine writer, publicity has no charms for Miss Helen Miller Gould. To her it is a vexation, a penance which the nation inflicts upon those who render it a service.

"I want to be of use in the world for many years yet," she says. "But if I am praised and flattered by exaggerating writers, I fear that I shall become spoiled and useless."

Consequently, my conscientious pen balks at many an adjective and stubbornly refuses to set down several anecdotes, for fear of making this unavoidable penance any heavier than it must be.

In conversation, Miss Gould speaks with ease and vivacity. Her laughter retains the heartiness of a schoolgirl, though her manner has the poise and decisiveness which are acquired only by the carrying of heavy responsibilities. About the good works of others she has much to say; about her own goods works—not a word. However adroitly you may think you have put your question, it is parried with still more adroitness; and you are in a very few minutes made aware that the sign "Strictly Private; No Trespassing," confronts you as you approach the confines of her philanthropic domain.

"I have more leisure than others; that is all," she protests. "The heaviest work is being done by those men and women who give themselves to the work of social service. They give their lives, and life is the most precious thing in the world. If we would all do this, if we would give only a part of our lives for others' sake, this earth would be a little heaven, wouldn't it?"

"May a woman who has no wealth be a philanthropist?" I asked.

"Why not?" she replied. "Those who doubt it should see the magnificent work that is being done in New Orleans by Miss Sophie Wright, who is not well-to-

do, and who is so crippled that she cannot walk without the aid of crutches. Miss Wright started a small night-school in her home. It was free to all on two conditions only—first, that the pupil was employed during the daytime; and second, that he could not pay for instruction. At the present time her school numbers a thousand pupils—a marvelous success!"

To Miss Gould, as to all who bow their heads before the spiritual mystery of the eleventh commandment, life is a moral adventure. It is a knight-errantry of social service. Many instances suggest themselves. Let us look only at the latest. What but knight-errantry can we call Miss Gould's recent seven-thousand-mile journey along the tracks of the Gould railroads, in response to the invitation of the trainmen? It was a twenty-three-day trip, with twenty stops; and in order that she might visit her friends the brakemen, and conductors, and engineers, and firemen, and all the rest, her special train was whirled along at record speed up mountain grades and around dizzy curves.

#### HER WORK AMONG THE RAILROAD MEN.

Every one knows more or less about the Gould railroads—that vast system which sweeps westward from St. Louis to Salt Lake City, northward to Chicago, southward to New Orleans, and eastward to Buffalo and Pittsburg—yes, to Pittsburg, in spite of the Pennsylvania Railroad's stubborn resistance. But very few people know of the unparalleled system of railway club-houses which furnishes recreation and instruction to ten thousand members and their acquaintances along the Gould lines. There are now twenty of these institutions, and more are to follow. In every one of them you will see evidences of the same feminine touch that has improved the sailors' club in Brooklyn and the soldiers' club at Fort Monroe. Twenty libraries, costing from five hundred to three thousand dollars each, twenty hospital outfits, pianos, music-boxes, phonographs, collections of pictures, stereopticons, and wall decorations mark the visits of Miss Gould among her railway friends.

They greet her with flowers, with resolutions of good-will, passed with a hurrah by labor unions, with speeches and illuminations. At Little Rock, Arkansas, during her recent tour, a committee of five grizzled veterans, each one more than thirty years at the throttle, marched up bashfully with resolutions and bou-

quets, but, alas! not with speeches. When the moment arrived for the presentation addresses, every one of the veterans, who had looked death in the face for a third of a century without blinking, faltered and stood as dumb as his own engine.

Among all the employees of the Gould railroads there is a romantic feeling of loyalty to their "Daughter of the Regiment."

"I have met the President of the United States, but I never felt more highly honored in my life than when Miss Gould stepped up to the deck of old Forty-Four," said a fireman upon whose engine she rode thirty miles.

"It was worth a month's pay to shake hands with her," added another.

"Say, boys," said a big Denver engineer, "she talked to me as though she had known me for years, and I stood there too embarrassed to open my mouth."

"She asked me about my life, and I've made up my mind to clean up and live better," confessed a brakeman.

"Fully twenty-five thousand railroad men lined up to shake hands with Miss Gould on this trip," said Mr. C. J. Hicks, one of the party. "And we were snowed under with flowers," said another. Many laborers tramped miles, many others missed a day's pay, to see the kindly benefactress who placed such a high value upon their friendship. There were few white shirts and no silk hats to be seen; but men in overalls and blouses, who remembered the informality of her previous visits, stepped up confidently, with grimy, outstretched hands, sure of a welcome.

In fact, it is well known along the Gould lines that Miss Gould cares more about meeting the rank and file than the officials. Her especial favorites appear to be those who are on duty in the out-of-the-way places—those who confront daily the hardships of the frontier. Every little while the men at these lonely posts are surprised to receive mysterious boxes, which prove to contain talking-machines, or self-playing pianos, or fifty of the latest books.

Five years ago Miss Gould sent a Y. M. C. A. organizer among the men, and gave a hundred thousand dollars as an endowment for the movement. To-day the clubs are self-supporting. Of every dollar of expense, they pay seventy-five cents; the company pays the rest, not as a gift, but as an acknowledgment of their value to the railroad. As President Ramsey of the Wabash says:

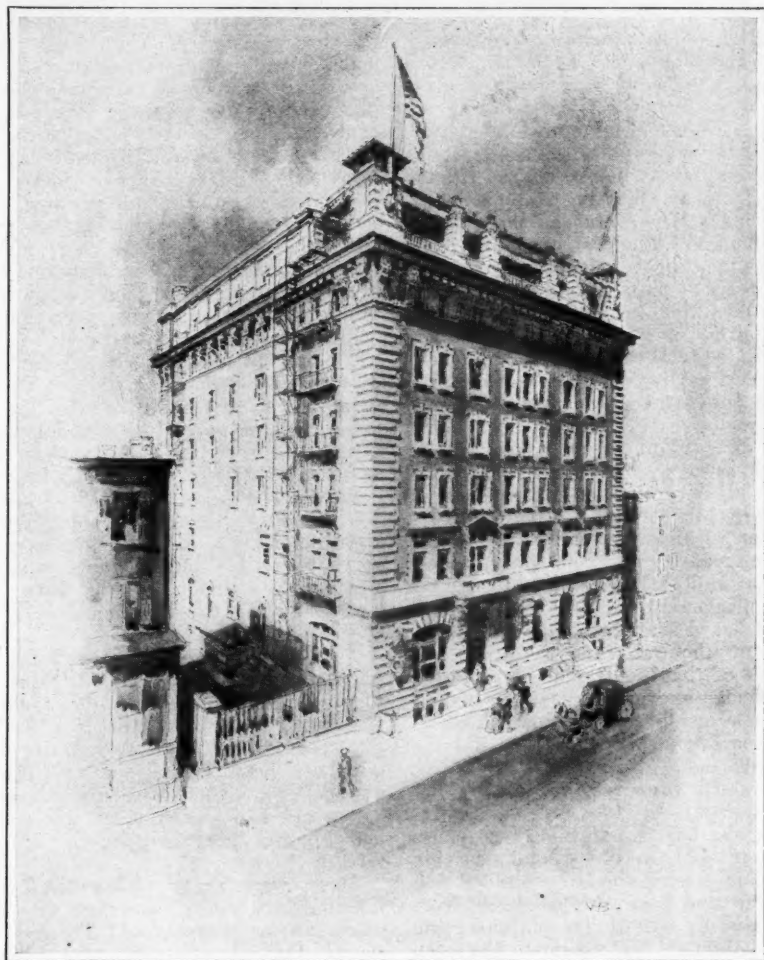
"The benefit to the company is in excess of the cost of these clubs. The improvement in the service foots the bill."

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED PHILANTHROPIES.

A map of Miss Gould's philanthropic interests would include the Philippines

wide open to the public, and villagers vie with summer boarders in attracting the attention of their gentle hostess.

In the summer of 1903, while traveling along the loops and grades of a Catskill railroad, I noticed that six or seven seats of the car were taken by a party of sad-



THE FINEST SAILORS' CLUB IN THE WORLD—THE FIVE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR STRUCTURE BUILT BY MISS GOULD FOR THE "JACKIES" OF THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD.

and leave out very few States. It would extend at least as far north as the Catskills, where she spends part of every summer. Her devotion to her father's memory has led her to build a handsome mountain cottage, Kirkside, in the heart of Rip Van Winkledom, where Jay Gould was born and reared. Once every year, at least, the gates of Kirkside are thrown

eyed, serious little boys, who were plainly unaccustomed to travel or to the ordinary enjoyments of childhood. The strangeness of the mountain scenery perplexed them. They looked wonderingly at the tiny hotel on the far summit of Lookout Mountain.

"Do they have any street-cars there?" asked one little waif.

"No; this ain't a city; this is a park," replied another.

Surely, on all sides of these mountains there must be skyscrapers and elevated railroads and tenements, he thought.

"Miss Helen Gould is sending these kids up to her place in Roxbury," said the conductor. "She's always giving somebody a lift."

In Richmond, Virginia, where Miss Gould and her brother Frank own a street-railway, they have built a clubhouse, one of the prettiest buildings in the city, for the conductors and motormen. Of the seventy-five thousand street-railway employees in the United States, it is safe to say that no group of them has as attractive a club as the men on the Richmond and Petersburg line.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the most recent philanthropies of Miss Gould, of which the general public has known little or nothing. To give perspective, a few words should be said about her earlier "moral adventures." In 1898, for instance, when the old Windsor Hotel on Fifth Avenue, New York, burned down like a paper palace, and its wealthy guests were thrown into the street, all half clad and fourscore of them dying, there were dozens of private mansions within fifty yards, but the one which opened its doors first and widest was Miss Helen Gould's. The iron heels of the firemen gashed her rich carpets, and the board stretchers left their autographs on the walls and the furniture, but what of that? After all, carpets are only carpets, and pianos are only pianos. The firemen could not recarpet the floors or repaper the walls; but they did the best they could—voted her a fire-line badge, which she preserves among her many odd souvenirs.

Twice she has transformed her homes into hospitals. On the second occasion her patients were sick or wounded soldiers who had been shipped back from Cuba. But to tell of her philanthropic prowess during the Spanish-American war would be to write a page of our national history. With the hundred-thousand-dollar check she mailed to the War Department, the twenty-five thousand dollars she gave to the Woman's Relief Association, the car-loads of fruit and medical supplies she sent to the camps, and the rescue of soldiers' families from poverty, it is safe to say that none, save those who gave their lives, offered a greater tribute upon the altar of patriotism.

Personally conducted philanthropy!

If you want to know one of its high-water marks, ask any volunteer who survived Camp Wikoff. Ask him about the three young women who drove up to that forlorn tail-end of Long Island in a creaky, ramshackled cab, 1820 model, which reeled and staggered through the sand and the pitch-holes. Ask him about the magical influence of the smallest of the three young women—how she picked her way on foot from tent to tent, and how in three days she had given comfort and even luxury to those sick and disheartened boys. Months afterwards, they gave her the "marching salute" as they passed her Fifth Avenue house and recognized her face at the window.

This is the golden age of philanthropy. Gifts that would bribe a king from his throne are tossed here and there by our overlords of industry. But the secret of giving millions in such a way that the money seems less than the spirit of goodwill behind it is a secret which few have discovered. To *bring* gifts, not to *send* them, and to give the hand with the gift—that is what makes the miraculous difference between the charity that chills and the generosity that means help and hope and gladness. "We all love humanity, but at a distance," said a cynical Frenchman; and you will generally observe that this long-distance affection accomplishes little, in the long run, beyond adding to the officialdom of the world.

There were many nineteenth-century philanthropists in Great Britain who threw larger checks into the contribution baskets than did the late Earl of Shaftesbury; but the latter put his whole mind and heart behind every shilling he gave. Result—the whole English-speaking world has to-day freer institutions and kindlier laws because of his life-work.

There were many philanthropists in London twenty-five years ago who were more famous than Arnold Toynbee, the young Oxford graduate who plunged from England's proudest university to the dingiest part of Whitechapel's dingiest slums. But to-day the magnificent People's Palace marks the spot where he labored, and the university settlement idea, which he originated, is bringing sunshine into the dark corners of a score of great cities.

And so, who knows what may be the final result of the quiet and tireless helpfulness shown not only by Miss Gould, but by many others with less noted names and fewer opportunities?



"SHE SMOTE ME AND STRUGGLED AS I DREW HER ALONG."

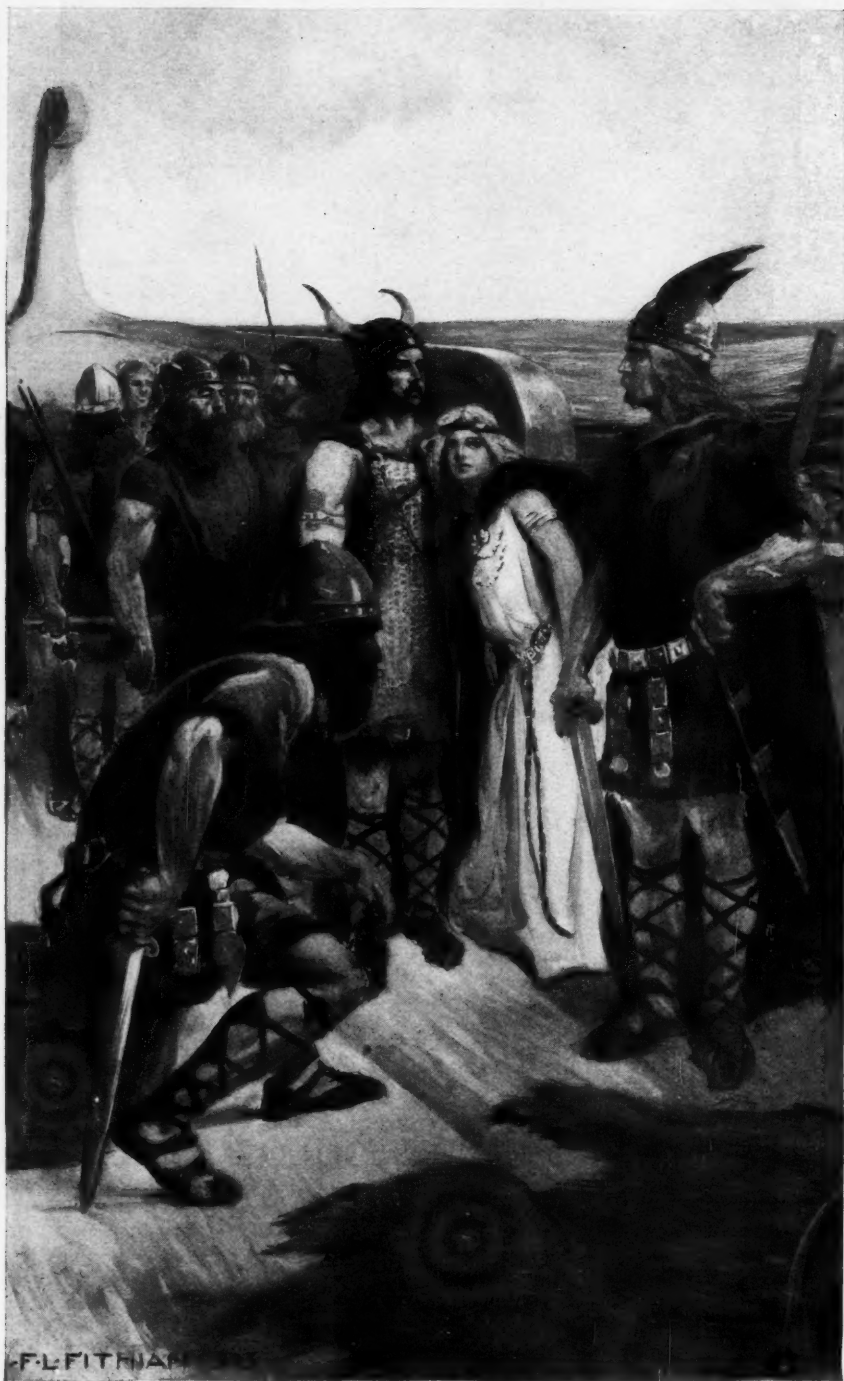
## HENDRIK THE ROBBER.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

### I.

TIME was when the name of Hendrik the Robber was known from the Lofodens to the Balearics, and that was as far as the world went in those days. Voyage after voyage, his long-keeled ships went out empty and came home

full. Sometimes it was ruddy gold and well-chased silver. Sometimes it was woolly fleeces or well-tanned hides. Sometimes it was jars of mead and honey and wicker baskets of full-eared corn. Sometimes he brought sullen serfs and drooping-eyed slave women; but never a free-born maid.



AELFRIC'S SWORD WAS IN HIS HAND, BUT HE MADE NO MOTION TO STRIKE.

Over the cups, when tongues were loosened, some asked wherefore he took these lesser goods, and never the best thing of all; but he answered them darkly:

"No man knows what he takes with a woman," he said.

The young men smiled; but the old men nodded, and reminded one another of those who had brought home free women for their brides. There was Hengist, who leaped from the cliff because of a black-eyed Gaulish damsel, who was comely of face and laughed him to scorn, and told him that he could not take love by force of arms. So he smote her, and she died; and then he took the leap. There was Gundrun, who carried off a blue-eyed Wessex maiden. They found him with a dagger in his throat one morning, and the blue-eyed woman chattering and laughing, and bereft henceforward of her reason. Wherefore some thought that, by way of hatred, she had come near to love. There was Sweyn, who kept a tryst with a Grecian maid and never came home at all. Hendrik was wise, they said.

Yet it was strange, they thought, that so bold a man as Hendrik should dread even a woman. Old Freda, who had nursed him, shrugged her thin shoulders at his saying; for she knew that he did not fear.

"The truth that all know is no truth, Hendrik," she told him. "Make me another answer."

He frowned a long time before he spoke.

"For my mother's sake," he said at last, "I honor all women, and take none against her will."

This was part of the truth. The rest he told to Wulfram, his friend, when they were alone on deck, in the night-hush of the sea.

"It was when I was a boy of twelve," he began, looking thoughtfully down on the marvel of the rushing waters. "When I slew the gray wolf with my little spear, and my father took me on a voyage, before my time. You remember?"

"Aye," said Wulfram, "I remember. I wandered in the forest for days, and cried with rage that no gaunt wolf came to slay or be slain."

"The time came, comrade; and you slew."

"I was fifteen then, and full-grown. It was nothing."

Hendrik laid his heavy hand on Wulfram's shoulder.

"It is nothing to *you* to do great

things," he said. "You had done it before, but the luck was mine. So I went the voyage. You know the first voyage, Wulfram, and the wonder of it?"

Wulfram's eyes grew soft with memory, and he nodded.

"For many days it was fair weather. They taught me to climb the tall masts and handle the ropes, and to know if a strange ship were foe or friend, when it was yet a speck on the sea. Sometimes my father let me hold the great tiller. Once a swell came and carried me off my feet, but I did not let go. He praised me for that, and he did not praise often. They are good to look back upon, these things."

"Aye," said Wulfram, "they are good."

"After many days we reached the great channel that runs between Britain and Gaul. There a gale took us. The Snake lost a mast, and the Sea Wolf lost both; and the Dragon, that we were in, had scarcely a sail left whole. My father lashed me to the bulwark, lest I should be swept overboard. Sometimes the big seas almost covered him, as he stood at the helm. It was a noble gale! On the second day we ran into the bay of the River Thames for shelter, and landed on the north shore, and repaired the ship with such poor material as we could find. We had barely finished when the people of the country collected in force. So we ran over in the night to the island on the south, where there is a monastery high on the cliffs."

"Where we landed last winter," Wulfram said musingly. "Since when I have known that I did not know the mind of my friend. I did not know that it held a secret from me before."

Hendrik looked away at the stars brightening as the night grew darker.

"I had told you, if you were not so wise," he said at last. "One could feel the light coming from the east, when we ran ashore, and the men got ready to land. I remember now the faint rattle of the armor in the hush of the morning, the sweet scent of meadow-land and spring flowers, the cliffs growing out of the darkness, and the edges of the clouds turning purple and golden and red. When the rim of the sun lifted itself, two hundred stout men had reached the top of the cliff. The fifty who were left in charge of the vessels, under old Olaf, threw out a watchman here and there; and I stamped the deck with rage that I was left behind. I fretted so much that old Olaf let me wander a little in-

shore. 'Do not go beyond the farthest outpost,' he said, 'or your father will reckon with us both!' Nevertheless, I went beyond."

"It was ill," said Wulfram, but Hendrik laughed; for obedience is not for the leaders of men.

"At first I kept to the edge of the cliff; but presently I spied a ditch that the sun had scorched dry, running between two fields of young corn and red poppies." He looked down at the white foam and green water. "Only the sea is fairer."

"And one maiden," said Wulfram, who had found his desire, "when you find her."

"I found her then; a blue-eyed, golden-haired maid of ten, dreaming among the poppies and the corn. She leaped to her feet, but I caught her by the wrists and would not let go. She trembled, but scorned to cry, though the dew was in her eyes. There were never such eyes!" He looked at the sea a long time, and Wulfram put his hand on his arm. "She smote me and struggled as I drew her along. There was a spirit in the maid! I drew her to the end of the gully, fluttering like a prisoned bird. Then she said a word that I could understand. 'Mother—mother!'" He drew a long breath. "Wulfram, I loved my mother."

"A son does," said Wulfram.

"The child saw my face soften, and suddenly she kissed my hand and looked up at me. Wulfram, you never saw such eyes!"

"So," said Wulfram musingly, "you let her go?"

"I let her go," he answered, as if that ended the story; but Wulfram was called the Wise.

"And then?" he asked.

"She ran a little way—stopped—looked at me—came back."

Wulfram smiled at the flapping sails, as if he kept a secret with them.

"It is always so," he said.

"She gave me her hand. This was in it."

Hendrik opened the neck of his jacket slowly, and a glimmer of moonlight showed the glitter of gold.

"She said something," Wulfram questioned, "as is a maiden's way?"

"She spoke in her tongue that I could not understand; but my ears carried the sound, and I learned her meaning from those who knew the speech."

"What said she?"

"Come and fetch me when I am grown."

"Ah!" said Wulfram. "And so you went there last year." Hendrik nodded slowly. "What token gave you her? It is not your way to take gifts for naught?"

"It was a tooth of the wolf that my father had bid a crafty bondsman set in gold. I put the chain round her neck myself. 'Hendrik of Schlee Fiord,' I told her, and made her say the words over and over again. For I meant that all should know the name."

"And then?"

"Then—I had never kissed a maid before."

Hendrik stopped and set his lips.

"We landed there a year ago," said Wulfram the Wise musingly. "It was in the winter, and Aelfric, their chief, was away hunting, or we had been greeted otherwise. It is a risk to run. Yet truly the monastery had a great store of silver; and if you had looked for hidden store——"

"I looked for other things," said Hendrik.

"What found you?"

"Only—the maid!"

"And did not take her? Tell me."

"It was in the shrubbery behind the church. Her eyes were like wet violets. My chain was round her neck, but I knew her before I saw that. I was minded to take her, but——"

"When the Gods send opportunity, the rest is for man."

"Think you, my friend!"

Wulfram looked from the sea to the stars, and from the stars back to the sea.

"I have thought," he said calmly.

"The maid was in your hand."

"Truly," said Hendrik scornfully. "I was the stronger."

"If you had taken her——"

"Gundrun took a maid."

"You did not fear the dagger?"

"Only the dagger in her eyes."

Wulfram shrugged his broad shoulders.

"What said the maid with the dagger in her eyes?"

"Nothing; only looked at me half frightened and half bold, till I showed her the trinket. Then she gave me her hand." Hendrik took a few quick steps and slowly returned. "It was the softest little hand," he said under his breath.

"Aye," said Wulfram, thinking that he knew a softer; for in some things wisdom avails a man nothing. "And you let it go?"

"She trusted to my protection."

"You could have protected her aboard the Dragon."

Hendrik shook his head.

"If she had been willing——" He stopped.

"Willing!" cried Wulfram impatiently. "Saw you not that she had kept the trinket?"

Hendrik smote his great hand upon the ship's side.

"By Odin!" he cried. "I am a fool!"

"A fool is wise when he knows his folly."

"But if he knows it too late? Is it too late, think you, Wulfram?"

Wulfram said nothing for a long time; only gazed with his closed eyes. Hendrik watched him intently. For Wulfram had the gift of second sight, like his fathers before him. Presently he drew a long breath and pointed with his hand.

"Behold," he cried, "the Gods send occasion a third time. It were not to their honor to do more."

Hendrik followed the pointing of his friend's finger and looked afar across the sea; and presently a little boat sailed into the silver-gray track that the moonbeams made.

## II.

ETHELBERTA, daughter of Godwin,thane of Minster in Sheppey, sat at the edge of the grass-topped cliff one spring morning, gazing idly across ten miles of sea. A lark was singing high in the blue sky, and some birds were twittering in the hedge. Buttercups and daisies spangled the meadows with yellow and white, and sleepy poppies flared among the corn. The ledges of the cliffs were covered with green, and pink, and mauve; for it was the time of the year when even the weeds are fair.

The tide was running in over the speckled beach with a soft lapping sound. Afar there was a white sail and a dark one; and two or three gulls were hovering, white specks against the pale blue sky. Her eyes, bluer than the sky, were a little misty; and her hair, yellower than the buttercups, fell loosely about her face, as she bowed her head. Anon she put her white hand to her white throat, where a trinket had been and was not.

An hour passed before she looked up; and then she met the eyes of Aelfric, her brother; and the look in them was stern.

"If a man gives life—and more—to a woman, and she betrays him? What shall be done to her?"

"Surely," said Ethelberta, "she shall die!"

"If the man were her father's foe, and her brother's foe, and her tribe's foe?"

"Still," said Ethelberta, "she shall die!"

Aelfric struck the end of his long spear heavily on the ground.

"You—my mother's daughter—have done this thing!" he thundered.

She leaped to her feet.

"I!" she cried. "I! Would I were a man, and you not my mother's son!"

He passed his eyes from her glory of golden hair to her feet, pink and white, beneath their silver sandal-straps.

"Where is the wolf's tooth that you wore?" he asked.

She flushed rosily.

"If my enemy proves my friend," she asked, "can I hate him from that time evermore?"

The pink flush had gone from her cheek and left it white.

"I am no trifier in words," pursued Aelfric. "Where is the trinket?"

"Haply," she said, "you keep it from me; since Hendrik is not here."

He drew himself up to his great height and stretched his huge arms.

"To-night," he said, "he will be here." She gave a sharp cry. "Since he is our enemy, I will slay him. But you, whom he spared—to betray him!"

"Betray him!" she gasped. "I?"

Aelfric took her face between his great hands and looked into her eyes. When he spoke his voice was gentle.

"Little sister," he said, "I did you wrong." He stroked her yellow hair slowly. "How lost you the trinket?"

"It was when I walked with Cerdic in the lane," she said, "and told him that I loved him not."

Aelfric ground his teeth.

"He stole it!" he cried. "The hound! He has sent it to Hendrik to bring him to you, who owe him life—and more!" She caught at his hand. "The tribe is gathered to meet him."

"He must not come," she cried. "He must not come! You will warn him."

Aelfric shook his head.

"He is our foe. It is right to entrap him. But Cerdic, who has made your name a reproach"—he clutched his spear fiercely—"I will slay him!"

He swore a great oath, and Ethelberta clung to his arm.

"Slay him or spare him, it matters not to me. Only save Hendrik." He shook his head. "Twice he has spared me!"

"He is our foe," Aelfric said slowly. "His fathers were the foes of our fathers. It is right to kill him."

"Has a friend done so much for me?" she pleaded. "Are my life and honor as nothing to you?" He turned his head away. "Aelfric! Dear brother!"

### III.

It was two nights after the little boat came to the Dragon bringing only a quaintly set wolf's tooth to Hendrik the Robber; and the ship had sailed fast ever since. The chief took the tiller from the helmsman as they neared the island, in the watch before the morning; and presently the lookout called from the mast that a small boat sailed that way, from the southwest. Hendrik turned the Dragon thither, and when the boat drew near he hailed it in his great voice.

A tall, fair man stood up and answered in a great voice like his own.

"I am Aelfric,thane of Minster," he said. "Ethelberta, my sister, seeks speech of Hendrik the Robber."

"I am he," answered Hendrik, with his eyes fixed on the hooded figure at Aelfric's side.

He motioned to the helmsman to put the ship into the wind, so that they might more easily come aboard. Also, he commanded a seat to be brought, loaded with rare skins for Ethelberta, and lowered his lips to her fingers in greeting.

"I have come like the north wind," he said, "to your call. I pray you uncover your face."

She put her hood aside, and looked at him with shining eyes; and the rough Norsemen whispered to one another that truly the Saxon maidens were fair to see.

"It is not for a maid to call a man," she said. "Least of all when he is her

people's foe. I did not call you, Hendrik."

Hendrik fixed his keen eyes upon her.

"The token?" he questioned hoarsely.

Then she told him of the plot, and of the thousand men and more who lay in wait if he should land. He bowed his head in thanks, but answered no word.

"We have returned life for life, Hendrik," said Aelfric. "Come now, when you will, as a foe!"

Hendrik bowed again very gravely, and led them to the side of the ship. Had he looked at the maid, he might have found a question in her eyes; but he turned his face from her, though he gave her his hand. Only Wulfram the Wise looked at her continually.

"Thought you to take back your sister, Aelfric?" Wulfram asked suddenly.

The great thane looked at him with raised eyebrows.

"I had no doubt of Hendrik," he said calmly.

"No!" replied Wulfram. "But had you no doubt of your sister?"

Then Ethelberta gave a quick, soft cry; and Hendrik gazed swiftly into her eyes, and saw the question. He caught her in his great arms suddenly; and she laid her face on his shoulder.

In an instant Aelfric's sword was in his hand, but he made no motion to strike; yet not for the Norsemen gathering round him.

"She will be safe with Hendrik," he said simply.

Then he got into his little boat and sailed away; and afterward there was peace between his people and the people of the sea.

So the Dragon took home neither gold nor silver nor skins nor store, nor any gain, save only a free-born bride for Hendrik the Robber; but he thought her worth all these things—and more!

### THE SECRET.

I shame myself that I cannot

A simple secret keep.

Last night I walked the garden plot

Because I could not sleep;

And there beside the listening rose

I spoke my heart aloud—

The rose this morning redder glows,

With conscious blushes bowed;

Oh, I shall pluck thee, traitor rose,

And shut thee in my book;

Thy breathing doth my heart disclose,

And thy too conscious look!

*Alwin West.*

# THE MOSLEM PERIL.

BY CRAWFORD H. TOY, LL.D.,

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ALARMISTS ASSERT THAT THE MOHAMMEDANS, WHO NUMBER NEARLY TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS, INCLUDING MILLIONS OF FIERCE FIGHTING MEN, ARE PREPARING TO WAGE A "SACRED WAR" AGAINST THE REST OF MANKIND—WHAT REASON IS THERE FOR THINKING SO?

SEVERAL "perils" which have more or less affrighted our world may be said to have passed off the stage. The fear has often been expressed that Chinese hordes would overrun Europe and blot out Christian civilization; but the best authorities agree that China is essentially peaceful, and that it is incapable, even under Japanese leadership, of such military organization as would make an attempt of this sort possible. Imaginative alarmists have suggested that the Jews may get control of the money of the world and exercise their power disastrously, or that Catholics may sacrifice patriotism to ecclesiastical allegiance; but such apprehensions are unquestionably absurd.

Many intelligent people think that there is serious and even imminent danger from Mohammedan fanaticism. It is worth while to inquire how far such an opinion is justified by facts.

## THE JIHAD, OR SACRED WAR.

We are told that a cardinal article of the Mohammedan faith is the necessity of preparing a great *jihad*, or sacred war, against Christians and other unbelievers. We are assured that such a war would be an earth-shaking struggle, which would probably mean the expulsion of the white man from Asia and Africa, the two largest of the continents. We are warned that Islam, whose supporters number nearly two hundred million people, including millions of the fiercest fighters in the world, is even now organizing and arming for the conflict.

Now, many of the statements current on this subject are incorrect. For instance, "sacred war" is not a fair translation of the Arabic word *jihad*. It really means strenuous endeavor of any sort, by argument and persuasion, by offerings of food or money, by patient resistance, or by any action whereby one may prove one's devotion to a cause. Such is its

signification in the Koran, and this is the meaning given it in Lane's great Arabic lexicon. The word may signify armed effort; but whether it has this sense in any given case must be determined from the connection in which it is used.

It occurs about thirty-six times in the Koran, and in most cases it evidently does not refer to fighting. It is generally translated by means of the word "strive." For example, in the sixty-sixth sura, or chapter:

O Prophet, *strive* with the unbelievers and hypocrites.

The "hypocrites" were citizens of Medina who pretended to be friendly to Mohammed, but who secretly worked against him. The prophet never assailed these people by force, but endeavored to win them over by social pressure. Or again, in the third sura:

Think you ye could enter Paradise without God's taking knowledge of those among you who have *striven* and have been patient?

Here, too, there is no special reference to fighting.

Indeed, it may probably be maintained that Mohammed in the Koran does not sanction unprovoked assaults on unbelievers. In the ninth sura, where permission is given to attack the enemy after the expiration of the four sacred months, the reference is to a particular situation. The Meccans had violated the truce and assailed some of Mohammed's allies, and it was therefore not unnatural that the prophet should permit his people to make a counter-attack.

## MOHAMMED AND HIS WARS.

So far as the Moslem sacred book is concerned, it does not authorize forcible conversion. Indeed, such conversion has never been the custom of the Moslems; to foreign peoples the choice has been offered of accepting Islam, of retaining their own faith with payment of tribute,

or of war. From Medina Mohammed sent missionaries to various parts of the Arabian peninsula, and these were directed to use only peaceful arts of persuasion. After success had begun to crown his efforts, the tribes one after another submitted to his rule and his religion, moved thereto doubtless by the recognition of his power and by the desire to gain the peace that his authority would secure. He was determined that Arabia should be a religious unit under his control. When a tribe submitted he would make no terms with idolatry, but he did not have occasion to force the Koran on the people at the point of the sword. Even Mecca, which had once expelled him, submitted of its own free will, and threw away its idols.

It appears, however, that Mohammed did contemplate the employment of military force against surrounding nations. Immediately after his death his successor, Abubekr, prepared to send an army to Syria. When expostulated with on account of the danger of insurrection at home, he replied that no matter what might become of Medina, he was determined to carry out the wishes of the prophet. The army, accordingly, was sent, and, after it, many another army, and by these the surrounding lands were speedily overrun and subdued.

Abubekr perhaps had in mind the fact that Mohammed not long before his death sent messengers to Egypt, Persia, and Constantinople, calling on the rulers of those lands to embrace the religion which the prophet had been commissioned by God to preach. This demand had been rejected, sometimes courteously, sometimes discourteously; and the new calif evidently understood that it was to be enforced by arms.

#### THE WIDE CONQUESTS OF ISLAM.

During Mohammed's lifetime Islam had been a church, though a church militant; after his death it became a state, though it continued to be a church militant. The theocratic conception that lay at the basis of Mohammed's organization has never been abandoned by his followers. There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the apostle of Allah—such is the fundamental idea of the faith. God is the real king—the califs are his vice-regents on earth. Though he chose the Arabs to be the first recipients of his revelation, his wish was that all the people of the earth should enjoy its blessings. His faithful followers should carry the knowledge of the truth to all the world.

In the early days, the best missionary was an army. The four first califs who, with the exception of Ali, made Medina their capital, retained in a measure the ecclesiastical spirit and methods of the prophet. On the establishment of the Damascus califate, Islam became a worldly state, and followed worldly aims and policies. It made wars and treaties, acquired territory, cultivated the arts and sciences, and indulged in all the luxuries of the unbelievers.

The career of the Moslem states was an extraordinarily victorious one. Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Persia were conquered within a generation after the prophet's death. From Egypt the arms of Islam penetrated to the west, and did not pause till they reached the Pillars of Hercules.

The Arabs met with a determined resistance from the Libyan or Berber tribes which had occupied northern Africa from time immemorial; but these tribes were finally vanquished, adopted Islam, and became fervid and fanatical adherents of the new faith. From the western extremity of the Mediterranean, the conquerors passed into Spain, overran that land, crossed the Pyrenees, and began the conquest of France; but here their further progress was checked by Charles Martel at Tours, in the year 732.

At the other end of the world they passed beyond the limits of Persia and carried a knowledge of Islam to the Turks and Tartars. The Turks, called to Bagdad as a sort of pretorian guard to support the tottering califate, gradually made themselves masters, established kingdoms, overran Asia Minor, and at last captured Constantinople. Firmly settled in this historic stronghold, they were long the terror of their western neighbors, and their defeat by John Sobieski in 1683, under the walls of Vienna, seemed to Christian Europe a special divine interposition. From Persia they also advanced southward, and Mohammedan kingdoms were established in northern India.

#### WHERE THE MOSLEM CREED IS LIKE OURS.

By this series of conquests, embracing a considerable part of the then known world, the Moslem powers established a principle or rule of religious propaganda. It has been their custom to acquire what territory they could, and to offer inducements to conquered peoples to embrace Islam. Charlemagne converted the Saxons by slaying a large number of them and making slaves of the rest; Moslem

conquerors have been less thoroughgoing—they have left the conquered the privilege of practising the rites of their own religion. But it is none the less a fundamental political dogma of the Moslems that foreign peoples are to be conquered if possible. In this point, it will be observed, their creed is practically the same as that of the Christian.

This principle, which has been established by the actual practise of Moslem nations, is supported by their common law. While the Koran is the fundamental law-book in all Mohammedan communities, the application of its general provisions to particular cases has called forth a great body of legal decisions. These decisions have been collected and edited in a number of books, accepted as codes in different parts of the Moslem world. A few extracts will suffice to show the spirit of the code.

One of the most important of the digests, the Hedaya—which dates from the twelfth century of our era—declares that war may be carried on against the infidels, though they be not the first aggressors, as is commonly held to be the teaching of various passages in the sacred writings. This view is repeated in the Kifaya, a commentary on the Hedaya, which says that war against infidels who do not accept Islam, and do not pay the capitation tax, is incumbent, even though they do not attack first. It also observes that in the beginning the prophet was commanded to withdraw from idolaters; later he was directed to summon them with kindness to believe; then he was allowed to fight them when they were the aggressors; then to begin the fighting during a certain period; and finally he was permitted or commanded to fight wherever and whenever he chose.

This last account of the matter is repeated in a number of other legal books, and may be regarded as the accepted doctrine of Moslem jurists. If these latter could be looked on as perfectly trustworthy interpreters of the scriptures, we should have to hold that the Koran permitted aggressive warfare; but their dicta cannot be regarded as entirely impartial or trustworthy.

In the first place, the interpretations of the Koran are often based on traditions, and it is well known that many of these traditions rest on flimsy authority. In fact, traditions have sometimes been invented to serve special purposes.

Further, it was the interest of the jurists to maintain and justify the policy of the califs. When a line of national

policy has been established by actual fact, it will always be possible to find justification for it in the fundamental law. Sacred writings as well as political constitutions have often proved flexible, capable of yielding almost any desired doctrine to a judicious interpretation. The Koran, as we have already seen, does not justify unprovoked assault; but the right to make such assault is nevertheless the accepted teaching of the general body of Moslem lawyers.

#### IS THERE A MOSLEM PERIL?

Nevertheless, I do not believe that there is any danger of the Moslem states attacking the rest of the world. Not one of them is in condition to make an unprovoked assault on any other people. The Sultan of Turkey is in the hands of the Christian powers, and can do nothing without their permission. For Morocco, it is simply a question how soon the country will be taken in charge by France. Egypt is practically a part of the British Empire. In Arabia, the only organized community is that of the Wahabis, and they are at present without military power. The Sherif of Mecca is a mighty religious potentate, but his functions and his ambition are confined to things ecclesiastical. Persia and Afghanistan are little more than bones of contention between Russia and England. India has the largest Mohammedan population in the world, but the Indian Mohammedans have no political organization, and appear to be loyal subjects of the British crown.

An interesting indication of the tendencies of Moslem opinion in India is afforded by the statements of a newly arisen Messiah, Mirza Ghulam Ahmad. He is the man who not long ago challenged Dr. Dowie of Chicago to a prayer-duel, proposing that the Illinois Elijah should pray God that whichever of the two prophets was false should die before the other. On the question of war Ahmad has expressed himself clearly in an article published in an Indian periodical, the *Review of Religions*:

Like the first Messiah, the last Messiah has been sent to preach his word in peace, and to abolish *jihad* with the sword [that is, propaganda by war]. Time itself is warning the advocates of *jihad* that the sword cannot satisfy the search after truth. No civilized nation at the present day resorts to the sword in religious matters, and in all enlightened countries perfect freedom is allowed in religious views. The believers in the advent of a bloody Mahdi and a warlike Messiah should not fail to see their errors under the existing circumstances. Such views are in opposition to the divine will.

Reason leads us to the same conclusion. Had it been the divine will that the Moslems should fight for their religion, the Mohammedans should have been the foremost nation in the modern arts of war, and they ought to have excelled every other people in this matter. But they are left so far behind in martial arts, and the Christian nations are so far ahead of them, that it is vain to expect that Christianity will be ever brought to naught by the sword. From this we can also see that it is not the divine will that Islam should be propagated by means of the sword.

In another place he remarks that the first sura of the Koran foretells that a Messiah will appear among the Moslems after the manner of the first Messiah [Jesus]—that is, he will not take up the sword, but will propagate the true religion by heavenly signs and pure teachings. He continues:

Let the whole world bear witness that I prophecy in the name of the Lord of earth and heaven that He will spread my followers in all countries, and make them overcome every other people by reasons and arguments.

There is reason to believe that this view of the *jihad* is shared by all the intelligent Moslems of India, and that under existing conditions a Moslem insurrection there is in the highest degree improbable, if not quite impossible.

#### THE TRADITION OF THE MAHDI.

The fanatical Mahdi movement, to which Ahmad refers, is known in its general features to western readers from recent events. The word "Mahdi" is Arabic, and means "guided"—that is, one who is guided by God in the right way, who is divinely inspired to reveal the perfect truth. Such is its significance as an official religious title; but it often occurs as a proper name, merely in the general sense of one who is under divine guidance.

The conception involved in the title is, however, not properly Moslem. It arose in Persia, in the eighth century of our era, partly under the influence of Buddhist ideas. It recognized Ali, the husband of Mohammed's daughter Fatima, as the only true successor of the prophet, and his descendants as the only lawful heads of the Moslem world. The movement, which from a certain Ismail is called Ismailic, culminated in the conquest of Egypt and the establishment of the so-called Fatimide dynasty, which was overthrown three centuries later by Saladin.

Since that time an alleged Mahdi has occasionally appeared. In our own days one of them has given serious trouble in the eastern Sudan. The doctrine finds

support only among the most fanatical of the Mohammedan populations, and probably it has now done all the harm of which it is capable. It is frowned on by the Turkish Sultan, and its adherents are hemmed in by powerful Christian nations. It is not looked on with favor by the great Moslem fraternities of Africa, and there is no good reason to believe that it will ever prove a menace to civilization.

#### THE MOSLEM FRATERNITIES OF AFRICA.

The only other Moslem organizations of importance, for the question we are considering, are the fraternities to which reference has just been made. These form a powerful body, and are looked on with apprehension by not a few well-informed authorities. It is not supposed that they can threaten danger to Europe; for, to mention only one point, they have no navies; but it is feared that by a sudden uprising they might sweep away the European civilization now planted in Africa.

By reason of their secrecy, it has not been possible up to this time to obtain full information concerning the designs of these organizations. What has been learned about them is, however, of great interest, and a sketch of their origins and methods, so far as these are known, may throw light on the possibilities of the future.

Mohammedanism, while preserving its general unity, has created a number of sects and parties. The two great divisions—the Sunnites, who acknowledge the first three califs, and the Shiites, who do not acknowledge them—are bitterly hostile to each other. When the Moslems became acquainted with philosophy, a number of sects arose, differing in their conceptions of religious doctrines. There are, besides, four schools of the interpretation of the Koran. And, in addition to these, there are the fraternities, whose attitude toward war must now be described.

There are a great many of these associations; more than eighty are enumerated, and there are probably others. They are bodies of men who have associated themselves together for the purpose of cultivating some phase of religious life. They have been founded by individuals; some man of special ability or enthusiasm will attract others by his preaching or teaching, and gradually a little community will be formed.

The dates of their origin run over the whole Moslem period. One of them

claims to come from Abubekr, the first calif; and some have been organized within our own generation. Most of them are affected by mystical ideas; their avowed object being, by a life of contemplation and study, to come into direct communion with God. They are, of course, absolutely devoted to the Koran and Islam, to the maintenance of whose purity they consecrate themselves. Their zeal is naturally heightened at a time like the present, when the religion of Mohammed may be said to be under a cloud, and his followers in many countries have passed, or seem in danger of passing, under the rule of the infidel. Some of them are now openly hostile to Christians.

The organization of the fraternities is an effective one. The center of the life is usually a sort of monastic college, where the members devote themselves to study and contemplation under the guidance of the master. The head of the fraternity is called a sheik; under him is a sort of prior, and there are other administrative officers. The expenses of the organization are met by the voluntary offerings of friends.

The authority of the sheik is absolute. The attitude of the initiate is expressed in the following formula:

Thou shalt be in the hands of thy sheik like the corpse in the hands of him who washes the bodies of the dead. Obey him in all that he ordains, for it is God himself who commands by his voice; to disobey him is to incur the wrath of God. Forget not that thou art his slave, and that thou art to do nothing without his order. The sheik is the man cherished by God; he is superior to all other creatures, and takes rank next after the prophets. See him and only him everywhere. Banish from thy heart every thought but that which is fixed on God or the sheik.

It is obvious that the head of one of these Mohammedan orders exercises a practically unbounded influence over his followers.

It is unnecessary to give the names of all the prominent fraternities of Africa. That of the Senussi is the most important of them, and a description of its attitude will suffice for all.

#### THE GREAT ORDER OF THE SENUSSI.

It was founded in 1835 by a certain Mohammed Ben Ali, surnamed Senussi; he happened at that time to be in Mecca, but he soon returned to his native land in Africa, and carried with him a number of his disciples. At his death, in 1859, he was succeeded by his son, commonly known as the Sheik Senussi, or the Imam el Mahdi, under whose ad-

ministration the fraternity attained its present high degree of prosperity. It has established colleges in various parts of Africa, and its adherents are numbered by thousands. The Senussi are more or less formally affiliated with many other orders, and their head is in effective control of the movements of a very large body of men.

It is true that these fraternities have sometimes organized dangerous insurrections. But so far as the Senussi are concerned, the fundamental principle of the great Sheik Senussi makes it improbable that anything is to be feared from them. He emphatically taught that the duty of Moslems living under infidel control is not rebellion, or war, but emigration. Only in this way, said he, can the faithful enjoy complete religious freedom; and Moslems are invited to come from all over the world and settle in the African desert. He was never known to give aid and comfort to any insurrectionary measures. He refused to have anything to do with the uprising of the Mahdi. So far as can be judged from his words and acts, his object was to train his disciples in piety and learning, and thus to build up a prosperous Moslem community.

External conditions also make a Senussi uprising improbable. There are jealousies among the fraternities, so that it would not be easy to secure mutual coöperation. Further, they are not regarded with favor by the regular Moslem clergy. They are looked on as outsiders who impair the unity of Islam; and they are well known to be the reverse of obedient to the regularly constituted ecclesiastical authorities.

Finally, the military force of France and England, who are responsible for peace and order in northern Africa, is overwhelming. This fact is well known to the Senussi leaders, and it may be regarded as probable that their influence will be thrown against any warlike outbreak. At present they could hope to gain nothing by fighting, and it seems certain that the strength of the established régime will increase rather than diminish in the future.

Though the condition of things in Africa is in some respects different from that in India, yet in one respect the two regions are alike—they are in the hands of powerful nations; and it seems likely, therefore, that the pacific sentiment which now exists in Mohammedan India will more and more prevail in Mohammedan Africa.

# THE DISGRACE OF SARAH EMMA HAWTREE

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

## I.

THE last scandal among the women of the Hawtree family had been at the time of the witchcraft proceedings. This, of course, had long since passed out of disgrace into renown. The Hawtrees were as proud of Sarah Emma Hawtree, hanged on the local Gallows Hill, after due trial, by her white-banded, black-gowned Puritan contemporaries, as of their Mayflower table, with which the first of the Hawtree women in America had insisted upon cumbering the small and populous vessel, or of the Nanking plates and teak-wood stands, the ivory chessmen and the crape shawls, that had been the cherished possessions of the good Dame Hawtree whose husband had been in the China trade. Nevertheless, it would have been considered by the present Mrs. Hawtree—sixty-seven, straight, and domineering—the height of illogical impudence to quote the case of the first Sarah Emma as a precedent, and to point out that the ignominy of one generation may become the distinction of its successors.

The Hawtrees, mother and three daughters, lived in vast propriety and pride, and in some comfort, in a dun-colored, square old house at the corner of Main and Endicott streets, Heronside. Here they occupied themselves as be-fitted gentlewomen. In the forenoon they assisted their maid of all work with the household tasks, polishing the ancestral mahogany, dusting the ancestral ivories, making jams and jellies according to the ancestral recipes. The afternoons found them seated before the fire in the corner sitting-room, or in the garden, as the season counseled, ready to pour tea from the pot where the gold dragon reposed among thousand-petaled roses, and to balance the cubes of sugar on the tongs that bore the mark of Paul Revere's silversmith days.

In the evening they read French and German and studied books of travel. Mrs. Hawtree had always held that a lady's education is completed only by travel, and since it was painfully impossible for her girls to make the grand tour in fact, they made it in red-covered Baedekers, and talked with a refined fa-

miliarity, slightly tinged with longing, of St. Mark's and the Tower of London. They played difficult operatic scores conscientiously and unemotionally upon their tinkling old-fashioned piano; and said that they were quite unable to see how music could be considered a passionate art.

Only Miss Sarah—Sarah Emma, after the renowned witch of the family—professed herself dissatisfied with her life. But that was the rebelliousness of youth, the others felt. Miss Sarah was only thirty-three. She had once been heard to remark that she considered it a misfortune to be bred in a town where the ordinary opportunities for courtship and marriage were restricted to the mill hands, as there were no suitable mates for the daughters of the gentry. It was only the vulgarity of the remark that disturbed Mrs. Hawtree. She never felt any melancholy doubts as to the fate of her daughters. They were of the first family in Heronside. They had enough to live on—modestly, it is true; but cocoa shells cause less stomachic disturbance than chocolate, and stewed prunes are notably—even notoriously—healthful. As for company, one could not have a great deal of it and escape a certain mixture of vulgarities. As for marriage, unless one could wed with a Hawtree one must condescend in marrying; there were no Hawtrees for her daughters to marry, and the girls were therefore obviously much better off single. It was a pity that Sarah's temper was variable, and her moods uncertain, with a sulky discontent the prevailing one; but she would doubtless outgrow that. Meantime let it be ignored, and let plenty of soothing and refined occupation be provided for her.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Hawtree, acting upon this thought one day in April, when Sarah was standing at the window, drumming the panes abstractedly with her fingers, and scowling at the yellow tulips bordering the lawn opposite, "Sarah, there are two dozen napkins to be monogrammed."

Mrs. Hawtree's tones always had an explosive quality, but Sarah was used to them, and it was not on that account that she wheeled about in surprise.

"Two dozen! When did we get them, and how?"

"Your Uncle Nicholas' quarterly dividends came last week," answered Mrs. Hawtree, referring to a small investment of her brother's, the interest of which was divided among the four Hawtrees.

"Oh!" said Sarah slowly. Then she added: "I thought you always kept your April one for your summer clothes."

"You don't need any new summer clothes this year," answered Mrs. Hawtree, "so I shall take your check for the few things I want."

"Oh!" said Sarah again. She seemed ill at ease.

"What is the matter? You didn't intend buying any new things after you found that your Aunt Nicholas' dresses and shirt-waists fitted you?"

"No—o, but I am sorry you didn't tell me that you should want my money earlier. I—I—I have promised to buy Gerty Sanders' bicycle."

For quite two minutes there was a silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the grandfather's clock in the hall beyond. Then Mrs. Hawtree recovered her voice, and she spoke with volubility and force.

"A bicycle! I considered them indecent in the beginning. I consider them more so now that every one—every one—has ceased to ride. Why, even the mill girls must be giving them up if Gerty Sanders is willing to sell hers! And you—you will tell her immediately that you have reconsidered the matter! Gerty Sanders! My washerwoman's daughter!"

"Who wants the money—as much as I want the bicycle. Gerty is going to be married."

Sarah spoke as one rebuking a careless mother with the tales of another's prudence.

"Don't let me hear that word 'bicycle' again! I'll send for Gerty myself, and we'll stop this at once."

"If you do," replied Sarah dispassionately, "I shall apply for a position in one of the shoe-shops, and will go to live in one of the factory boarding-houses—I have often thought of it, anyway."

The Nanking plates shook upon their shelves. The palms on the teakwood stands rustled in terror. The red chessmen turned pale in their proud array on the chess-table. The fire brasses ceased to twinkle. A darkness and a stillness fell upon the orderly room as the two terrified women stood in it. They were

both terrified. Sarah had never defied her mother before, and the experience was as paralyzing to one as to the other. Surely some awful physical cataclysm must follow this hideous moral and social upheaval!

While they waited, Mrs. Hawtree's breath issuing irregularly from her parted lips, Sarah white and motionless, a small boy trundled a bicycle along the side street and around the corner. He clanged the Hawtree knocker, and Sarah moved slowly across the room into the hall and opened the door.

"Say, here's Gerty's bicycle. It's all oiled and cleaned. And she says she'll call for the money to-night."

"Very well. I'll leave it for her, if I am not here myself. Thank you, Gus," said Sarah.

She trundled the wheel through the hall to a nook under the stairway. She mounted the stairs slowly, and, once in her own room, burst into a prolonged fit of sobbing.

Down-stairs, meanwhile, doors were slamming, and the other daughters and the maid were frantically despatched for doctors and clergyman. Mrs. Hawtree had decided upon medical advice for herself—the shock of Sarah's conduct had completely unnerved her, she said—and upon religious discipline for Sarah. That the treatment had to be reversed, Sarah needing to be doctored for hysteria and she to be reasoned with because of a violent and unregenerate spirit, destroyed her last remnant of respect for the modern conduct of those ancient institutions, medicine and the church.

But the first battle of Sarah's war for independence had been fought, and won by the rebel. She kept her bicycle, and under the evening tutelage of the humble Gerty Sanders, she learned to ride the unfashionable machine. By the time early summer had come, Heronside had ceased to comment on the sight of Sarah Hawtree skimming the roads for miles about, and even Mrs. Hawtree sometimes forgot to avert her eyes and compress her lips as her daughter started her solitary excursions.

## II.

THE trolley from Heronside meets the line from Porthaven in a level stretch of country five miles from the former place. No building marks the junction. Across a field to the west is a small farm-house. On the east are a few scattered groves,

and through them a third trolley winds to the favorite picnic-grounds of the mill hands. Sarah, on her dearly-won wheel, had reached the junction one Saturday afternoon, when her eyes were arrested by the sight of a booth where no booth had ever been before. It was set well away from the dangers of the road, the stone wall that bordered the field forming the lower half of its rear wall, its sides being of unstained wood, its roof and awning, and its front open to the world. There was a floor of rough planks, and across three or four barrels was stretched a rude board counter. On unstained shelves around the three walls were jars of cookies, doughnuts, and candies. Apples and bananas were piled on the counter, and there were crocks of lemonade and of milk. Sarah was seized with a great thirst, and at once dismounted to assuage it.

"You haven't been here long," she remarked to the proprietor, after she had decided upon birch beer as her beverage.

"To-day's my first day, and yourself my first customer," he assured her. He was a square-built man of forty, perhaps, smooth-shaven and ruddy, with twinkling eyes and glinting, close-cropped, iron-gray hair. Sarah felt a wave of true Hawtree benevolence, and said in something of a lady-patroness manner:

"I'm sure I hope that many will follow me."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," he answered with no apparent perception of her condescension. "I think you'll bring me good luck."

The simple cordiality of the tone removed the remark from the realm of familiarities, or even flatteries. Sarah smiled her thanks and her good wishes, mounted her wheel, and was off among the green lanes and woods. As she rode she speculated upon the proprietor of the booth. She felt the pleasure of an expanding knowledge of the world; it was good to speak to some one who was neither the old doctor nor the new, neither the Unitarian clergyman nor the Episcopalian, neither the one real estate agent nor either of the two lawyers of Heronside. And these were her masculine acquaintances.

When she had reached this point in her ponderings, she laughed aloud, and pressed her pedals with force, sending the bicycle flying along the level road. She was not primarily a humorous woman, but she was amused to find herself counting a chance word with a roadside huckster as a positive gain.

The next time that she rode to the Junction she felt that she was going to an old friend's. She accepted the newcomer's invitation to sit upon the bench, which he had added since her previous visit.

"The trolleys, you see," he said, "never make connections. The passengers stand about first on one foot and then on the other, as uncomfortable as you please. I'm sorry for the women with babies and packages, I declare I am. Well, you see what I've done. I've put up benches, both inside and out, and did you mark the signs?"

Sarah had not marked the signs, but she did so now.

"Wait here for the trolley," she read.

"No charge for sitting down."

"And there ain't—not a cent. But they can't sit down with the children in front of jars of lollipops without the kids wanting some. And they get sort of hungry and thirsty themselves. And then I talk to them. I've something of a way with me," he added without the slightest touch of boastfulness. "And already I think I can say they're disappointed when the trolleys make close connection from Porthaven. And when there are picnics in the grove—my!"

Sarah looked at him wistfully, visualizing the whole scene—the country people, the villagers, the clamorous children. She saw his "way"—kind, intimate, cheery, breaking down the rustic barriers of suspicion and reserve. She felt a thrill of pride in her discovery.

"So you're doing well?"

"Yes, 'm. Thanks to you, I do sometimes be telling myself. My first customer it was brought me the luck!"

There was a hearty gratitude in his voice that pleased Sarah. She smiled with a momentary sense of playing a part in the world of action, and it was not until she was well away, among the plowed fields and the pine-domed woods, that she remembered to laugh at herself.

It was chance, and no unmaidenly design of Sarah's, that brought about her further intimacy with the booth-keeper. She was riding in the direction of the Junction one June afternoon, and she was telling herself that she wished there were a new road on which to wheel. It was, as she informed herself, entirely out of place for her to show more than the merest interest in the lemonade stand, and if she did have to pass it at least she would not dismount. She would go whizzing by, and if he chanced to see her she would only nod and smile pleas-

antly. It was ridiculous in her to be so absorbed in such a pitiful undertaking as the booth represented—for her, whose grandfathers had been in the China trade!

Thus resolved, she drove her wheel right valiantly along. The booth came into sight, its awnings gay against the green slope of the field behind, an elm shadowing its white roof with waving traceries. She pressed harder, summoning a stereotyped smile to her face as she drew nearer—and then there was a loud report, as if one of the ginger-pop bottles on the shelves had gone off suddenly, and Miss Sarah Emma Hawtree found herself with her forehead upon the steel of the trolley tracks, her feet—she trembled afterwards to think where her feet were—her wheel off to one side, and her ears afflicted with a frightful buzzing. A punctured front tire had led to a disaster.

By and by she found herself lying on a bench behind the counter, a folded coat beneath her head, a cold cloth on her throbbing forehead, her skirts brushed and orderly, and her bicycle, with its collapsed tire, leaning against the side wall. The man of the booth was gently and deftly removing grime and grit from the palms of her ungloved hands.

"You'll be all right in no time," he assured her. "And as soon as you are—have you your tool kit with you?"

"No," said Sarah weakly. "I didn't know about any tool kit. Gerty didn't give me one."

"Well, I'll run over to my place—I've a room back at the farm-house there—and I'll get the tools to fix your wheel all right."

"You seem very skilful," said Sarah, as he put one restored and bandaged hand down by her side.

The man sighed.

"If I hadn't been an idle scallawag of a boy, I might have amounted to something," he said. "But I took more pains to keep from learning anything than would have given me one of the finest educations in the world. If I'd known all then that I know now, I'd have been a doctor to-day. But I was a lazy creature, always looking for fun. Well, I suppose I've had my share of it. But it's droll to think how set I was against books, when I might have had a chance at them, when there ain't a night now that I don't go to sleep with one under my pillow!"

He sighed again, and Sarah was conscious, despite the pain of her bruises, of

a desire to know all about him. She told him so, and soothingly, as if he were humoring a sick child, he rambled on about his past life. The peppermints and the lemon-balls gleamed in an unreal way in their big glass jars, as he took her north and south and west on his wanderings.

He had idled his youth away. He had run away from home. He had enlisted in the army. He had seen service on the frontier. He told her tales of the Apaches, and she shuddered. He told her tales of the camp, and she smiled. He told her stories of the thirsty desert.

"I always seemed to have a way with the sick boys," he said modestly, "and I was in the hospital a good deal first and last. Then I was the regimental surgeon's orderly for a while. I cleared out of the army, and took to prospecting after my second enlistment was up. But I didn't have much luck, and by and by I drifted back home again—back to New York. And what do you think, ma'am? I found my little sister—mother had a big family, and the little girl, born after I ran away, was nineteen years younger than me—I found her wanting to go study for a trained nurse, and my aunt that she was living with—all our own folks are dead—said no, she'd have to go to work."

He paused. Sarah watched him.

"Well, I hadn't come back quite empty-handed. She's studying to be a trained nurse—graduates this year. I'm a vagabond sort of fellow myself. I don't like to be idle, and yet I hate to feel that I've got to stay in any one place all the time. I'm a loafing chap, that neglected all his chances, but she—she's improved every one of hers. I was just in the nick of time to help her to what she wanted."

The long buzz of an approaching car interrupted him. Sarah struggled to rise. He pressed her down again with kindly hands.

"You lie still," he said authoritatively. "Nobody can see you from outside, and nobody's going to get inside at present."

So Sarah lay still, and listened to the badinage between the proprietor of the stand and the passengers waiting for the Porthaven trolley. Tears welled up to her closed eyelids. She was not imaginative, but something had stirred her fancy, and she saw the life of this man, not in terms of purposeless wandering, but in terms of adventure; not in its triviality, but in the sweetness and gentle-

ness that dignified it. And she felt unaccountably lonely. He had a sister whom he loved!

The next time that Sarah came she had two legitimate errands. One was to return the gloves in which he had insisted upon encasing her hands on the day of her fall. The other was to bring him two great sheets of fresh gingerbread. He had refused her stumbling offer of payment for his services on the day of her accident. And to-day, when the rest of the family had gone forth for their annual visit to Heronside Woods, the splendid summer adjunct to the old town, to the one house where they knew any one, she had baked with a guilty speed two loaves of gingerbread, and had surreptitiously packed them as a thank-offering to her benefactor.

He took them with a prompt appreciation that made Sarah's heart bound with gladness.

"After all the store stuff I'm obliged to give them," he said, "won't they just like this?"

Then he pondered.

"Excuse me, ma'am, for asking," he said, "but could you arrange to supply me regularly with some home-cooked things?"

Sarah's face, on which were written all her years, with all their unfulfilment, flushed brightly.

"I'm—I'm afraid not," she stammered. "Sometimes, perhaps—but nothing to be counted on."

He looked at her shrewdly and then nodded.

"I didn't know how you might be fixed," he said. "And I should have kind of liked you for a silent partner—you brought me my luck, you know. But of course you know your own business best. Perhaps you could tell me of some one else hereabouts? You see, I came here by chance and don't know any one."

Sarah's color left her. She felt an angry stricture in her throat. No one else should go into partnership with him!

"I really don't," she answered coldly. Then she swiftly repented. To be so little, so little and mean, to this kind, good soul! "But I'll try to find some one," she added hastily.

His thanks were drowned in a great whizz and clangor of trolleys. Three bore down from Heronside. They carried great placards on the sides, marked "Special Car—Downing's Shoe-Shop—Eighth Annual Outing." They were filled with a holiday mob from the fac-

tories. Children shouted and waved flags; a band bellowed; men and women laughed and fluttered handkerchiefs.

"And to think they never let me know, and that I've got no one to help me!" cried the man at the booth. "Unless they're going right through on those cars—no, they're not! They'll be swarming all over the place!"

"Can't I help you?" asked Sarah quickly.

"Oh, would you? Could you?" was the grateful rejoinder, and another second saw Miss Sarah Emma Hawtree of Heronside behind the counter in a rude stall, squeezing lemons with practised hand, cutting gingerbread, handing over "blackjack" and "Salem gibraltars," and generally disporting herself as one to the business born.

Finally the cars from the picnic grove came leisurely in to the place of meeting. The picnic party began to scramble aboard with great noise. Only some stragglers still stood, gulping down the last cent's worth of milk or ginger pop, or balancing uneasily on one foot while they waited for change, or for caraway biscuit, or for peppermint balls.

Upon this scene a carriage rolled magnificently—a victoria from Heronside Woods. No one could mistake the source of such splendor of equipage, such immobility of livered men, such hauteur of old ladies with carriage parasols—one stout and ruddy like a duchess who had long since given up banting, and one small and wizened and awe-inspiring, like an empress dowager. They were, in fact, Mrs. Archibald Fetherly, of New York, Heronside Woods, and one or two other places, and her old friend, Mrs. Hawtree of Heronside, whom she was returning to that quaint village after a day spent with her. Exactly once a year did Mrs. Hawtree visit Mrs. Fetherly; exactly once a year did Mrs. Fetherly take Mrs. Hawtree to drive. And by some unholy coincidence this day had combined the ceremonies and this was the road chosen.

Mrs. Hawtree recognized her daughter at the same instant that her daughter saw her.

"Stop!" she commanded.

Her friend gazed at her in awe.

"But my dear Lucinda——"

"Stop!"

The carriage was stopped in front of the booth. The last of the picnic crowd raced for the cars at the conductor's final "All aboard!" Sarah looked, speechless and immovable, upon her

mother. The proprietor of the place hurried down to ask the ladies what they desired.

"Sarah Emma Hawtree," said the old woman, "Sarah Emma Hawtree, what are you doing here?"

Sarah's tongue still clove to the roof of her mouth. The man turned to her.

"Is she your mistress?" he asked hastily. "Isn't there some way I can make it all right for you?"

"She's my mother," said Sarah stonily.

"Oh!" said the man.

Had there been present any to listen to tell-tale intonations, they would have caught a note of dismay and pain in the monosyllable. But no one noticed that. And to this day Sarah Emma cannot tell how her ignominious retreat from the booth and to her home was accomplished. Only one thing is clear in her recollections, and that is the great kindness of her friend's eyes as he lifted the flap in the counter for her to pass, and said:

"I don't know what you did it for, miss, but whatever it was, you can count on me to help you all I can."

### III.

It was evening when he came to the square, dun-colored house. Sarah was in her own room, by request; she would have been locked there, but that her mother had had the keys destroyed years before, when she discovered that Sarah actually wanted to be able to secure herself from interruption when she went to her room. Miss Hepzibah and Miss Geraldine sat in shivering, silent panic in the parlor; their mother, in speechless majesty, awaited the coming of her lawyer. She had said that she was resolved to see what could be done with Sarah. She had scoffed at the suggestion that Sarah was no longer a child.

Upon this group Martha, the maid, ushered in presently, not the expected lawyer, but the proprietor of the booth. He looked a little paler than usual, and a little less bright and cheery, but still master of himself.

"I called," he announced to the older lady after he had bowed to them all, "to see Miss Sarah Emma."

Miss Hepzibah and Miss Geraldine huddled fearfully together. Mrs. Hawtree snorted.

"You cannot see her," she declared.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I must!" There was assurance, but not impudence in his manner. He went on to explain. "I never heard the lady's name until

to-day. I didn't even know that she was one—according to your notions, I mean; I knew she *was* one all right, but I thought she might be a—companion, or something. She didn't act like her own mistress about the gingerbread. But anyway, I didn't even know her name. My own is Thomas Cunneen. Whatever she has done—and it don't seem much to me—she's done out of a kind, affable heart, if I might put it so. But if that's got her into trouble, I've come here to say that she has but to say the word and I'll take her as far out of it as I can."

"What?" screamed the old lady. "You dare to propose for my daughter?"

"I'm not sure that you could rightly call it that, ma'am," replied Mr. Cunneen. "But—if she wants me, I'm here. I've little to offer, it's true"—his eye took unabashed note of the mahogany and teakwood, the china and the ivories—"but it's all hers, if she wants it. I ain't a young man, and I've always been a roving man, and so it wouldn't beseech me to say much about loving. But I can appreciate a good woman, and I can admire a brave woman, and darn me, ma'am, if I can't be good to a woman that I guess hasn't had too many good to her all her life!"

"Thank you, Mr. Cunneen," said the voice of Sarah from the doorway. "Mother," she continued as she entered, "I came down when I heard Mr. Cunneen's voice." Then, turning to Cunneen himself she added, "I believe every word you say, and I think that you are the kindest and best man I have ever known, and I wish, I wish—"

Then Sarah's dignity gave way, and she began to cry. Her tears were the happiest she had ever shed, for they were finally stifled on the shoulder of the broadcloth coat in which Mr. Cunneen had invested himself for this occasion.

A kindly hand patted her head, and a kindly, mellow voice said:

"There, there now, don't cry; you're going to have what you wish, as far as Tom Cunneen can give it to you, all the rest of your life!"

That is the story of the last disgrace which befell the Hawtree family, the true history of Sarah Emma Hawtree's possession by the devil.

To judge by the matronly bloom and calm of Mrs. Cunneen's face—they keep an inn in the White Mountains now, and prosper as the ungodly sometimes do—Thomas Cunneen has ably and amply kept his word.

# THE STAGE

## MANSFIELD AND MOLIÈRE.

The outstanding feature of Mr. Mansfield's recent and highly successful season in New York—four weeks at the New Amsterdam and one at the Harlem Opera House—was his production of Molière's "Misanthrope." The great French comedian is practically unknown to the American stage, so that the presentation had the interest of novelty as well as that of antiquity.

And at that point, with a word for the capital acting of Mr. Mansfield and most of his supporters, it may be said that the interest of the play ended. It has often been said that Jean Baptist Poquelin, whom we know as Molière, was the inspiration and exemplar of the English comedians from Wycherley to Sheridan, who did little more than quarry from his rich mine of material. No doubt they did borrow many ideas from his comedies.

Dramatists of all periods, from Aristophanes to Belasco, have freely appropriated almost anything that they could use. But lacking the great Frenchman's refinement, and far inferior to him in the subtle portrayal of character, the Englishmen did one thing for the drama which he did not do—they made it dramatic, thereby proclaiming themselves countrymen of Shakespeare and not of Molière.

Compared to "The School for Scandal," or even "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Misanthrope" is as the sweet tinkling of an old harpsichord to the cheerful note of a bugle. It observes the "unities" that fettered the French classic stage—that is, though divided into five acts, its action is limited to a single day and a single scene. It has practically no plot and no climax, consisting solely of a series of mildly witty conversations, which develop a set of mildly amusing characters.

Its central figures are *Alceste*, whose honest and testy soul is disgusted with the silly gossip and insincere flatteries of the polite world about him, and *Célimène*, a coquettish widow whom he loves, half in spite of himself. When the comedy was first produced at the Palais Royal in 1666, these were played by Molière and his wife, Armande Béjart.

In 1905 the former is replaced by Mr. Mansfield, made up after—a critical observer might say some little distance after—a Mignard portrait of the great comedian; the latter by Eleanor Barry, who has scarcely the mobility, literal and figurative, for the part.

Of the other characters, the most interesting are Leslie Kenyon as *Oronte*, the foppish poet whose commonplace verses are so mercilessly assailed by *Alceste*, and Gertrude Gheen as *Arsinoe*, a maiden lady of uncertain age and gossip tongue. Morton Selten and Arthur Berthelet, as a pair of politely brainless marquises—whose names might well have been *Alphonse* and *Gaston* had not Molière made them *Acaste* and *Clitandre*—are chiefly remarkable for their lace-fringed pantalettes, which are distinctly unmasculine in appearance, though no doubt historically correct.

Mr. Mansfield deserves credit for giving us an opportunity to see so famous a classic as "The Misanthrope," but it is hardly likely that he will find it profitable to keep the play in his repertory.

In his other plays—"Beau Brummel," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Richard III," and the rest, Mr. Mansfield always shows the admirable and versatile art with which we are familiar. It may seem hypercritical to pick out a small flaw in a good series of productions, but why did he use, at the New Amsterdam, in the fourth act of "Beau Brummel," where the action takes place in Calais, a back drop giving a view of St. Paul's Cathedral—the same drop that served for a London scene in "Dr. Jekyll"?

## THE PASSABLE MR. PIPP.

When Mark Twain saw the colossal effigy of the Sphinx he breathed an apostrophe; when Rudyard Kipling saw Burne Jones' "Vampire" he wept a poem; when Edwin Markham stood in the presence of Millet's "The Man With the Hoe" he shrieked a modern classic; and when Augustus Thomas turned the pages of Charles Dana Gibson's "Education of Mr. Pipp" he burst into a comedy. Is this the end? We hope not, for in the *Mr. Pipp* production the author of "The Earl of Pawtucket" and



OLIVE FREMSTAD, OF THE CONRIED GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AN AMERICAN-BORN MEZZO-SOPRANO WHO WAS SUCCESSFUL LAST SEASON AS CARMEN, KUNDRY, AND SIEGLINDE.

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.*



MABEL CARRIER, WHO IS BESSIE IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," TO BE THE SUMMER SHOW AT THE NEW YORK CASINO.

From her latest photograph by Tonnelle, New York.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" has done a pretty good job.

It is a difficult thing to give a mate to a masterpiece, to exploit another phase of interest in something that has already achieved what seems to be the height of popularity. Observation proves that none of these secondary creations present their theme exactly as it was conceived primarily. Mr. Thomas the playwright has builded around *Mr. Pipp* a comedy that is not entirely in keeping with the character as drawn by Mr. Gibson the artist. Nor has Digby Bell, the star, offered us the timid and obedient exemplar of marital subjection that we saw in Gibson's hero—or Gibson's victim, if you prefer the term. Mr. Bell's *Pipp* has a saving quality of worldly wisdom.

Mr. Bell's physique suits the part, but Mr. Gibson ought to drop behind the scenes occasionally and remodel his features. He is a bit out of drawing, in spots, but with a few touches the artist could make him look well enough to print. As it is, he looks like a picture that has been accidentally stepped on. No doubt *Mr. Pipp* is accustomed to just

that sort of treatment, and perhaps Mr. Bell makes up as he does in order to be true to life.

Kate Denin Wilson, as *Mrs. Pipp*, is a sort of domestic hand-grenade, whose chief function was to extinguish any display of independence on the part of her husband, and she did it admirably. Miss Beecher and Miss Earle look very much like the seven thousand other young women, each of whom claims to have been the only original model of Mr. Gibson's feminine type. Messrs. Warwick and Courtenay, as Gibson men, are what may be termed "the goods." The play as a whole is interesting. That Mr. Thomas has verged a little into the melodrama he himself will not deny, but as Messrs. Kirke La Shelle and Arthur, owners of the production, pay union wages, there need be no objection from the Bowery or the Third Avenue.

Digby Bell has had rather an unusual career. He is the one actor now on the English-speaking stage whose debut was made on the island of Malta. This was as long ago as 1879, when he was a young American studying music in Naples,



MARIE CAHILL, NOT OF THE "NORDLAND" CAST, BUT ANOTHER ACTRESS OF THE SAME NAME IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



BLANCHE RING, LEADING WOMAN WITH FRANK DANIELS IN "SERGEANT BRUE," IMPORTED FROM LONDON, WHERE IT WAS THE SUCCESSOR TO "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.*

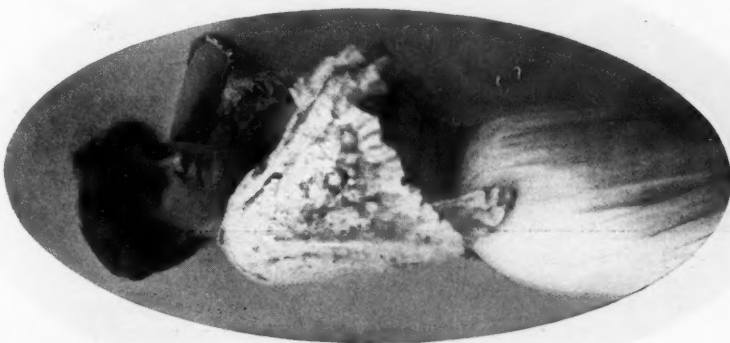
and went over to the little British island to sing "La Sonnambula" with an Italian company. Shortly afterward he took part in an operatic invasion of

Canada which proved disastrous. In Montreal, on the third day, the manager decamped with such funds as he could lay hands on. The singers appointed Bell



PAULINE FREDERICK AS LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN IN "IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND," WHICH LEW FIELDS TAKES TO CHICAGO FOR THE SUMMER.

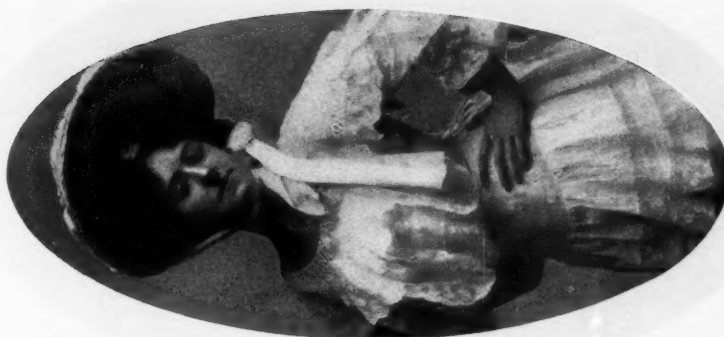
*From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.*



MINNIE DUPREE, LEADING WOMAN WITH DAVID WARFIELD IN THE MOST TALKED-OF PLAY OF THE SEASON, "THE MUSIC MASTER."  
*From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.*



BLANCHE BROOKS, REPRESENTING PHILADELPHIA IN THE SHOW FROM THE WEBER MUSIC HALL, "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY."  
*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.*



FRANCES RING, SISTER OF BLANCHE RING, NOW PLAYING LUCY RIGBY IN "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN."  
*From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.*



JULIA SANDERSON, A PHILADELPHIA GIRL WHO BEGAN IN THE CHORUS OF "WINSOME WINNIE," PASSED FROM THAT TO AN UNDERSTUDY RÔLE IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AND HAS NOW BECOME PRIMA DONNA IN "FANTANA."

*From a photograph by Tonnele, New York.*

treasurer, and abandoned Verdi for Sullivan's "Pinafore." Bell appeared as *Sir Joseph Porter*, and warbled "I Polished up the Handle of the Big Front Door"—a terrible fall-down from "Il Trovatore." The outcome was that he

spent most of his time in entertaining vaudeville audiences.

#### FUNNY FRENZIED FINANCE.

Kellet Chalmers—whose real name is Harrie K. Chambers, and whose début as



ISABEL IRVING, WHO IS CONSTANTIA NEVILLE IN THE ALL-STAR PRODUCTION OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

got plenty of laughs, and found that he was really a comedian.

Later, he was one of the company in Frank Perley's "The Chaperons," also in Francis Hodgson Burnett's "Joe Hurst, Gentleman." He also appeared in "The Mikado" at Manhattan Beach, but has

a dramatist was made with "Abigail"—offers us another American comedy in "A Case of Frenzied Finance," which opened in New York at the Savoy and then went tearing off to the Princess. The name of the piece is not a happily chosen one. In New York, at any rate, the public has



BERTHA ENGEL AND FAY TINCHER AS THE SING-SONG GIRLS IN "THE SHO-GUN."

*From a photograph by Hall, New York.*

become thoroughly sickened of "frenzied finance" and all that appertains thereto. It would have been better if the author had stuck to what is said to have been his original title, "The Spirit of the Age."

In his last comedy he has given us a greater variety of really humorous characters than one is accustomed to see on the American stage. The accursed system of writing for stars only has de-

veloped this deplorable condition beyond forgiveness. Whether Mr. Chalmers purposely scattered the seedless raisins of humor throughout his cast has not yet been determined; but the fact remains that every one of them, from *Bennie Tucker*, the bellboy, to *J. Willoughby Johnson*, the Arizona copper king, and incidentally including a couple of attractive old ladies and some tourists, is permitted to amuse the audience.

Mr. Chalmers' bellboy is not only a frenzied financier, but a raging, hysterical, stockbroking maniac, with a penchant for money that would cause the average Wall Street man to jump off the nearest dock in shame and humiliation. He turns tricks on the Stock Exchange calculated to drive Messrs. Rockefeller, Rogers, and Lawson to take refuge in the same safety deposit vault.

Young Douglas Fairbanks, who plays the part—which must contain almost as many lines as *Hamlet*—is admirably fitted for it. He does it with a vim that one would hardly have expected from the sedate Annapolis graduate who merely had to walk through "*Fantana*"; but then last year he had some excellent training as *Landry Court* in "*The Pit*." Following the New York run of "*Frenzied Finance*," he was engaged for *Little Billee* in the "*Trilby*" revival. William J. Ferguson, who gave us so much pleasure as the mutual friend in "*The Secret of Polichinelle*"—now running at the London Haymarket as "*Everybody's Secret*"—is equally good in "*Frenzied Finance*" as *John Wesley Johnson*, the bibulous undertaker from Yonkers.

Mr. Chalmers' play is rather a farce than a comedy; but it is sprinkled with genuine wit, and does not depend upon its farcical situations for the mirth it inspires. There is something in this creation that attracts one—a hint looming through the haze of raw material that its author may yet give us a new and great American comedy. Already he has begun to bombard us with the putty-blower of jocularity, and it seems as if the canons of true comedy were getting in trim to mow us down.

#### THE MUSIC MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

It is an ill wind that blows good to no one. David Belasco's bitter quarrel with the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, which keeps David Warfield in New York because it is practically impossible to find theaters for him in other cities, means halcyon days for the members of the

"Music Master" company. To the average actor an entire season in the metropolis is an impossible dream of bliss. Many a player will risk being unemployed for a time rather than sign for the road.

Minnie Dupree, Mr. Warfield's leading woman, whose portrait is given herewith, must feel especially contented with her present surroundings. She was just in from a disastrous starring experience in "*A Maid o' Plymouth Town*."

In the original production of "*The Climbers*," Miss Dupree was *Clara Hunter*, the lively youngest daughter of the widow. Like so many of her stage sisters, she hails from California—also Mr. Warfield's native State. She scored her first success in 1888, as *Susan McCreery* in William Gillette's "*Held by the Enemy*." It was nine years ago that she and Jessie Busley—now the maid in "*Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots*"—made so deep an impression in the title parts of "*Two Little Vagrants*," each taking the rôle of a boy, Miss Busley as the valiant *Fan Fan* and Miss Dupree as the shrinking, consumptive little *Claudinet*. It was in this production that Alice Fischer caused one's blood to run cold by her make-up as the fearsome hag *Zephyrine*.

#### "THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS."

Alice Fischer has once more returned to the center of the stage, having had more than a year's time to recover from her direful experience with "*What's the Matter with Susan?*"—an easily answered question, as everything seemed to be wrong with that unlucky attempt to dramatize West Point. Meanwhile, Miss Fischer has spent a season in musical comedy, having succeeded to May Robson's discarded rôle in "*Piff, Paff, Pouf*."

Her new vehicle, "*The School for Husbands*," is by Stanislaus Stange, who was also responsible for the version of "*Quo Vadis*" in which she appeared as *Poppæa*, the wife of *Nero*. The same title was used a long time ago by one Molière, but Mr. Stange denies that he has borrowed anything else from the great French dramatist. Nevertheless, the play is frankly an imitation of the general style and diction of the older comedies. In one respect, at least, a modern playwright who follows old-time methods places himself at a disadvantage. No matter how clever his repartee may be, if he couches it in old-fashioned English most of the critics will fear to

praise him for it, lest it may prove to be an adaptation of Sheridan or Goldsmith—a revelation that would expose their too general ignorance of the dramatic classics.

"The School for Husbands" begins rather slowly, but its later acts are genuinely entertaining. It should serve Alice Fischer at least as well as "Mrs. Jack," which lasted her for a whole season two years ago. She has a capable company, including Arthur Forrest, who was also with her in "Quo Vadis," and Jameson Lee Finney, who first made his mark as *Lord Robert Ure* with Viola Allen in "The Christian."

#### WINNERS THAT HAD TO WAIT.

By a coincidence, the season at the Hudson Theater opened and closed with a comedy of the Western mining regions. Neither in Ethel Barrymore's British-built play, "Sunday," nor in "The Heir to the Hoorah," written by Paul Armstrong, are the stage Westerners much like the real article. Mr. Armstrong drags in the miners' supposed lack of familiarity with "boiled shirts" and "open-faced suits" palpably to gain the laugh that always greets the appearance of the wrong man appareled in the right clothes.

Paul Armstrong may be remembered as the author of "The Superstitions of Sue," produced for a very brief season a year ago. Had he himself been a believer in omens, he would have steered clear of the footlights ever after. But "The Heir to the Hoorah" was even then going the round of the New York managers, after the usual fashion of destined successes. It was refused by Charles Frohman, the Liebler firm, Nat Goodwin, Herbert Kelcey, and Kirke La Shelle; but the last-named eventually changed his mind, and agreed to produce it—moved thereto, perhaps, by the hit of "The Virginian." From the cast of that successful play he drew the leading man of "The Hoorah," Guy Bates Post, an actor with far better title to stellar rank than some of those who now read their names in block letters on the hoardings.

The Hoorah is the name of a mine, and the heir is a baby born shortly after its owner and his young wife have become estranged. She married her husband, *Joe*, for money, and because of her mother's insistence. Much of the action of the piece concerns itself with the friendship of *Joe* and his Western comrades, and here it strikes the human note

which has enlisted the sympathies of its audiences, making them overlook the trivialities with which it is laden. Pathos and humor, if they have the genuine ring, very seldom fail in their appeal; and Mr. Armstrong's play, crude as it is in some respects, contains enough of these elements to arraign the managers who refused it as poor judges of what the public wants.

Of course they could point to many other instances of bad judgment. It would almost seem that the plays which find instant market find their Waterloo along with it. Witness the recent experience of such well-known writers as Clyde Fitch, Israel Zangwill, and Pinero in "The Coronet of a Duchess," "The Serio-Comic Governess," and "A Wife Without a Smile."

On the other hand, take "King Dodo," the musical comedy which launched both Henry W. Savage and Raymond Hitchcock on their present era of prosperity. Mr. Savage was managing a season of Castle Square opera in Chicago when he saw "The Burgomaster," which had been put on by the Dearborn stock in the Lake City. He sent for its makers, Pixley and Luders.

"If you will write me something of the sort," he told them, "I will give it a try-out."

They hesitated a moment, and then told him that they already had another opera in readiness, but didn't know whether he would care to look at it or not, as it had been refused by every manager in the East.

"Let me see it," was Mr. Savage's answer. "Perhaps I would be willing to take a chance with the thing."

They brought him around "King Dodo" to read, and the result is known in stageland. Nor was this Messrs. Pixley and Luders' last experience of the sort. They wrote an extravaganza of the Drury Lane type and offered it to Klaw & Erlanger. Those shrewdest of theatrical operators, as they are reputed, declined it—fortunately for Mr. Savage, who thus got another money-maker, "Woodland."

Speaking of musical plays, we present portraits this month in three of them that may spend the summer in New York—"Fantana," "The Earl and the Girl," and "Sergeant Brue." If the latter verifies the predictions made for it, Blanche Ring will have escaped from the long series of failures to which she has been an accessory since "The Blonde in Black," two years ago.

# STORIETTES

## The Scapegoat.

### I.

BEFORE he realized it, Clifford was upon them. For a year he had been guarding against just such an encounter—and now it had to come without the least forewarning!

It drew on toward the end of the afternoon—an hour when all Tangiers lay seething in the fierce, oblique rays of a western sun. Few but natives would be abroad at such an hour; the foreign residents would keep to the hotels until the cool of evening. Clifford, off his guard, came stumbling out of a narrow, reeking alleyway, into the main thoroughfare of Tangiers, and all but ran into a little group of tourists—a glare of white garments, immaculate against the purple-shadowed façade of a Moorish junk bazaar.

He caught his breath sharply, and there was an imperceptible falter in his stride. Collecting himself, he turned away, jerking his helmet well forward over his eyes to avoid the ever possible recognition. Then came that which he had been fearing for so many weary months—the ring of his own name, clear upon the hot, vibrant air:

"Clifford!" The voice was a girl's! His heart seemed to stop for an instant. Pretending not to hear, he hurried on; but the call became imperative.

"Clifford! Oh, Tommy Clifford!"

He knew those tones, or at least he remembered them vaguely, but he dared not look around. There came a flurry of skirts, a scurry of footsteps upon the rough cobbles, and he was aware of the weight of a small, gloved hand upon his arm. He halted, steeling himself, and turned to meet a pair of radiant eyes, set in a face flushed, more than merely pretty, informed with an expression at once eager, joyful, and sympathetic.

"Miriam!" he stammered. "Miriam Train!"

His own face went white beneath its ineradicable tan; even to the lips it became ashen; and in his eyes pain leapt like a flame.

"Tommy!" the girl cried compassion-

ately. "I—I'm so sorry—and glad; glad that I've found you—at last!" She shook her head, looking him full in the eyes. "Ah, Tommy," she said reproachfully, "why didn't you let us know where you were?"

He found her hand, firm and cool, within his own; and somehow the contact seemed to lend him strength and tenderness.

"I did not know," he said gently, "that any living being cared, Miriam."

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't say that! It isn't so. I——"

She hesitated, and it seemed that her color deepened. In the pause the voice of a member of her party sounded loud above the street din:

"Miss Train! We're going!"

"Coming!" she responded impatiently, without turning her head. "Won't you come, too, Tommy?"

He smiled sadly as her fingers tightened upon his own.

"Don't ask that of me," he said. "I couldn't, you know——"

"Then you'll come to see me, won't you, Tommy? You must—*must!* We're stopping at the Angleterre. I insist," she continued with determination, as she saw the shadow of refusal cloud his clear eyes. "To-night I'll be at home—just to you. All the others are going to ride over to Ceuta by moonlight; but I shan't go. You'll surely come? Remember, I count upon you!"

### II.

HE was grateful to her for receiving him, as she did, in the dim obscurity of the veranda. In the lonely corner which they selected, he settled into the chair by her side, with a little sigh.

"You're awfully good," he said.

"You may smoke, if you like," she told him, leaning forward and staring out over the rail.

Below them Tangiers seemed tumbling headlong down the hillside to the sea—a huddle of white and flat-roofed houses, threaded by tortuous streets, like faintly illuminated tunnels, with here and there the shining dome of a mosque swelling upwards, like the half of a great egg-



"GLAD THAT I'VE  
FOUND YOU—AT LAST!"

shell. Moonlight drenched it all, and far, far down the shimmering Atlantic swept in and broke against the cliffs with a noise like distant thunder. Clifford's gaze, wandering outward, surveyed the scene indifferently. It was very beautiful—yes, in an exotic way; but he was weary with it all, and his heart faint with hunger for home.

That was why he had weakened at the eleventh hour and accepted Miriam's invitation—because he had been so long away from home, hearing never a word of any one he knew, starving on the meager lines of American news tucked away in the corners of Continental newspapers. But now that he had come, he hardly knew what to say—how to ask her for word of those whom he had loved and lost.

She chose to break the silence with a careless question:

"What vessel is that?"

Clifford glanced down toward the harbor. A fussy steamer was puffing in to its anchorage, like a fat, white ghost with bright, staring eyes.

"It's the mail boat," he told her. "She's in late. To-morrow," he continued in a half-whisper, "she'll be going

on to Gibraltar and connecting with the liners for home!"

"Yes," said the girl abstractedly, and lapsed again into her silence; for she was considering how she might say to him that which she longed to say.

"Now," said Clifford presently, without daring to look at the girl—whose eyes never for an instant left his strong, clean profile—"now, tell me everything, please, Miriam—all the news about every one I know."

She obeyed quietly in a low voice. It seemed a long account, but Clifford did not tire in the least. Only when she paused for breath he would nod and say:

"Thank you. Please go on—unless you're tired."

Then he would listen ever more intently, waiting, waiting for the two names which were, after all, the only ones he cared to hear about. But—perhaps intentionally—she failed to mention them; and finally he had to ask, with an embarrassed and apologetic laugh:

"And—and Archer and Evelyn Taylor? They're married long since, I suppose?"

"No," she began slowly.

"Not married?"

"No. I didn't mention it, Tommy, because—"

"I understand—and thank you. But—not married! I must know, Miriam."

"Will Archer," she said after a pause, "is dead."

Clifford's cigarette fell whirling to the garden below the veranda.

"Dead!" he whispered incredulously. "Dead!" He drew a long breath; there seemed to be a haze before his eyes. And he forgot his rôle. "Please," he cried, turning to her—and the suffering in his eyes wrung her heart—"please tell me!

Don't you see I'm tortured, Miriam? I know you only wish to spare me, but—you see, there was a girl, and—and——"

"This makes it different," said the girl quietly. "Now you can ask her, Tommy." She went on, while he listened, aghast at his slip. "That's why I wanted to tell you—for the girl's sake." She felt herself coloring to the eyes, but the shadows were merciful. "I wanted to tell you that you were free—free to go home and face them all. Ah, Tommy, Tommy!" There was a little break in her voice. "You didn't think that we who knew you believed you guilty—did you? Because we didn't. And that is why I was glad, oh, so glad, to find you, and to be the first, the very first to tell you! You see, after you sacrificed everything, Tommy, and ran away, trying to save your chum, to make us believe that you had stolen the money, and not Will Archer——"

"But you mustn't blame him," Clifford put in quickly. "He didn't really know what he was doing."

"I know." She nodded decidedly. "I know that you sacrificed all to save your friend. And when Will discovered what you had done, when it was too late, he told Evelyn. Of course that broke the engagement; and it was only a little later that Will was thrown from his auto somehow—we never really knew what had happened. He left a signed confession; but we didn't know where you had buried yourself, Tommy."

He was standing now, gripping the rail so that his knuckles stood out white against the bronze of his hands, and staring off wistfully over the waters—toward home.

"Oh, you don't know, you don't know," he cried brokenly, "what this means to me, Miriam!"

"Ah, but I do," she told him gently. "I know very well. That's why I came here, Tommy—to find you. I'd heard it was a place where people went when they were in trouble, and I wanted to tell you, because—because"—again there sounded that pitiful little quaver in her voice—"because the girl is waiting for you."

"You think so?"

There was a leaping joy within him that made it hard to speak.

"I'm sure she's waiting, Tommy!"

He turned like a flash and caught both her hands. The girl rose with a little low cry, and for an instant her soul was in her eyes as she faced him. Then the radiance died, and she looked very weary and worn; but Clifford did not notice it.

"Then I'll go!" he cried. "I'll go!

Miriam, Miriam, I don't know how to thank you! I'm off in the morning by that mail steamer. *Home!* You won't mind my hurrying off to pack, will you? She sails at sunrise—and just think, in ten days I'll see Evelyn——"

"No," she said softly, "I don't mind. Hurry—hurry!" She smiled bravely into his face for an instant, then drew away her hands. "Good-night," she said.

And when he was gone she stood for a long time, motionless, dry of eye and lip, staring at the corner around which he had disappeared. Finally she stretched forth both arms.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she sobbed as if her heart would break—but gently, that none might hear.

*Louis Joseph Vance.*

### The Black Mule Mine.

THOMAS JEFFERSON BAXTER, standing with feet far apart, glared down at William Henry Bisbee; and William Henry Bisbee, seated on a boulder at the intersection of two gulches, scowled up at Thomas Jefferson Baxter. The gray mule flattened her flopping ears and threatened the black mule with two rows of jagged, yellow teeth. The black mule twitched her unshorn tail, and launched an ineffective kick at the gray with a vicious earnestness that rattled the pans, picks, and shovels cinched to her scrawny back. Unquestionably the spirit of strife hovered over the camp.

"You can't bulldoze me for a cent's worth, Bill Bisbee," growled Thomas Jefferson. "I say we're goin' straight north—right up this gulch."

"Don't try your bluff on me, Jeff Baxter," snarled William Henry. "I've stood all I can. Up this side-gulch we go—due west."

"Anybody that knew pay-ore from alkali dust wouldn't squint twice up that gulch," Mr. Baxter sneered.

"Nobody but a natural born idiot would keep on prospectin' over ground like this," rejoined the undaunted Bisbee.

Mr. Baxter bristled pugnaciously.

"North we go—or bust the pardner-ship right here," he proclaimed.

Mr. Bisbee rose to his feet.

"The firm of Bisbee & Baxter is dissolved by mutual consent," he announced. "Assets to be equally divided; the liabilities are big enough to take care of themselves."

"Suits me!" declared Thomas Jefferson. "It won't take long to divide the assets. I reckon I git the gray mule."

"You reckon wrong," snapped William Henry. "You can't shove that black demon off onto me that way; we'll toss a dollar for the gray."

"We'll find the dollar first," observed Mr. Baxter sagely and gloomily. "If there's a dollar in this outfit, you can take both mules."

Mr. Bisbee drew from his hip pocket a section of plug tobacco.

"Tag side is heads," he announced laconically. "Say which."

"Tails is mine," said Mr. Baxter, and the plug spun upward, descended, and raised a tiny cloud of alkali dust as it smote the earth.

"Tails it is," admitted Mr. Bisbee sullenly.

With silent celerity various articles were shifted from mule to mule, and Thomas Jefferson, preceded by the coveted gray, turned his bronzed face northward, while William Henry led the despised black into the lateral gulch and smote her with a ponderous foot.

"I never thought you'd treat me like this, Jeff Baxter," he protested. "Guess you've forgot them fifty dollars I loaned you two years ago."

Mr. Baxter, striding northward, turned to emit a hoarse cackle intended for a scornful laugh.

"I figger that I squared that by nursin' you through that spell of smallpox when nobody else would come within a mile of you," he shouted back.

The retort that quivered on Mr. Bisbee's tongue was never spoken, for at that moment the black mule, carelessly permitted to wander beyond the reach of corporal reproof, seized the opportunity to add another jewel to her crown. With a joyous squeal and a flourish of spavined legs, she bounded high in air, and when she struck the earth she was galloping westward up the gulch with an energy that threatened demolition of Mr. Bisbee's clattering chattels.

After her lumbered the alarmed Bisbee, between whose apostrophic comments upon mules generally and the black mule individually were sandwiched emphatic observations about Mr. Baxter not conducive to the ultimate restoration of the *entente cordiale*.

Having merrily ambled a half mile up the gulch, the black mule whirled squarely to the right and charged straight up its steep and rugged side. A shower of stones and little lumps of soil rolled downward from beneath her clawing hoofs. When she finally gained the summit she halted, gazed down upon the per-

spiring Bisbee, and voiced her victory in a rasping, shrieking pæan that elicited a sympathetic and congratulatory response from the distant gray. Then she whisked her unshorn tail contemptuously, and disappeared from her owner's vision.

"I wouldn't have thought she could do it," panted the enraged William Henry, as he laboriously followed the fugitive's trail up the steep incline. "I'll bet she can climb a tree. Just wait till I catch——"

He stopped short to stare with dilated eyes at a mass of crumbling rock shattered and denuded of its thin soil by the struggling hoofs of the black mule. With a gurgle of delight he fell upon the exposed ledge; tore at it with knife and finger-nails; dug and gouged for many minutes; and when at length he clambered to the summit his face was radiant.

"And I'd have walked right past it if it hadn't been for that mule!" he soliloquized, as he cast himself upon the ground and laughed hysterically.

After a while he sat up, hugged his knees, and meditated.

"Wonder what Jeff 'll say when he hears about it," he muttered. "Guess he'll wish he hadn't been so brash. Pity he's so bull-headed, for he did stick to me like a man when I was sick. But it's his own fault!"

Presently he drew a dog-eared book from his pocket, scribbled therein long and laboriously with the stub of a pencil, and rose slowly to his feet. Carefully and securely he impaled the page upon a splinter of a blasted pine, backed away to scrutinize the inscription, grinned broadly, and once more took up the trail of the fleeing mule.

Northeastward it led, straight to where Mr. Baxter, pausing occasionally to contemplate with grim pleasure a black mule and a gray grazing side by side, was encouraging a sputtering fire over which sizzled two meager slices of bacon.

"Lookin' for somethin'?" inquired Mr. Baxter impassively as his former partner approached.

"Not now," replied William Henry; "I've found it."

Mr. Baxter grunted, and a silence broken only by the sputter of the fire and the sizzle of the bacon fell upon the assemblage.

"Jeff," ventured Mr. Bisbee, "do you think that's enough bacon for two?"

"I don't," answered Mr. Baxter, without looking up. "There's more in your pack. You're welcome to the fire—when I'm done with it."

"Kind of crabbed with your old pardner, ain't you, Jeff?"

Thomas Jefferson lifted his face to frown across the fire.

"Your blarney don't go this time, Bill," he growled. "I knowed you'd come sneakin' back, but the pardnership's busted—and it's goin' to stay busted."

Something left Mr. Bisbee's hand and caromed from Mr. Baxter's boot. Mr. Baxter eyed the object suspiciously, pounced upon it voraciously, turned it over and about in his calloused hands, and stared at the smiling Bisbee.

"Bill," he stammered, "where—where'd you git it?"

"Picked it up off the ground. Did you think I'd shot it on the wing?"

"But where?" insisted Mr. Baxter excitedly.

"Would you like to see?"

"I would!" shouted Thomas Jefferson, abandoning the bacon to a fiery fate. "You can't show me too quick!"

The expression of incredulity on his hard face fled like a flash when he had followed Mr. Bisbee up the gulch and had cast one searching glance upon the exposed ledge.

"Bill," he ejaculated, "we're millionaires this minute!"

"We?" snorted Mr. Bisbee. "Ain't the pardnership busted—and goin' to stay busted?"

"Billy," pleaded Thomas Jefferson, "you surely wouldn't go back on an old pardner! We've prospected together, and starved together, and fought together, and—"

"You ought to have remembered all that before you busted the pardnership," Mr. Bisbee interrupted. "It's too late now; I've made up my mind. And I've put it down in black and white. Come up and read it."

They climbed to the summit, and Thomas Jefferson, turning his mournful gaze to the paper on the pine stump, threw his arms about the grinning William Henry and emitted a whoop that startled the distant mules; for he read:

"The Black Mewl Mine, Located by William Henry Bisbee and Tomas Jefferson Baxter, Pardners, Haf and Haf."

*Frank N. Stratton.*

### The Test.

"It seems too good to be true, Lizzie," said Mrs. Meadows, as she placed the candle upon the table in the front apartment of the two-room cabin. "It's al-

most a miracle. I knew Mr. Lowry was a powerful exhorter, but I never thought he could move Jim Meadows. Your father has always had a very trying temper, Lizzie."

The girl dropped her hands into her lap, and her black eyes snapped as she frowned into the crackling fireplace.

"It's enough to give any one a trying temper, living away out here away from everybody," she said impatiently. "I don't see why pa didn't stay in Shell County and fight it out!"

"He wouldn't have fought very long," replied Mrs. Meadows wearily. "After that last row with the Hawkinses, there weren't enough of our folks left to stand any show. And then when Bill Hawkins ambushed your father and broke his leg with a bullet, we had to give up. We had to get out of Shell County, Lizzie. Maybe we can go back some time; but I don't want to until we can live in peace. I was sick and tired of the fighting. I wasn't raised that way."

"Seems to me, ma, there's a call for Mr. Lowry up at Hillsdale. If he'd convert Bill Hawkins and his gang, that would be something to brag about. What's the good of converting pa? He wouldn't harm anybody if they'd leave him alone."

"Hush, Lizzie. Don't question the ways of Providence. I only hope your father won't backslide. You can't tell until he's tried and tested. I'm awfully afraid he can't stand a test." Mrs. Meadows walked to the window and peered anxiously out into the darkening forest. "Here he comes at last," she said in a thin, worn voice. "I'm always nervous when he stays out after dusk. We're a long way from Hillsdale, but you can't tell what Hawkins and his people might do."

The cabin door swung open to admit a tallish, shaggy-bearded man, on whose hard features was an expression that caused the woman and the girl to exchange interrogating glances.

"Hope you hain't been worried," the man observed as he limped toward the fireplace. "Comin' up from the woods pasture, I met Dave Stevens on his way home from Hillsdale. There's been terrible doin's up there to-day." He stooped to poke the burning logs vigorously, and his eyes glittered with a fire as fervid as the flames that leaped up the clay-daubed chimney. "Bill Hawkins and the Kelly boys rode into Hillsdale this morning, tanked up, and went to shootin' promiscuous. They wounded

Abe Driggs, the town clerk, and killed poor old Hi Billings as he was hobblin' down the street. Then Thorne, the new sheriff, 'lowed it was time to restore law and order in Shell County. He hustled together a posse, and when the smoke cleared the Kellys was dead, and Bill Hawkins was in jail with a bullet-hole through his arm."

"I wish it was through his head!" the girl flared.

The man looked down at her with a forced frown that belied the quick gleam of pride in his steely eyes.

"You mustn't say that, Lizzie," he protested mildly. "It's sinful."

"Sinful!" the girl snapped. "Sinful, when Bill Hawkins ran us out of Shell County! You didn't talk that way, pa, before we moved."

"He hadn't seen the bright light then, Lizzie," said Mrs. Meadows, regarding the man affectionately.

The girl rose to her feet and laid a hand upon the long muzzle-loading rifle that hung above the fireplace.

"Look here, pa," she cried, "I'll test you! Suppose you had Bill Hawkins at the muzzle of this, and your finger on the trigger—would you pull?"

"That would be a test for sure," the man answered thoughtfully. "But I don't think I would. No, I wouldn't; not now, Lizzie."

"Well, I would! I don't believe in fool notions or laws that protect brutes like Bill Hawkins!"

"I guess they'll not protect him now," remarked Mrs. Meadows. "He'll surely hang for what he's done this day."

"No, he'll never hang, Marthy," said Meadows decisively. "Some of his friends is sure to get on the jury. The jury will hang, but not Bill. We can't count on—"

"Listen!" exclaimed Mrs. Meadows, raising a bony hand.

From up the road came the sound of galloping hoofs, splashing through the March mud. Meadows bent forward and listened intently.

"Two hosses," he said in a low voice. "And they're mighty nigh fagged out."

The gallop decreased to a trot; to a walk; then, silence. Meadows limped to the door, opened it an inch, and peered around its edge. The sound of muttering voices fluttered in. He stretched one long arm behind him, and snapped thumb and forefinger softly. His wife snatched the long rifle from its pegs, struck it sharply to drive the powder into the nipple, and thrust it into the clutching hand.

"Sounds like Bill Hawkins' voice," Meadows muttered.

The woman turned pale.

"Hullo the house!" a voice hailed.

"Who's there?" called Meadows.

"Dick Thorne, sheriff of Shell County, with a prisoner. I want your horses, quick!"

Meadows threw the door wide open.

"Come inside, Dick, an' bring your prisoner. As to the hosses, I don't know as you've jurisdiction in this county."

He returned to the fireplace, carrying the rifle easily across his left arm, and faced the two men who entered hurriedly, their boots reeking with the slimy, black mud of the forest roads. One of the two was slender, lithe of movement, and quick of eye. The other, burly and sullen-faced, carried his right arm in a sling, and glared at the three occupants of the cabin from under lowering brows. At sight of him the girl sprang forward, her face aflame.

"You keep still, Lizzie!" commanded Meadows. "I'll do all the talkin' that's necessary. Now, Dick, what's up?"

"Hear about the row at Hillsdale?" asked the slender man rapidly. Meadows nodded. "Well, the citizens organized a lynchin' party for the benefit of Bill, here. Said he'd never get justice any other way—and I reckon he won't. But I'm the sheriff—bound to maintain law and order. I slipped Hawkins away, aimin' to run him over to the Jaynesburg jail, where he'll be safe. Lynchin' party caught on, and they're only about twenty minutes behind us. Our horses are played out. You've got two fresh ones. I demand them in the name of the law. Refuse, and I'll take 'em anyhow."

Meadows smiled grimly.

"My hosses happen to be down in the woods pasture, Mr. Sheriff—where I can catch 'em in a minute, and you can't in an hour. I never thought a Hawkins would ask help from a Meadows!"

"It's him that's askin'," growled the prisoner. "I'd hang fust."

The sinewy hand of Meadows passed caressingly over the lock of the rifle.

"Bill Hawkins," he said, "for two generations your people and mine have been killin' one another off. My folks has always fought fair. Last fall your gang surprised us when we wasn't fixed, and cleaned us up. Then you hid in the bush like the sneak that you are and give me this leg. Now I can save you or hang you. Which would you do, Bill Hawkins?"

"I'd see you hang, Jim Meadows,"

snarled Hawkins; "and I'd help yank the rope!"

Meadows' teeth clicked together; his hard face darkened; his thumb hooked over the hammer of the rifle, and his forefinger stole within the trigger-guard. The woman laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Jim," she whispered, "this is the

hosses that'll take you to Jaynesburg inside of an hour."

"You'll save him?" panted the girl. "You—a Meadows—that ought to be fighting——"

Meadows whirled about in the doorway, his face twitching, his nails digging deep into the palms.

"Child," he said hoarsely, "I am fight-



"JIM, THIS IS THE TEST!"

test—the test Lowry told you was sure to come. Don't let it down you, Jim! Do what's right. Be a man!"

"Don't waste any more breath on him, Thorne," sneered Hawkins. "Fasten the doors and give me one of your guns. I can drop two or three of that mob before the thing's over with. Might as well swing for an old sheep as a lamb."

"You ornery hound!" Thorne cried. "I only wish I wasn't sheriff for just about two minutes. Come, Meadows; do we get the horses, or does that mob get Hawkins?"

Through the open door there came from the night the baying of distant dogs, the faint shouts of excited men. Meadows shook the insistent hand from his arm, tossed the rifle to its pegs, and ran to the back door.

"Come on!" he cried. "Out this way, and I'll put you straddle of a couple of

ing—fighting something stronger than all the Hawkinses. Come on, Thorne, quick, before I weaken!"

*Henry Kirk Williams.*

### Feet of Clay.

WHEN Ellice Gwynne came out on the veranda the morning after her arrival, she felt depressed. As is not unusual in summer hotels in the remote mountain districts, the guests at the Lake View House seemed to be almost entirely women, with only here and there a bald and harassed business man taking his well-earned two weeks' rest.

Ellice looked in vain for a single person of the opposite sex of anything like her own age. Even the girls were not very promising. Most of them were overdressed, almost all of them were plain,

and all of them seemed bored to distraction. Ellice could quite understand this, and she stifled a sympathetic yawn.

Suddenly there came a change at which the onlooker marveled. Susy Spinks, the sandy-haired and freckled millionairess, who had been lolling in her chair in an attitude as ungraceful as it was unconventional, assumed a sitting position of studied grace, and entered into vivacious conversation with the woman beside her. The girl who sat nearest Ellice felt her back hair and moistened her lips. All along the line a sudden concern was manifested as to the neatness of ribbon bows and the tucking of stray short hairs into their parent pompadours.

Ellice looked about in vain to see the cause of all this. Finally her eyes rested on a couple who were coming together up the steps from the water. Then she understood. The girl was insignificant and commonplace, but the man who walked beside her explained the Lake View's sudden and universal solicitude as to its personal appearance. Ellice even felt a momentary impulse—resolutely checked—to pat and adjust her own coiffure. For never had she seen anything comparable to the handsome youth who was plainly the jewel and the darling of the summer colony.

His good looks were of the kind about which there can be no question, just as no one questions the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere. The profile which Ellice surreptitiously studied might have been modeled from that famous statue. His tall and graceful figure was faultlessly attired in the most immaculate of flannels. He seemed as popular as he was handsome. The veranda broke suddenly into gaiety and good-humor as he passed from group to group.

"He is a good-looking boy, is he not?"

Ellice turned. The woman behind her, her face beaming with maternal pride, bore a certain resemblance to the brilliant youth.

"I think he is very handsome indeed," said the girl. "He is your son?"

"Yes, and a better son no woman ever had. You can see for yourself how popular Archie is with the ladies here, but he always has time for me—to talk with me, to read aloud, or to hold my worsted."

Ellice responded so cordially that the mother's heart was won.

"I must introduce him to you," she said at last, with the air of one conferring the greatest possible favor. "Archie dear!"

Archibald Throckmorton bowed gracefully as he was presented.

"This is your first visit to the Lake View, Miss Gwynne? You'll let me show you about, then, won't you? This is our third summer, and mother will tell you that I am a first-class cicerone."

"I should be delighted," said Ellice frankly.

"Then won't you row with me on the lake to-night? There'll be a moon, I believe, and you'd like the lake by moonlight, I'm sure. May I call that an engagement?"

Here he was called away to play tennis, and the conversation was at an end; but after tea he claimed her. The two hours that followed were the most perfect in the girl's life. The gliding motion over the silver water, the strains of the far-off violins on the hotel veranda and the almost unreal beauty of Archibald Throckmorton's face, blended in a dream of sensuous pleasure from which she might have wished never to awake.

One morning, two weeks later, Ellice sat alone in the summer-house that overhung the lake, lost in retrospection of the last fortnight. She and Throckmorton had been continually together, and she could not doubt that he was greatly attracted by her. How deeply he interested her, she had ceased to conceal from herself.

She was roused from her reverie by the sound of voices outside. She could not see the speakers, who were hidden by a screen of vines.

"I'd like a word with you, Throckmorton," she caught in the nasal tones of Mr. Henderson, the proprietor of the hotel.

"Yes?"

Her heart thrilled to Archie's rich, careless utterance.

"You remember the agreement by which you and your mother spend your summers here for nothing?" Henderson went on.

"May I ask why you take upon yourself to remind me of that?" Archie flashed back.

"Because—now keep your temper, Mr. Throckmorton—because you haven't been fulfilling your side of the bargain. You've been devoting yourself entirely to Miss Ellice Gwynne ever since she came here. There is no reason why you should pay so much attention to Miss Gwynne—she only pays twenty dollars a week. Have you lost the little list I gave you of the ladies in the hotel and how much each paid for her room? Miss Susy

Spinks heads that list with sixty-five dollars per week, and you haven't so much as played tennis with her for five days. Now, I don't speak without book; I've been taking notes right along. What did you do all day yesterday? Before breakfast, on the lake with Miss Gwynne. Forenoon, tennis and horseback ride with Miss Gwynne. Afternoon, drive with Miss Gwynne. Day before yesterday, walked to Pine Peak with her in the morning; in the afternoon, faded off somewhere else with her. Evening——"

"You needn't go on," Archie's voice broke across the monotonous complaint.

"Well, that's a sample, and the rest's just like it," Henderson resumed. "Now, this sort of thing has got to stop. I want you to take Miss Spinks out driving this afternoon."

"I can't go this afternoon. I'll take her to-morrow. I've another engagement for to-day."

"With Miss Gwynne? Well, you break it, and take Miss Spinks, do you hear?"

Taking an inarticulate growl for assent, the manager strode off. Ellice peeped through the vines that climbed the lattice of the summer-house. Archie sat motionless, his chin in his hand, looking moodily out across the lake. In all her angry disillusionment, she felt a little sorry for him, and her voice was gentle when she came out and spoke.

"I heard," she said simply.

Throckmorton gave one start, then stood still, staring at her with white lips.

"You heard?" he stammered at last.

Ellice nodded. He regained his self-possession at a bound.

"We stay here for nothing—my mother and I," he said in unnecessary explanation. "I make myself agreeable to the girls here in payment. It's only an extension of the 'cut rates for young men' system. Perfectly nice fellows take advantage of that."

"It's a little different," said Ellice coldly, looking past him over the lake.

"It wasn't my proposal. I applied for special rates, just as other men do, and Henderson himself suggested this arrangement. I'm an actor in the winter. I never told you that. Henderson had seen me, and he thought I made love well."

Poor Ellice! She had thought so, too. An actor! The word was illuminating. By the light of it, Ellice, looking at Throckmorton, saw much that she had never seen before; and much that she had seen she now saw differently. The stage mannerisms, the repeated gestures

—she had found each heroic, significant, and they were merely items of his stock in trade. The thrill in his voice, which she had mentally compared to the tremolo of a 'cello, had no doubt been used—on the same lake, under the same moon—to Susy Spinks. Possessing beauty, youth, and magnetism, he had sold them all for a mess of pottage, and had left to offer to a woman less than the meanest day-laborer.

"You'll come with me this afternoon, won't you, just the same?" Throckmorton said.

She shook her head.

"Why need this make so much difference?" he urged in still lower tones. "I give you my word that it was never acting with you."

Ellice could not have answered if she would. Her eyes were smarting with tears, and her throat choked, but her tears were for her own shattered dream, not for the pitiful figure before her.

"I understand," he said finally, in a voice that was changed and cold. "You need not make it any plainer."

There was something theatrical even in his attitude of dignified renunciation. Ellice could bear the scene no longer. Abruptly leaving him, she hurried to the house, to begin her packing and to order a seat in the stage that met an afternoon train.

She dined in her own room, and appeared on the veranda only just before the stage left. Throckmorton was leaning on the railing, for once a solitary figure, with a dejected expression on his handsome face. As she passed him he turned, and their eyes met.

"Good-by, Miss Gwynne," he said with a scarcely perceptible bow, not offering to shake hands.

Ellice's lips framed the words in her turn, but no sound came. She met the appeal in his eyes a moment longer, then turned quickly and went down the steps. Leaning over the railing, Throckmorton watched her take her seat in the stage and drive down the curving road. She was gone!

Suddenly he drew a long breath and threw back his shoulders, as one who takes upon his back again a burden that he has momentarily cast down. Then he crossed the veranda to the side of the red-haired and freckled millionairess.

"Miss Susy," he said, with his engaging smile, "it's a glorious afternoon. I wonder if I could persuade you to come out on the lake with me?"

*Harriet Craig.*

# THE CONSIDERATION OF MR. WHIMPETT.

BY ELLIOT WALKER.

"CAN'T you make a place for my boy in your office, Mr. Crackley? He is just out of college, and——"

"What sort of a young man is he, Jedson?" interrupted the round-faced commission merchant. "I've a vacancy, but I'm mighty particular whom I take in."

"Oh, you needn't worry about Morton. He has absolutely no bad habits."

"I—guess—I—don't—want—him," observed Crackley reflectively between cigar puffs. "Not—one—bad—habit? Too risky."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, Jedson. I wouldn't dare chance getting another Mr. Whimpett."

"Who is Whimpett?"

"A chap I had—a paragon of excellence! That was a hideous experience. I'll relate it, if you'll keep it to yourself."

"Go ahead. I thought——"

"Don't think! Listen! Mr. Whimpett came to me fairly plastered with recommendations of so high a character that I believed I'd at last obtained a really perfect article. He *was* perfect. I'll give him credit for that. For years I had said to myself, 'If I can only get hold of a capable man without a single bad habit, I'll be satisfied.' You know that is what every employer wants."

"Of course."

"Well, sir, Mr. Whimpett came—quite a young man, and painfully neat, yet not dudish; just extremely nice. Not a spot on him. He gave me a feeling of being one of the great unwashed, and I had been shaved and put on a clean shirt, too. I set him to work under my head bookkeeper, who also ran the cash. Said I:

"Desmond, this young man will assist you, and also help the other boys when necessary. Break him in,' and I introduced them."

"Desmond was mightily pleased, as he had clamored for an assistant for a long time. He spat in the cuspidor, shook hands with the newcomer, looked him over, and his grin sort of faded."

"Had any experience in our line of business?" he asked.

"I can learn," said Mr. Whimpett primly. He had a prim mouth, and opened it just enough to let words out."

"Yes," he added, "I think I shall prove a ready pupil."

"Desmond rubbed his nose with his thumb, a trick he had when embarrassed, and I made a mental inventory of my new clerk. He certainly was an ornament to the office. His eyes were rather large, with a bit of sadness in them. Their color wasn't blue exactly, nor green, but sort of half way, and very clear. His complexion was almost girlish, with a pinkness in each cheek. He had a long, straight nose, as white as his forehead, which was high and dignified. Every wisp of his light-brown hair was brushed precisely. I should say he was five feet eight—just the height that doesn't attract attention. And he possessed an intelligent look, neither eager and confident, nor subservient; just a calm, level, 'I hope to suit you' expression."

"Make him acquainted with the rest," I told Desmond, and went over to the board highly pleased, especially as my fresh acquisition was willing to start in at ten dollars a week.

"A busy man in my trade doesn't fuss much about his office help, you know. If the boys kept things up, I never found fault. All I want is to know that the shop is running smoothly, with a trustworthy man at the head of it. Desmond was that. I'd had him six years. If I smelt tobacco smoke, I didn't sniff around. I always smoked myself after lunch. Desmond chewed, but that was his affair. There's hard, trying work, and considerable night work here. I call for what I want, trial balance first of month, trading-card ready when I go on 'change, margins up, everything shipshape, cash where I can tell in ten seconds how I stand. By nine in the morning my business has to be where I can put my finger on everything I wish to know, if they have to work till midnight the night before. I pay well, as soon as I'm sure of a man. So I forgot about Mr. Whimpett, as things were rushing. Maybe it was a week before I thought to call Desmond into my private office."

"How's your helper doing?" I said.

"He's a wonder," said Desmond. "He's faultless. Never saw a chap take hold so."

"Accurate?" I asked.

"Don't believe he can make a mistake. Sees through a puzzle while I'm rubbing my nose. And quick! I thought I was fairly rapid. Yet he never hurries, simply slides work along like a machine, quiet and easy. There is no fault to find with Mr. Whimpett, sir."

"My head man's voice sounded tired. I noticed he twitched.

"It's been a lively week," I said kindly. "Now you take it easy, and get all you can out of Whimpett."

"He's done half my work," replied Desmond honestly, "and he has helped the others. Really, we haven't had much night work. I declare, we ought to be under obligations to Mr. Whimpett."

"But you don't seem to feel very smart," I ventured. "Not sick, are you?"

"I? Oh, no. Nerves bother me a little in rush times, that's all."

"He backed out, and I grinned. Surely I had picked up the right thing. It was a comfort to know so reliable a man was here to depend upon. I would raise him to fifteen a week, or sixty a month, rather, as I pay salaries, except to office kids. They go in the petty cash. I did raise him, and he thanked me gratefully.

"Mr. Desmond says you are a great help," I complimented him.

"Mr. Whimpett bowed modestly.

"It seems to me I can do more," he responded. "I enjoy the work here."

"In about a month it came over me that there was an indefinable change in the office. It was curiously quiet. I no longer noticed cigar smoke. I caught the office-boy enjoying his cigarette on the stairs. Yet every one seemed very busy. No loud talk; no scattering if I hustled in unexpectedly. The whole atmosphere seemed different. Somehow it bothered me. I was used to the boys—had been one myself. It didn't seem natural. If I called from my desk the whole building seemed to ring, and I found myself speaking, instead of shouting, which was a relief at times.

"I often heard low voices in the other room. 'Mr. Whimpett, will you look at this?' or 'Mr. Whimpett, please come here a minute'; and then his soft step and polite whisper.

"Why don't they call him Andrew, or Andy, or plain Whimpett?" I thought; but it was always 'Mr. Whimpett.'

"He was such an extremely gentlemanly fellow; so courteous, obliging, and modestly interested in having everything correct. It wasn't long before I got to

calling for Mr. Whimpett when I wanted some quick figuring done.

"Was an error made, who pounced upon it like a silent hunting spider? Mr. Whimpett. Did any one fall ill, who did his tasks? Mr. Whimpett. If some obnoxious person forced his way into the office, who, to the surprise of every one, put him out? Mr. Whimpett. And all as a matter of course, unruffled, and gently rebuking admiration with a quiet headshake.

"Then came the day when Desmond told me he intended to make a change. I was shocked.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Well, he had been thinking of it for some time. His nervous system wasn't quite right. Little things annoyed him. Couldn't keep his mind on his work. Thought it a duty to lay off for a while, and then try a different sort of business—something not so trying.

"But," I asked in some alarm, "how about me? Who'll I get to fill your place?"

"Mr. Whimpett," said Desmond. "He can do it. Really, Mr. Crackley, you've no idea of his ability. Of course others have been here longer, but that makes no difference. He is the proper man, and I heartily recommend him. Not a single bad habit, and extraordinarily rapid and accurate."

"Let him look after things, then, until you've taken a good rest and can come back," I suggested.

"Desmond thanked me, but he wouldn't listen to this proposition. He had made up his mind, and knowing him to be an unchangeable chap, I said no more. So he left me, and Mr. Whimpett took his position, expressing deep regret over Desmond's going, and apparently shrinking a little from the responsibility, which I quite liked.

"Desmond stayed a few days in order to post my new man about every detail. Being out by his desk one day, I noticed that his cuspidor had disappeared.

"I think within two months all my old help had found reasons for leaving, yet every one of them had nothing but words of praise for Mr. Whimpett, and he for them. I began to imagine it must be something about me.

"A set of solemn, pious-looking youths took their places, all very attentive, industrious, and neat. Mr. Whimpett selected them. Never had my office work run so smoothly. It was like a clock. No more smoke, loud talk, dust, scattered papers, or unnecessary whispers and gig-

gles. It was a model office. My friends who came in congratulated me on the improvement, but they dropped in less and less frequently.

"As for me, with absolutely no fault to find, I began to grow uneasy—really nervous. The cleanliness of my desk annoyed me. I like to sit down in a mess and clean it up. No longer did I find pleasure in lounging back in my chair, chatting with acquaintances and enjoying my cigar. The new stenographer coughed. I felt it bothered Mr. Whimpett. I ceased to smoke in the office. To linger at the club after lunch, to throw away my stub on the steps, to hurry in, dictate a few letters, and hasten out, became my regular custom. All else I left to Mr. Whimpett.

"He anticipated every obstacle and met it. I grew very dependent upon him, appreciating such perfection where I could not love it. He was an immaculate creature, always spotless of attire. I got to changing my shirt every day, and was forever brushing my clothes and hat. One gets dirty over on the board.

"Mr. Whimpett made a capital impression at my banks. I run three accounts, keeping a good balance at each place. Often, when buying stuff for shipment, not knowing when it may be delivered, I sign a few checks in blank, to be filled in as necessary. Always did it with Desmond. I did the same with Whimpett. I'd done it right along.

"It was a Thursday. I had purchased a cargo of corn.

"What's in?' I asked Mr. Whimpett at one o'clock.

"Ten thousand bushels from Howes & Rumney. Will you sign the check, sir?"

"I did. It was all made out.

"Let's see," said I, 'how do you want this? I won't return this afternoon; they've skipped the board session on account of Warp's death. Nothing for me to come back for.'

"You might sign a check on each bank," he suggested slowly. 'If we need more, I'll arrange to hold them over until morning—or we can overdraw on the Fidelity National and make good from the others.'

"Don't do that," I said. 'We want a balance there, and I'm against letting them know where I'm banking. Fix it as you like.'

"He brought out the other two books, and I signed—three blanks in all.

"Good-by," said I.

"Good-by, Mr. Crackley," he answered.

"I skipped out and went home. Whimpett made out those checks to his own order, and cashed them with no trouble, as he was well known. He left everything in perfect order, telling the delivery clerks that I was much affected by the death of old Warp, and had gone home. Would they kindly, as a personal favor, deliver early in the morning, and I would be glad to add the extra storage? It worked all right.

"Then he stepped out, saying he might not be in until four o'clock. He took with him fifteen thousand dollars, just half my bank balances. It was like him to divide them exactly; considerate, also, as it would have annoyed me to have been obliged to hustle in the morning, raising money for that cash corn. As it was, I had to borrow only ten thousand dollars.

"He mailed me a note just before taking his train, stating that as I was worth several hundred thousand dollars, I should hardly miss the slight abstraction. Yes, sir, that's what he said, and added that he had so thoroughly purged the office of all iniquity, including himself, that he felt he was entitled to a small bonus besides his salary.

"I've only one bad habit," he wrote, 'that of seizing financial opportunities; and as you have the same in a more marked degree, I trust you will condone my single fault.'

Here the swindled employer lighted a fresh cigar, settled comfortably in his chair, and chuckled.

"What?" exclaimed Jedson. "Didn't you ever catch the rascal?"

"I never tried," returned Crackley, laughing. "I hushed it up. It was worth that amount to get back to old ways and comfort. No one knows of the matter except Desmond, myself, and now you. I think I got off cheap.

"That villain Desmond had gone to work right in this same business. I sent for him. He came.

"Mr. Whimpett has left me," said I. 'Tell me honestly, did he ever ask you to quit chewing tobacco?'

"Never," said Desmond, 'but he looked so grieved and reproachful that I knew it hurt his feelings. He was so considerate about everything that I shut down of a sudden, and my nerves went. Of course it's a bad habit, but—well, when one's busy—'

"That'll do," said I. 'My cigar went for the same reason.'

"Then I told him about the checks. He was amazed.

"Now," I begged, 'come back. Fire

out those ghosts he hired, get the old boys in if possible, mix things up, and we'll be happy once more."

Mr. Crackley exhaled a tremendous blast of smoke.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Desmond, will you step here a moment?"

A mild-appearing, middle-aged man came in.

"Here's an old friend of mine," said his employer, regarding him whimsically. "He has a son who wants to get in here. The young man has no bad habits, not—a—single—one!"

"Don't want him!" replied the book-keeper bluntly.

"Oh," put in Mr. Jedson hurriedly, "my boy isn't a saint, you know. Smokes a pipe around home, and he brought back a beer mug from college, and—ahem!—he's like—why, like any other straight young fellow with no bad habits."

"Well, Desmond," remarked Mr. Crackley, "can we find a place for the boy?"

Desmond rubbed his nose with an inky thumb.

"Send him over," said he.

## THE CZAR'S WIFE AND SON.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

HOW THE EMPRESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA SETS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF THE DOMESTIC VIRTUES IN HER QUIET HOME LIFE AMID THE TROUBLES OF RUSSIA.

WHILE most English-speaking people favor Japan rather than Russia in the great national quarrel of the two empires, there are few who have not some feeling of personal sympathy for the unfortunate young Czar, and surely none who could cherish an unkindly thought of his wife, the Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna.

Unless events take some unforeseen turn, it seems certain that history, which judges sovereigns and statesmen by the results they achieve, will set down the reign of Nicholas II as a disastrous one for Russia. The difficulties of his position have been too much for him, as they would have been for any but a man of phenomenal powers. A Cæsar or a Cromwell might have faced and solved the problems, foreign and domestic, which the present Czar has utterly failed to grasp. By their family inheritance, the Romanoffs are a short-lived, nervous race, not specially sound or strong in mind or body. Nicholas Alexandrovitch is a man still young—he is only thirty-seven—naturally kind of heart, but infirm and unstable of will, who has had little practical contact with the world, who assumed his heavy crown unwillingly, who shrinks from his tremendous responsibilities, and finds his only happiness in his quiet life at Tsarkoye Selo with his wife and children.

The world cannot respect a weak emperor because he is a good husband and father, but it is ready to give all honor

to an empress who is a good wife and mother; and by common consent Alexandra of Russia thoroughly deserves that term of eulogy. She has sought to take no part in political affairs. She has had nothing to do with matters of military or diplomatic policy, with the intrigues and jealousies of grand-ducal cabals and bureaucratic factions. What little she has done in her imperial capacity has been in works of philanthropy and benevolence, in the promotion of movements for the comfort and welfare of Russian laborers and peasants.

The one public question in which she has been actively interested is that of the regulation of the liquor traffic. Drunkenness has been one of the scourges which for generations have flayed the bent back of the Muscovite mujik. The present Czar and Czarina have used their personal influence to ameliorate the situation. The sale of vodka has been made a government monopoly, and its revenues have been applied to beneficent undertakings. In spite of the inevitable percentage of official dishonesty, the new system is said by impartial observers to have worked well. On the one hand, the consumption of vodka has decreased, and on the other, the profits of the trade have built urgently needed schoolhouses and created great "people's palaces," which provide both amusement and mental improvement for the populace of the Russian cities.

But the main purpose of the Czarina's

life, since her marriage ten years ago, has centered upon her husband and her children, now five in number. It was a curious chance—to the superstitious it seemed something more than chance—that four daughters were born to her in succession. It is said that after the birth of the eldest, the Grand Duchess Olga, the Czarina apologized to her husband with tears in her eyes, as if she had failed in her duty. Nicholas reassured her, and denied that he felt any disappointment.

"I am extremely pleased to have a little girl," he said. "This child is ours, and ours alone. If a son had been born, it would not have been so. He would have belonged to Russia."

Yet when three more daughters came, and it seemed as if he were destined to have no direct heir—for the Russian law, in spite of the precedent of the great Catherine, does not permit a woman to inherit the crown—the Czar must have felt that fate was indeed against him. No wonder there were rejoicings in the palace when little Alexis arrived there on the 12th of last August.

Besides possessing the domestic virtues, the Czarina is a woman of unusual intelligence and accomplishments. She is a musician, having a cultivated singing voice and some skill at the piano. She is very well read. She has practical common sense and a wholesome spice of humor. She once drew a cartoon which showed a good-tempered but thorough comprehension of her husband's character. It pictured him as a bearded infant in long clothes, tied in a high chair, and surrounded by a crowd of relatives and councillors flourishing feeding bot-

tles and napkins, and each insisting that the imperial babe should be fed in a different way. The distracted child was beginning to cry.

The Czarina inherited the qualities of her mother, the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, who as Princess Alice of England was Queen Victoria's favorite daughter. The British queen is said to have seen in the young Princess Alix of Hesse the reincarnation of her own best-loved child, and to have hoped that the girl would make her married home in England. Much of the future Czarina's time was spent there during her girlhood, and she speaks English perfectly, besides her native German, the Russian that she has learned in her adopted country, and French and Italian.

She lost her mother when she was only six years old. Sixteen years later, when Alix of Hesse went to St. Petersburg to become Alexandra of Russia, it was the present Queen of England—her husband's aunt, and her own aunt by marriage—who accompanied her. On her wedding morning, the elder princess came into the bride's room, according to an ancient custom, bearing in her right hand a bouquet and in her left a cup of honey, both of which she presented to her niece. The bouquet signified, "May you bloom and be fragrant like these flowers!" and the cup of honey, "Like this may your wedded days be clear and sweet!"

Strictly within certain limits, these picturesque wishes have been fulfilled. Disastrous storms have raged outside, but within the sacred circle of her home life the young Czarina has found peace and happiness.

#### SHIPWRECK.

Low surged the madding waves at eve, and fast  
The dusk and murky gloom closed in the day;  
Dull, desolately broke the chilling spray  
Along the deck. The mists uprose; the blast  
Drove louder 'gainst the singing cords and mast  
Aquiver; while above the dread dismay  
The demons roared and tore the sails away—  
White sails that once to balmy winds were cast.

The night's black pall hung on the pitiless air  
That swept the writhing sea, that whipped with cold  
The whitened whitecaps and the floating hair  
Of One too glorious for a story told,—  
Of One whose fame endures a pearl for me,  
Who search in vain for her the shoreless sea!

*Walter Flavius McCaleb.*



THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA WITH HER INFANT SON, THE CZAREVITCH ALEXIS, NOW TEN MONTHS OLD.

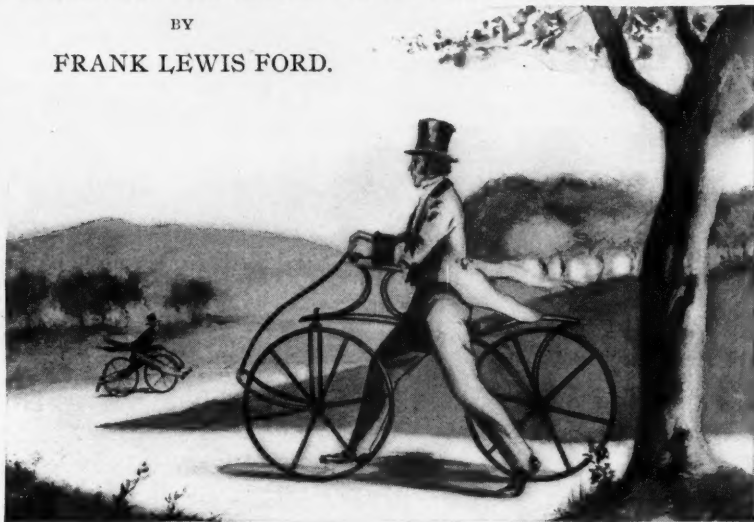
*From a photograph by Boissonas & Egger, St. Petersburg.*



# WHAT SPEED OWES TO SPORT.

BY

FRANK LEWIS FORD.



THE FORERUNNER OF THE BICYCLE—THE HOBBYHORSE, A FASHIONABLE TOY OF OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS.

*From an old English print dated 1819.*

THE DEMAND FOR THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE SPEED IN SPORT ON LAND AND WATER—THE RECORDS IT HAS ESTABLISHED, THE MARVELOUS MACHINES IT HAS PERFECTED, AND THE GREAT INDUSTRIES IT HAS CREATED.

NO bank in all the world could cash the check if travel paid the debt it owes to play. It is a remarkable fact, and hitherto almost unobserved, that civilization's great problem of rapid transit has been solved largely through the making of speed-toys for the rich.

By nature, man is one of the slowest creatures on the face of the earth; by inclination, he is one of the swiftest. Nothing has ever been found which can pack every half-second as full of thrilling happiness as the flashing past of the mile-posts. There seems to be no ecstasy in the whole domain of sport that equals that of becoming a conscious projectile.

This pleasure that is found in speed has been indirectly the means of working wonderful changes in the business world. It has created new trades and professions, and completely altered conditions in many of the older lines of industry. If we can to-day ride on an ocean steamship that plows a straight white furrow across three thousand miles of ocean in less than five days and a half; if we can breakfast this morning in New York and to-morrow morning in Chicago; such miracles have been made possible mainly

by the work bestowed upon the record-breaking playthings that skim along the coast or dart up and down our streets.

How the automobile evolved from a toy to an industrial necessity, how the massive five-ton auto-truck grew up from a little amusing device that was as simple and as useless as a boy's kite, is one of the fairy-tales of commerce. Nobody invented automobiles. Like Topsy, they "grewed." For more than a hundred years the toy-makers of Europe and America hammered away, adding here a wheel and there a pedal, until to their amazement they found that they had fashioned the most variously useful vehicle in the whole realm of industry.

## THE SPEED-TOYS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

There are a few enthusiastic autologists who insist that pictures of automobiles have been found on the sides of the Pyramids. They point to a paragraph in ancient history which tells of the wonderful invention of an Egyptian named Hero, who made a three-wheeled machine to run by steam, a hundred years before the Christian era. But we have no exact knowledge of any Egyptian automobiles.

No mummy that has been unrolled up to the present time bears any striking resemblance to a chauffeur.

To come from myths to facts, we know that at about the time the Declaration of Independence was being written, a clever French balloonist named Blanchard had invented a "straddle-

to be an improvement at once, as it had three wheels and pedals. There was no danger of a tumble, and it could be ridden by women as well as men. For a time there was a velocipede boom, but a vehicle that was never comfortable except when it was going down hill was plainly doomed to go out of fashion. Its



A FORERUNNER OF THE AUTOMOBILE—THE GURNEY STEAM CARRIAGE, BUILT IN 1828.

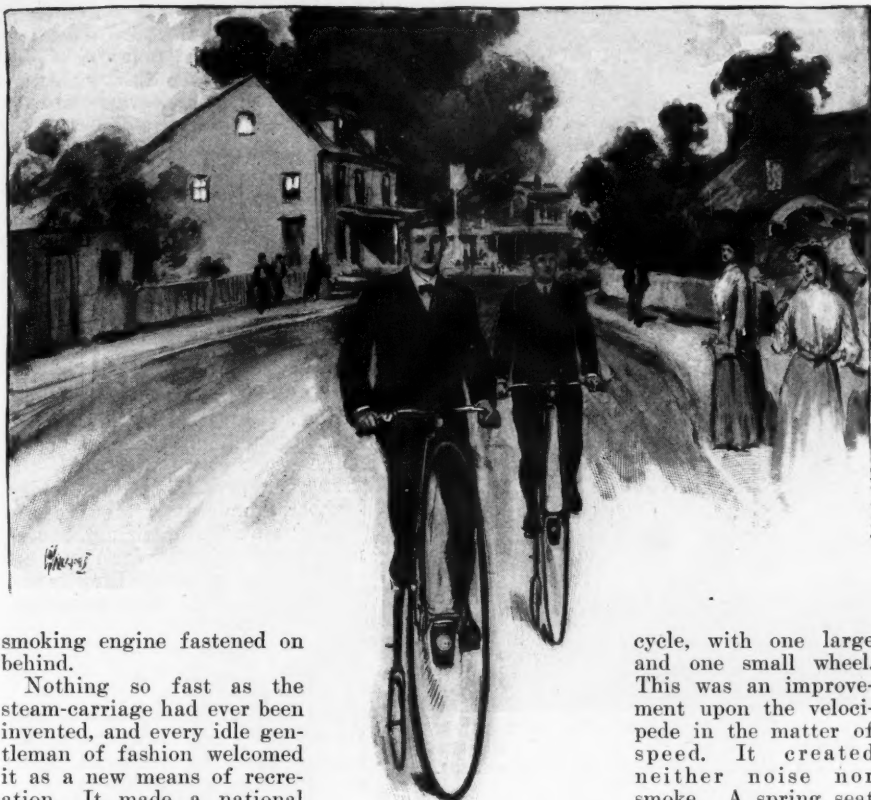
wheel" for his own amusement. Soon afterward, the dandies of Paris and London took up Blanchard's play-toy, and for a time they had great sport with it. It was nothing more than two wheels connected by a simple framework and having a cushioned seat upon the upper center of it. There were no pedals. The rider straddled the machine and let it run down a slope, or pushed it along with his feet. This hobbyhorse, or "dandy-horse," as it was called, was a popular fad in the back-yards of palaces for a few years; but riding it was too much like hard work to suit the luxurious courtiers of those days. A real horse that had legs and energy of its own was preferable, and so the "dandy-horse" went to the junk-heap.

Then came the velocipede. It was seen

popularity dwindled until to-day it is a toy for six-year-olds only.

#### THE FORERUNNERS OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

The next development was the steam-carriage. A Frenchman named Cugnot, an Englishman named Trevithick, and an American named Oliver Evans had been experimenting with steam-carriages in the eighteenth century; and in 1829 an English nobleman, Sir James Anderson, had one built which was a conspicuous success. It carried fifteen passengers and attained a speed of fifteen miles an hour. The steam-carriage was such a vast improvement upon the dandy-horse and the velocipede that capitalists began to build them by the score. They were invariably shaped like stage-coaches, each with a clumsy, puffing,



smoking engine fastened on behind.

Nothing so fast as the steam-carriage had ever been invented, and every idle gentleman of fashion welcomed it as a new means of recreation. It made a national sensation, favorable and unfavorable. As it whirled along the country roads, like a smoky monster from some subterranean world of fire, horses leaped over hedges and the terrified peasantry fled to nooks of safety. Compared with it, a modern motor-car is a thing of peace and gentleness.

A dozen or so of them were run in London as omnibuses, but the high fare—a shilling a ride—and the ominous aspect of the vehicle, scared away passengers. Ladies disliked the steam-carriages because of the grease and soot that soiled their dresses; and so, little by little, they fell into disfavor. The railroad, with its closed coaches, cheaper rates, and smooth rails, drove them from the roads into the museums. Once more it was proved that no amusement that involves risk and hardship can long remain popular.

#### THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE BICYCLE.

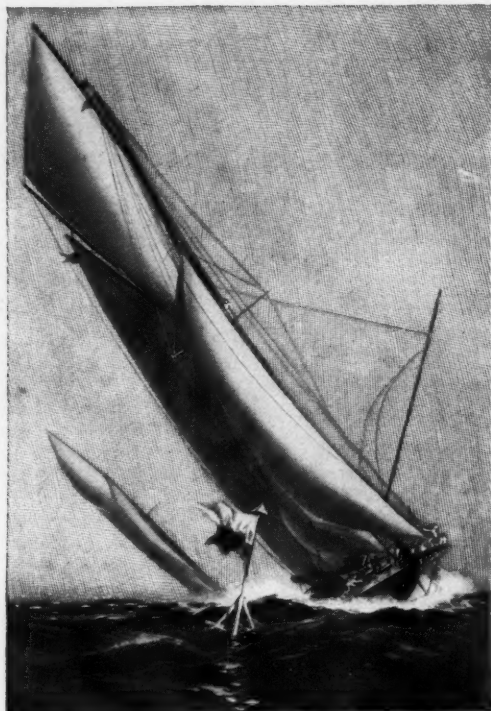
The fourth step in this curious evolution was the invention of the high bi-

THE "ORDINARY" BICYCLE OF TWENTY YEARS AGO, REGARDED IN ITS DAY AS A MARVEL OF SPEED, BUT NOW ENTIRELY EXTINCT.

cycle, with one large and one small wheel. This was an improvement upon the velocipede in the matter of speed. It created neither noise nor smoke. A spring seat made it fairly comfortable. But it was dangerous. At any time a stone in the path meant a "header," and a "header" often meant a broken nose or

a fractured collar-bone. So the high bicycle came to be generally regarded as a thing of more or less perilous adventure, like a Texas bronco, and not a thing of amusement.

About twenty years ago came the first safety bicycles—swift, safe, and noiseless. At first their high cost placed them in the class of semi-luxuries, like carriages and pianos; but in a few years the bicycle boom rose like a flood. By 1895, in the United States alone, there was a capital of seventy-five million dollars invested in more than four hundred factories, and three quarters of a million machines a year were being manufactured and sold. In the summer of that year over five thousand Americans toured Europe on their wheels. A vacation without a bicycle was supposed to



THE SWIFTEST THING PROPELLED BY SAIL POWER—A MODERN NINETY-FOOT RACING CUTTER, A TOY THAT COSTS PERHAPS A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

be as incomplete as an island without a boat. The League of American Wheelmen swelled its membership to more than fifty thousand, and the cycling associations of Europe numbered two hundred thousand enthusiasts. For five years or more, cycling was the favorite sport of all civilized nations.

Out of the great army of amateurs was evolved a handful of professionals, whose object was speed. The first few contests proved that a bicyclist could leave the fastest horse in the rear. The pace quickened from thirty miles an hour to forty—to fifty—to a mile a minute. The constant beating of records stimulated the general interest, and twenty-five magazines and one daily paper were born to satisfy the public demand for bicycling news.

The bicycle had its day—a glorious day of recreation and prosperity, and then came, not night, but a sort of lingering twilight. It was too strenuous a plaything for a generation that had become accustomed to comfort. A motor was added, but that required skill, and made

trouble. To operate a motor from the narrow seat of a bicycle seemed too hazardous a feat for those who were not familiar with machinery. Pleasure-lovers shook their heads and waited.

#### THE MAGIC OF THE MOTOR.

This constant demand for something faster and safer and more sociable than the individualistic bicycle set the inventors of the world to work. It was the rich who made the demand. Success meant millions of dollars and a world-wide market. A German named Gottlieb Daimler was the first to construct a practical gas-engine. He fastened it to a child's velocipede, and away the little machine went down the road—the first of a procession that to-day numbers hundreds of thousands.

A couple of enterprising Frenchmen heard of Daimler's success and bought his patents for France. First they made a little motor-car for one person only.

"I want a machine that will carry my whole family," said one customer.

"Make one for me with a seat for a hired operator in front and half a dozen seats behind," said another.

And so the giant ninety-horse-power car, as luxurious as a parlor, was developed and greeted with a universal shout of delight. The automobile had arrived.

While it is not strictly correct to say that the automobile developed directly from the bicycle, it was the bicycle that prepared the way. It created the demand for a more comfortable machine. It originated the pneumatic tire, and educated a large body of skilled workers who have since entered the automobile factories. It started the movement for good roads, and awakened a keener appreciation of the pleasures of touring. And so the bicycle boom, which was thought in 1895 to be final and unsurpassable, turned out to be no more than a beginning, an early dawn, of the automobile era.

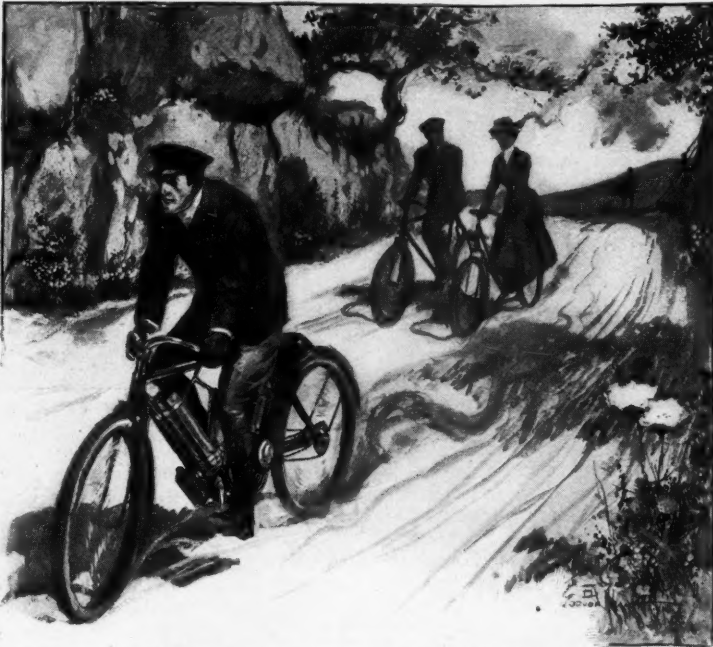
Who can believe to-day that ten years ago automobiles were as seldom seen in the United States as elephants? When W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., John Jacob Astor, and Albert C. Bostwick imported the first motor-cars from Paris, the machines were walled in at every stop by curious mobs of New Yorkers. Here, at last, was

the speed-toy *de luxe*. The quest of the perfect plaything had been successful. Nothing remained now except to make it faster, and faster, and faster.

The first notable automobile race in the United States took place in New York six years ago. American and French machines ran neck and neck. Spurred on by the international rivalry, both makers and chauffeurs strained every nerve. To the tense racers even a

the white road with the swiftness of a swallow—here was a sensation that could tighten up the slackest nerves and make life worth the living.

For a time W. K. Vanderbilt's record stood unbeaten and apparently unbeatable. Then, at the last midwinter contest in Florida, H. L. Bowden, of Boston, shot across the one-mile track in thirty-two and four-fifths seconds—a speed of almost one hundred and twenty miles an



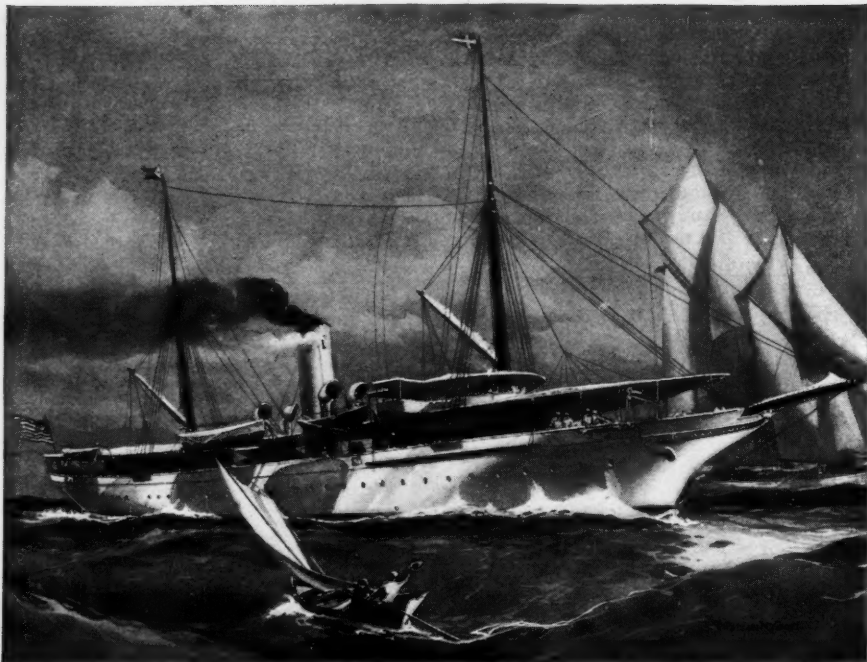
THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE BICYCLE—THE OLD ORDINARY WAS SUPERSEDED BY THE SAFETY, AND THE SAFETY HAS BEEN OUTDISTANCED BY THE MOTOR-BICYCLE.

second became so long that it was cut into fifths. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's car, making a mile in fifty-eight seconds, wiped out the bicycle records. E. R. Thomas cut off two seconds more. Barney Oldfield, the speed-demon of Indiana, used one-fifth of a second less. Then W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., driving his ninety-horse-power car, flew over the Florida sands at the rate of one mile in thirty-nine seconds.

"Speed! Speed! Speed!" was still the cry. Fortunes were spent for new engines. The cleverest mechanics toiled day and night to satisfy these battling millionaires. Speed became the absorbing subject in the clubs and the hotels and the summer palaces. To dart along

hour. Mr Bowden's machine was one of marvelous construction, having a one-hundred-and-twenty-horse-power engine, and costing him, so it is commonly reported in automobile circles, more than fifty thousand dollars.

To-day there are about sixty thousand automobiles of all kinds in the United States. To own less than four is poverty, among the money-kings of Lenox, Newport, and Palm Beach. Many own nine or ten. John Jacob Astor has twenty-two in his private garage. The cost of maintaining a garage sounds more like a Congressional appropriation than like an item in a personal account for amusement. A careless chauffeur may run up a bill for four thousand dollars' worth of



THE MOST COSTLY AND MAGNIFICENT OF ALL SPEED-TOYS—THE MILLIONAIRE'S STEAM YACHT, A FLOATING PALACE THAT COSTS PERHAPS HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

repairs in a single year; and if he wrecks a car, the cost may be three or four times this amount. Several thousands more are required for auto furs, coats, and incidentals. There are not a few chauffeurs who command a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year or more.

#### THE SPEEDIEST THING AFLOAT.

Together with the automobile came the motor-boat, which began at once to make the same wonderful speed records on water as the other was making on land. Both toys grew up with the development of the gasoline engine. When the steam-carriage had failed, engineers said:

"Horseless vehicles are impossible, unless some one can invent an engine that will be light, small, and clean."

Such an engine was the dream of mechanics, until Herr Otto, of Cologne, made the dream come true in 1876. His gasoline motor conquered its hostile critics in a short time. Here was a motor without coal, without boiler, without ashes, and as automatic as a watch.

The motor-boat was immediately recognized as the perfect plaything of the water. Its builders were assailed by the demand for speed, and again there came

a desperate contest between inertia and human cleverness. Soon the little boats chugg-chugged twenty-five miles an hour, then thirty, and even thirty-five is claimed for them, though the regatta records show that a much lower speed wins the races on the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. "We will reach fifty yet," prophesy the builders. The boats grew in size as well as in speed, and began to dare the ocean. A recent cablegram announces that "the American gasoline boat Gregory, belonging to Lewis Nixon, has arrived at the Azores, on its way to Gibraltar." And so, now that automobiles run from San Francisco to Boston, it is possible to tour the whole world with a couple of playthings.

All this is play; but it is more. It is business. It is the development of commerce—the upbuilding of cities—the promotion of prosperity. From these amusements vast new industries have grown. Every means of transportation has been quickened more or less since the motor-car has raised our standards of speed. In short, the whole commercial mechanism has become more efficient through the indirect influence of these two motor-toys.

In the motor-boat industry it is estimated that fifteen million dollars is now invested, and more than eighteen thousand men employed. In the State of Maine alone there are four hundred builders of motor-boats. Nearly seven hundred of the little vessels go in and out of the one harbor of Portland, either for pleasure or business. The fisherman's trade has been revolutionized. The oyster and lobster fleets, especially, consist almost entirely of power boats. The Cape Cod fisherman has learned that he can buy a gasoline engine and fasten it to the rudder post of his boat at a moderate expense, and he is being compelled to do it by motor-boat competition. The small sailing vessel is being driven from the coasts, and with it will go that tragic loss of life that has made the fisherman's occupation one of the most dangerous in the world.

To-day the American motor-boat can be found on the waters of almost all countries, enlisted in the service of commerce. It battles with the swift rivers of New Zealand and glides from village to village in the silent fiords of Norway. It runs errands on the Mississippi and the Volga and the Nile. It carries groceries in Florida and the United States mails in Alaska. Such has been the marvelous expansion of the five-year-old motor-boat industry.

#### HOW SPORT CREATES GREAT INDUSTRIES.

As for the automobile, its influence upon industry has been phenomenal. Samuel A. Miles, general manager of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, in an estimate which he kindly prepared for this article, arrives at the conclusion that twenty thousand machines were produced last year in the



THE ACME OF SPEED ON LAND—THE MODERN RACING AUTOMOBILE IS EASILY CAPABLE OF TRAVELING AT THE RATE OF A HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR, DISTANCING THE FASTEST TRAINS.

United States, valued at twenty-three million dollars. These were made in fifty factories, and gave employment to more than twenty thousand men, including those who make the various accessories of the trade. Altogether, in the past four years, Americans have spent more than

As a purely commercial vehicle, the motor-car has made its appearance on the streets of every American city. Majestic trucks, capable of carrying a squad of sixty men, move quietly about in the wholesale district. One St. Louis firm has sixty great trucks on the



THE ACME OF SPEED ON THE WATER—  
THE NEWEST OF ALL THE SPEED-TOYS IS  
THE MOTOR-BOAT, WHICH CAN MAKE  
THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

fifty million dollars in the purchase of automobiles, including about four millions for foreign-made machines, French, German, and Italian.

The indirect benefits derived by other trades and professions would bulk into an encyclopedia, if they were fully described. The railroad business, for instance—if the American machines that were manufactured last year were loaded into one long train, it would number fifty-five hundred freight-cars. If all the machines now in use in the United States were shipped at once, the train would be a hundred and fifty miles long. With the rear car in New York, the engine would be seven miles beyond Albany.

The automobile has brought prosperity to the suburban hotel. It gives support to a dozen trade journals, and adds a large amount to the exchequers of magazines. Frequently the automobile advertisements alone in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* would make a booklet of twenty pages or more, highly interesting and finely illustrated, too.

streets, and has ordered more. In this line improvements are being made so rapidly that before this article is on the news stands the whole situation may be altered.

Altogether, the automobile and motor-boat industries of America support probably a total population of two hundred and fifty thousand—as many as were in the wide-reaching State of Montana at the last census. Vast social changes that touch almost every family have resulted. Wages in the skilled trades have been raised. The city and the country have been reunited. Our whole civilization has been geared up to a higher point of speed and effectiveness.

And all because of a couple of toys! Was there ever before such profitable play?

# THE LAST OF THE KINGSLANDS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

## I.

ONCE it had been green-walled by the hills. To-day it was shut in by towering piles of brick and stone. Formerly a gravel road led for half a mile beneath the trees to the great gate of the lodge. Now the trolley cars whirled by on the asphalt scarcely one hundred feet away. Yet the old house was not without a certain magnificence in decay. With the great white pillars of its lofty portico it still inspired the passer-by with a sense of the dignity attendant upon old age.

Restricted now to the narrow confines of perhaps three ordinary city lots, it was still known as the Kingsland Place. The house had been built a hundred and fifty years ago, and had been maintained in perfect order for two-thirds of the time. For fifty years, however, little had been done to it. There had been nothing to arrest the slow process of disintegration. It stood now a mere shell, a hollow mockery of its former substance; empty, neglected, save for its ancient chatelaine.

Like her, however, it still presented a bold front to age and adversity. Beneath the vines that clustered tenderly about it, under the shade of the trees that drooped caressingly over it, the ravages of time and neglect, most potent forces for annihilation, were not patent to the casual observation. Its quivering rafters still upbore it, as her tottering limbs held Miss Barbara erect, undaunted.

There were but two people of the ancient stock who bore the name of Kingsland. One was Miss Barbara, the other her uncle. There had been no communication between them for fifty years. There were but two blots upon the Kingsland escutcheon, as Miss Barbara scanned it. One was the uncle; for John Kingsland had taken advantage of the trust Barbara's father, his only brother, had reposed in him, and had, by what rascality it enters not into this tale to discuss, effected the ruin of his brother.

Geoffrey Kingsland, the head of the house, had sacrificed his whole fortune to preserve the honor of his name. He had mortgaged to the last dollar every acre that he possessed. He had denied

himself, and Barbara, his only child, everything but the barest necessities of life; and he had cut John Kingsland absolutely and entirely out of his affections, out of his very acquaintanceship.

Miss Barbara had inherited her father's implacable resentment against John Kingsland, not so much on account of the property lost as on account of the stain on the family name—of which no one knew, after her father's death, except herself and the despoiler.

Geoffrey and John Kingsland had had a sister. She, too, had failed to live up to the Kingsland traditions, for she had married beneath her. Of course, any marriage might have been that from the Kingsland viewpoint, but this was distinctly a *mésalliance*. A mad infatuation for an underling on her father's estate had resulted in a runaway marriage. The poor woman, thoroughly repentant too late, had died long since, leaving a brood of descendants who partook of the qualities of their father—a worthless, dissipated, ne'er-do-well—rather than of their mother, in whose veins, whatever her weaknesses, had flowed the Kingsland blood. They were an undesirable lot, recognized in no way either by John Kingsland or by Miss Barbara. That was the second blot on the escutcheon.

A proud woman, and a hard, was Miss Barbara. She was as stern, as indomitable in her adherence to the Kingsland precepts, the Kingsland creed, as had been those stubborn soldiers who had founded the race. While her father lived, they had barely managed to pay the interest on their mortgages. After he died, Miss Barbara took up the task, which was all that he could bequeath to her, and to which she soon found herself entirely unequal. Bit by bit she was forced to part with the ancient holdings. The swirling river of traffic, the swift current of progress, wore away parcel after parcel of the Kingsland estate, until it was all gone except the ground on which the house stood.

The mansion had been filled with belongings which would have made a collector's eye glisten, an antiquarian's heart throb. Furtively, letting not her

right hand know what the left did, Miss Barbara had parted with nearly everything of value within the four walls. She had made a desperate endeavor to retain the old house, at least—the last stronghold of the Kingslands, the last evidence of their once widespread domination, the last material testimony to their power and importance.

"Let me die in the home of my fathers!" had been the oft-repeated prayer of her shriveled lips and withered heart.

There had always been a Kingsland in Kingsland. While she lived there should be. To that end she struggled desperately against overwhelming odds, as perhaps only a woman can. How slender were her resources, how frail her holdings, no one divined. Indeed, but three people even suspected the real condition of affairs.

One was John Kingsland. Not once since she had been a child had Miss Barbara addressed a word to her uncle, yet John Kingsland would have given a great deal in his lonely old age for recognition by his niece. He would have provided for her generously if she had allowed him. A short time before, he had broken the silence of fifty years, and had written her urging friendship, offering assistance, but with no word of acknowledgment, of repentance, of regret. The letter had been returned to him unanswered. John Kingsland was a hot-tempered man, and his indignation was as a consuming fire.

Another who suspected something of the truth was Richard Garrison, a lawyer. His father and grandfather had been attorneys for the Kingslands. He himself had attended to all John Kingsland's legal business, which was considerable. Also, from time to time, he looked after Miss Barbara's interests, which were small.

Old Levi Abraham, who held the mortgage on the last bit of the property, and who looked with covetous eyes upon the remaining land, which was worth vastly more for business purposes than the amount of the incumbrance, perhaps enjoyed a clearer view of the situation. Covetousness fathoms more concealed depths than anger or affection. So he waited, hawk-like, for the hour when Miss Barbara would default in the interest, and he might foreclose and tear down the crumbling old ruin, which, to his material eye, disgraced the highway. But Miss Barbara never defaulted. Promptly on the appointed day she placed in Richard Garrison's hand the

necessary amount to enable him to pay the interest on the mortgage.

Miss Barbara lived alone—absolutely alone. She went nowhere; she received no one. On the rare occasions when she was seen on the street, her dress indicated comfort, even richness, although it was hopelessly old-fashioned. So it was on Sundays when she sat alone in the square old Kingsland pew, unchanged among all the others in the church out of respect to her, and to be maintained intact until she died. People whose windows overlooked the back of the Kingsland place sometimes saw her decrepit figure toiling in the remains of a futile garden which furnished most of her subsistence. Her purchases were few and small. She lived—that was all; no one knew exactly how; no one greatly cared.

All her friends had died or moved away. Her former acquaintances had forgotten her. She was an anachronism, a remnant of the past, a poor withered leaf almost torn from the tree of life by the wind of adversity; yet she confronted the world as bravely, as undauntedly, as her forebears. There was not a prouder-looking woman in the city.

## II.

In the course of time John Kingsland, full of years and riches, if not of honors, died. The day after his burial Richard Garrison sent a note by a clerk to Miss Barbara, saying that her uncle's will had been opened and read, and that he wished to put her in possession of its contents. If it were agreeable to her he proposed to call that afternoon to discuss the matter with her.

It was not agreeable to Miss Barbara to discuss anything pertaining to John Kingsland, yet she could see no reason for refusing to receive Mr. Garrison under the circumstances. She notified him through his messenger that she awaited his pleasure.

There was but one room in the house that remained habitable. That was the great library, which ran from the front to the back, along the east side of the hall. The walls were lined with book-cases rising half way to the ceiling. The green silk behind the glass doors had once concealed a multitude of rare volumes. The shelves now were as empty as the house itself—as empty as Miss Kingsland's heart, as Miss Kingsland's life; but no one knew of this emptiness unless the doors were opened.

Above the book-cases, on the walls, were the family portraits of the Kingslands, beginning with that Sir Geoffrey, who had been a loyal adherent to his gracious and melancholy majesty Charles I. Just before Naseby, the king knighted the young squire, and bestowed upon him a ring containing a balas-ruby which had graced the royal hand, the last jewel of the crown. Miss Barbara wore that ring upon her finger, a king's guerdon, worth to-day a king's ransom. That Kingsland had fled to America after the downfall of his royal master and the wreck of his own fortunes, and had founded the family of which Miss Barbara was the last.

There, on the wall, was a Kingsland in the scarlet of the Royal Americans; there was another in the blue and buff of the old Continentals; another in the gray and black of the army under Scott; another in the high stock and rolling collar, the blue swallow-tail coat, of the giants of the Senate, of whom he had not been the least. There was her father, painted in the days of the Compromise; and, lastly, there was Miss Barbara herself in her girlhood. A clever eye indeed it would be which could detect a likeness between the picture and the lonely occupant of the vast and ancient room that day!

There was an old-fashioned tea-table in the room, and two chairs. In one of them Washington had sat at that very table before the battle of Long Island. Miss Kingsland slept on a poor little pallet bed in one corner of that room. This she dragged into the denuded drawing-room before the advent of her caller. The crazy bedstead she had painfully chopped to pieces, in order to provide a fire which she kindled in the grate in the library. In the wine-cellar, out of its once superb stock, there remained but one bottle of old Madeira, and in this there were but two glasses of the wine. In the larder, which had groaned with plenteous provision, were two crackers.

The semi-annual interest on the mortgage had been due two days before. Miss Barbara had brought the money to Richard Garrison as usual. When that sum was paid over to the lawyer, she was penniless. It represented absolutely everything of value in the house, except the clothes she wore and the ring upon her wasted hand. No strait could ever bring a Kingsland low enough to part with the king's ruby. It never entered the head of the poor gentlewoman to dispose of it in order to provide for her own comfort.

She had nothing to eat—nothing with which to procure anything. She had no fire until that afternoon. The first awful bitterness of starvation had passed, she thought, but she shuddered in her soul when she found herself staring like a mad wolf at the two little crackers and the modicum of wine. It was only by a terrible effort that she controlled herself. No one must know. Besides, the claims of hospitality were sacred.

Resolutely she set the wine and the crackers on the table, drew the chairs before the fire, walked unsteadily to the window, and waited.

It was late in the fall. A slight snow was blowing down the street; the air was full of the presage of storm. Presently Richard Garrison came up the walk, ascended to the high porch, and tapped on the door. She let him in herself.

"The servants," she said, trembling pitifully in spite of her heroic efforts at composure, "have—in short, I am alone, and——"

"Quite so," said Mr. Garrison. "I am honored at being so admitted."

"Will you step into the library, sir?" asked Miss Barbara. "I have a fire, and it is warmer than in the drawing-room. As a great honor—you are so old a retainer of the family—I will allow you to sit in the Washington chair, sir."

Miss Kingsland never forgot, nor did she ever allow a Garrison to forget, the difference between her rank and his own. Although Richard Garrison was one of the ablest lawyers in the city, a man of standing and influence, to Miss Kingsland he was only her man of business, as his father had been to her father, and so on along the line. It amused Garrison greatly to-day, as he looked from the quaint, old-fashioned figure to the barrenness of the long room, spotlessly clean, its shining floor evidence of the care Miss Kingsland had bestowed upon it. Yet it filled him with pity, too; and it made his task harder than he had imagined.

Miss Kingsland was dressed in black satin which might have cost ten dollars a yard fifty years ago, and which was still stiff enough to stand alone. A fichu of old lace crossed over her withered bosom; a little square of old lace rested upon and blended with her crown of white hair. The garments covered an undaunted heart, and little else, save that which decency required.

"Sit there, Mr. Garrison," she said, "and let me offer you a glass of my father's 1805 Madeira and a biscuit."

The lawyer took them innocently enough. Either would have choked him if he had surmised that he was consuming Miss Kingsland's all.

"Miss Kingsland," he began at last, "I have come to you about your uncle's will."

"Pardon me, Mr. Garrison, but for fifty years neither my father nor I have had the least interest in Mr. John Kingsland's affairs. To-day is the first time than I can remember to have mentioned his name since I was a girl. I could not refuse to see you, but I wish to hear nothing, absolutely nothing, from him or about him. He is dead. Let him rest!"

"But, my dear lady," insisted Mr. Garrison, "it is necessary that you should hear. I appreciate your position, believe me, but I feel that it is my duty—in short, I must communicate to you the tenor of the will."

"If it is your duty, Mr. Garrison, I will hear you. No Kingsland ever prevented a man from doing his duty."

"Thank you, madam. Mr. John Kingsland was, as you know, a very peculiar man."

Miss Kingsland waved a trembling hand in the air. As it wavered before his gaze, Mr. Garrison could see the peculiar orange-red gleam of the balasaruby against the deadly white of the old hand. He went on rapidly.

"He left his money to——"

"He could not have left it to me? He dared not!" said the old woman, sitting more erect, if possible, than before.

"These are the terms of his will," continued the lawyer, hastily unfolding the paper. "'I did one of my family a grievous wrong in early days,' he read. "'Strange as it may seem, that wrong was the foundation of my fortune. Having no child of my own, I wish to atone, so far as is possible, in my death; and I bequeath my whole fortune without reservation to the poorest relative I am possessed of, according to the determination of the courts, in the hope that the restitution may be enjoyed.'"

Mr. Garrison read rapidly; in fact, he dared not stop. He was burning with indignation at the diabolical malignity with which John Kingsland had coupled insult and bequest.

"Is that all?" asked Miss Barbara calmly when he paused.

"Practically all—the essential part, any way. There are a few minor details—an inventory, and so forth. The estate, I may say, will probably amount to

five or six millions of dollars. I congratulate——"

"Mr. Garrison," interrupted the old woman, rising and standing erect, sustained by that indomitable will, that undaunted pride of hers, "do you mean to insult me?"

"God bless me, my dear Miss Kingsland, certainly not!"

"Am I an object of charity, a mendicant? Must I avow myself a pauper, must I go to court and practically proclaim my indigence, to claim this belated and iniquitous attempt to repair a wrong and injustice?"

"But, my dear Miss Barbara——"

"I have absolutely no legal claim upon the estate of Mr. John Kingsland when coupled with that stipulation. Under such conditions I could not touch a penny of it—and more, if I could I would not! Let it go to his nephews and nieces, the children of his sister. They will not hesitate to claim it, and they can probably establish their claim to their penury. I cannot."

"Miss Kingsland, are you aware of what you are doing? Your needs——"

"Sir, I need nothing!" flamed the old woman sternly.

"Forgive me," he pleaded desperately.

"I speak as the son of my father, your father's old friend, and I speak as your friend as well. This money is rightfully yours. If you will not take all, let me suggest a compromise. It means affluence, comfort, ease, everything. The clause to which you rightfully object was a harsh, a brutal one, I'll admit, but I know that he intended you to have his fortune. There is other evidence."

"What his intentions were is nothing to me," she interrupted again. "I am not qualified to claim the bequest; but I say to you frankly, if I were as poor as perhaps you deem me——"

"Oh, pardon me, Miss Kingsland!"

"If I had not a garment wherewith to clothe myself, a mouthful to eat, I would never demean myself by claiming his money with that confession, that admission. We Kingslands—you, being a lawyer and a man of business, perhaps cannot understand—hold our heads high. Now that Mr. John Kingsland is dead, I am the last of the line. Nothing, nothing can make me claim this bequest or accept it. It would be disgrace, dishonor! Give it to the others."

"But again I ask, Miss Kingsland, do you fully understand the effect of your decision? Do you know what you are giving up?"

"I do, but I am retaining my self-respect, sir, my pride, my honor——"

Mr. Garrison made a movement of impatience.

"But, my dear Miss Barbara!" he protested.

"These things mean little to you of to-day, perhaps. They are life itself to me—the sole heritage of my fathers. No more, I beg of you! My decision is final, irrevocable!"

The excitement had brought a touch of color to the ghastly hollow of Miss Barbara's cheek. Standing there in the fading light of the late afternoon, for one moment Mr. Garrison's eye fell upon the Barbara of the past upon the painted canvas on the wall, and for one fleeting moment he saw in her the woman of to-day.

"Miss Kingsland," he said slowly at last, recognizing a determination against which it was useless to struggle longer, "you will pardon me, you will allow me the privilege of ancient friendship, of long service, to say that my mind, my reason, my common sense, utterly condemn what you have just said. As a lawyer I can but deprecate your decision; but as a man—my heart, madam——"

He bent low, cool, hard-headed, unromantic business man though he was, and raised her hand to his lips, and with the air and manner of a queen of the past she suffered him. As he did so, his mustache brushed against the balas-ruby gleaming so oddly against the whiteness of those withered fingers.

"You honor me, Mr. Garrison," said Miss Barbara, strongly moved and elated by his action. "I wish you to finish the Madeira. There is another glassful, and another biscuit. It will strengthen you for your cold journey homeward. The weather is so inclement."

"With your permission, madam," said the lawyer, raising his glass. "I will drink to the honor of the Kingslands. Never was it in safer hands!"

"Thank you. Good-by."

With old-time courtesy he bowed low, turned and left the room.

### III.

MISS BARBARA did not follow him to the door, but remained standing, her hands clenched, until she heard the outer door close. She stood for a few moments longer, breathing quickly, staring around the walls of the naked room from the cavalier under King Charles to the soldier who fought with Washington, to the

statesman of the days of Clay, to her father.

"I have fought a good fight," she whispered. "I have kept the faith!"

Something seemed to give way. Softly, oh, so very softly, she sank down in the Washington chair by the table. Her eyes fell upon the cracker crumbs on the plate, the few drops of wine at the bottom of the glass. Her hand went quickly toward them, then stopped. In spite of the deadly faintness that came over her, she remembered that she was a Kingsland. She weakly drew back her arm. Then she buried her face in both hands, fell forward against the table, and lay there quite still.

The fire in the grate blazed merrily, the wavering light flickered upon the shadowy canvases, until the figures on the wall seemed to quicken into life again. They looked benignly down upon the bowed white head, the pitiable shrunk figure, until the cheerful crackle of the burning wood died away at last, and all was silent. The glowing coals faded into dull ash. The ruby on the withered finger no longer sparkled in the cold, dark room. There was silence within; without, the moaning of the wind. And still Miss Barbara did not move.

At last the night gave way to day. The storm had spent itself; the day was calm and peaceful. The sun swept from east to west, and the light fell tenderly upon the white head through the long windows. And still Miss Kingsland remained as she had throughout the night, her face downward upon her extended arms, till the light faded away and the night came back again.

So she kept her motionless vigil in the house of her fathers, surrounded by the figures of the past, the ghosts of the present staring in voiceless approbation at her who had proved herself not the least worthy in the long line.

It was not until the second day after Mr. Garrison had visited her that he returned to the old house. Impelled by what heart-sinking premonition he could not tell, he tapped on the door and waited. Take the last throb of life out of an ancient dwelling, and the hollow sound of knocking tells a story of loneliness to be heard nowhere else.

With a growing apprehension he knocked again, and then tried the knob. The door was unlocked. It had been left just as he had walked out of it two days before. Before he entered he looked back toward the street in the hope of

assistance. A physician, whom he knew, happened to be passing. He called to him, and the two men entered the house together.

In the library just where he had left her they found Miss Barbara still and quiet, her white head upon her withered hands—the balas-ruby alone instinct with life. The last of the Kingslands had gone to join her ancestors.

"She has been dead for some little time," said the physician after a quick examination.

"What do you think it was?"

"Starvation, I should say. See"—he pointed to the table—"the remains of her last meal!"

"My God!" cried Garrison, clapping his hand to his face and shuddering. "And she gave that meal to me!"

## A FLIGHT INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

BY GERTRUDE DIX.

THE fugitive lay hidden in the wet brush of the immense canyon-side. Beneath him the river ran swollen with the rains; a road curved down to a bridge, and then wound tortuously upward over the divide. The man had reached the bridge in the night, and as he stealthily approached it, dogs had rushed out at him, barking wildly; the toll-house had suddenly become alight and alive, and the blaze of its vigilant windows had sent him into dreary ambush to wait for some opportune moment to cross. Daylight had shown him heavy gates, barring the bridge at either end. They seemed to him like the gates of Paradise, for they marked the way that leads straight into the high Sierras, where a hunted man may draw breath and take hope, knowing that there, at least, he has a fighting chance for freedom.

For two days the river had made a barrier between him and this land of his desire. After the great rains he could not ford it. The hunt for him was keen, and at the bridge on the Auburn and Forest Hill road an armed man on the watch barred that avenue of escape. This toll-bridge seemed equally impassable. It was the focal point of the traffic of a wide territory, and a half-way house for the teams wending from Forest Hill to Colfax.

In the early morning he watched them hitch up the horses, and listened to the jangle of the bells as the wagons rolled slowly out of sight. When the man of the house had left the yard, his wife moved in and out of the verandas at her work. The fugitive had not seen a woman for months, and he wondered, looking at her gentle movements, if she would have more mercy on him than the rougher tribe of men. Yet he dared make no appeal to her, for he had seen the husband cross the bridge, and enter a tunnel

near by with his tools, and he would come running at her call, armed, maybe, and prepared for him.

At length he relaxed his steady watch and fell into a doze of exhaustion. He dreamed an uneasy dream, troubled and anxious. He seemed to be caught. Some indescribable weight was pinning him to the ground. He struggled, trying to throw it off, then suddenly awoke and sat upright with a scream ringing in his ears.

To his surprise, the bridge gates were open! For some extraordinary reason the road across ran straight and bare of any living thing, like a hand pointing to the high mountains. Lawson scrambled down the hillside and into the grain-littered yard. The one dog remaining whined on its chain as though aware that some misfortune had fallen on the vacant house. A cry from the opposite bank told the fugitive of the whereabouts of the woman, but heedless of anything except that his chance to get away had come, he rushed to the stable for the horse which he had seen led out to water at the dawn. He saddled the animal, leaped to its back, and put it to the gallop across the bridge. He had all but crossed, when a figure ran into sight at the end and closed the double gates before him so suddenly that his horse reared on its haunches, almost throwing him.

"Stop!" cried the woman of the toll-house wildly. "Stop!"

In her distraction she did not see that the horseman differed in any way from the ordinary wayfarer.

"An accident?" said Lawson. "I'll fetch a doctor."

"No, no!" Her eyes implored him as her fingers clinched the gate. "You must come first and help me with my husband. He's hurt in the tunnel;" and she broke out into sobs.

Up to this Lawson had been hypnotized by the sight of the free, open road before him. Now, in a surge of pity for the woman, he forgot himself.

"I'll come," he said, dismounting as she opened the gate.

He led the horse through; tethered it—with regard to his future need of it—behind some rocks, out of sight both of road and toll-house, and followed the woman to the claim on the river-bank in which her husband had been at work. A mass of debris had fallen from the roof of the tunnel, almost burying the lower part of his body. Lawson knelt down and began to clear it away, bidding the woman fetch him certain things from the house. He worked with all the knowledge of a clever medical student, and when the woman returned with the coat and the broomsticks, he improvised a stretcher, and they carried the unconscious man into the house and laid him on the bed.

"Are you going for a doctor?" she asked.

The words were a loophole of escape, but after a moment's hesitation Lawson shook his head. If he left without lending his assistance, the man would certainly die. Even if the fugitive were to put his head in the trap by going to Colfax for the nearest doctor, the physician would arrive too late, so fast was the life-blood ebbing from the main artery of the wounded man's right leg. Lawson asked for bandages, wound them around the limb, and, inserting a stick in them above the injury, twisted it tightly, so that the sides of the artery closed on each other, and the bleeding ceased. While the woman held the stick in place, he administered brandy, and, watching its effect, absorbed himself in counting the faint pulsations in the brawny, powerless wrist.

Since the woman had led the way to the tunnel nearly three quarters of an hour had passed, but Lawson bent over the bed, unaware that the light of the winter afternoon was fading, till all at once he realized that the air was full of the bustle of the returning teams, while men with lusty voices were tramping toward the house. Dismayed, he crossed the room; then he shrank from the veranda, and, walking to the window at the back, looked at the sheer mountain, which rose like a wall and completely cut off escape that way.

"Hallo!" cried a voice in the passage. "Are you all out convict-hunting?"

The woman rose at the call, looking at Lawson for the first time, and saw his

pitiable figure—the cast-off jacket he had found in a ditch, and the telltale stripes on the trousers underneath it. She turned swiftly toward the veranda with a decision he had not previously seen in her.

"For God's sake!" he whispered, knowing that she had him at her mercy. "I saved him!"

"Trust me and stay with him. It's your only chance!" As she spoke, she closed and fastened the windows, drew down the blinds, and became mistress of herself, where before she had been so obedient and so helpless. "Change your clothes!" She drew a suit from a cupboard, and threw it across a chair, pointing to the necessities of a masculine toilet. "Lock this!" She paused a moment at the door into the passage. "I'll go and tell them about the accident."

Lawson made the tourniquet as secure as possible, and by the light of the lamp he found on the bureau gave himself a rapid shave. He divested himself of his hideous clothes, which he thrust into the empty stove, and attired himself in the clean garments. Wonderful is the power of clothing! As he looked in the glass he threw back his shoulders, recovered his poise, and recognized his former self—the young student, only a little paler and more worn than formerly; ascetic, as it were, with over-study. Escape would be easy now. He had merely to cross the bridge, get the horse, and hie for the high mountains!

Through the thin partition he could catch some of the men's comments on the accident. It seemed that one of them wished to come in and look at the sick man; that the woman prevented him, saying that the stranger had done everything that was necessary, and that he must lose no time in hastening for a doctor. After some minutes she came back, bearing a tray of food. Without ceremony Lawson crammed the bread and meat into his pockets.

"I will go now," he said.

"Not yet. George, my brother-in-law, is in the yard saddling his horse. He has a picture and a printed description of—the convict. I made him promise to go for the doctor because I am afraid of him. The others will suspect nothing. Sit down now and eat."

Lawson tried not to eat ravenously.

"Thank you, thank you," said the woman, watching her husband as he slept. "I can never repay you for stopping to help us."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Lawson,

finishing the last delicious morsels of food. "I only want to get away now—anything rather than go back. God knows I've paid the price for the money I took!"

The woman looked at him inquiringly. "Yes," went on Lawson, "I was a thief. I meant to pay the money back, but you know hell is paved with good intentions."

At this moment voices sounded in the passage, and there was a sharp knock at the door. A man entered and strode toward the bed—a coarse, powerful fellow with sharp eyes under black, curling hair. The woman stared at him and gave a cry of alarm.

"George, I thought you'd gone for the doctor!"

He gazed down frightened at the white face on the pillow.

"No, an' I'm not goin'. Nellie, my horse is stole!"

She wrung her hands.

"Then take another horse. Oh, you must go! You must!"

"No; I've sent Jake." Again he seemed rapt in contemplation of his brother on the bed, and Lawson took three rapid steps toward the door. "Don't go, stranger," George said; "you mustn't leave him yet."

Lawson knew that he was as fully in the power of that burly giant, with the revolver sticking out of his hip-pocket, as a mouse under the paw of a cat.

"I was going to close the door," he said. "He must be kept very quiet."

"But he won't die?"

"Not so long as the pressure is kept upon the artery, and he's not disturbed. How many hours will it take to get the doctor here?"

"A sight more than if my horse hadn't been stole," said the other roughly. "I believe that darned convict's got away with it!"

"A convict? Has one escaped from Folsom?" asked Lawson.

"Where have you been that you don't know that?"

George was peering suspiciously into his face trying to make out his features by the uncertain light.

"Oh, I came from Grass Valley today."

"From Grass Valley to Colfax?"

"Yes, to Colfax."

"I was in Colfax all day, but I never see you. How did you get here? Hoof it?"

Lawson had gone back to the bed. He measured some brandy into a spoon,

which he forced between the lips of the sick man. He made a curt sign for silence, and laid his finger on the man's wrist.

"Where's your watch?" asked the brother, eying him narrowly. "I never see a doctor yet without one!"

"I am not a doctor," said Lawson, "but I should be much obliged if you would lend me yours."

George handed it to him sulkily across the bed.

"You've studied doctoring, all the same!" he said.

While apparently intent in timing his patient's pulse, Lawson wondered how much the fellow knew—what of his past history had been noted in the printed description of him.

"Here is your watch," he said.

The other did not take it immediately.

"Sure you don't want the loan of it a bit longer?" he asked insolently.

Lawson laid it down within his reach upon the bed, and, turning to the woman, who was kneeling and holding the tourniquet in its place, asked her if she were very tired. She patiently shook her head. George came toward them.

"You can keep the watch," he said in a rumbling whisper, "if you'll tell me what's become of my horse."

"Oh, George," cried the woman, "how can you, how can you!"

Lawson laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Keep quiet," he said, "or the bandage will loosen."

He racked his brains for some cool retort to his tormentor. Suddenly George stepped up to him with the lamp in his hand and thrust it into his face. Then, before he could recover from the confusion of the glare in his eyes, the fellow was gone!

"He knew you!" the woman whispered. "He knew you!"

Lawson stared at the threshold as something white edged in under the door. As though fascinated, he picked up a folded paper, and, carrying it to the lamp, shook it open in the light. He saw his own portrait and a description under it, detailing, among other things, the fact of his medical studentship. On the blank space at the top of the bill were a few lines so hastily scrawled as to be nearly illegible:

To the Original: Best stay quiet where you are!

Realizing that he was trapped, he crushed the hateful document in his hand and thrust it into his pocket. If he could only prevent the fellow from

telling the others who he was, there might still be a chance for him. A low cry from the woman, and the sight of blood welling through loosened bandages, decided him to call George back. He went into the passage, to find him standing on guard there. He turned at the other's approach and whipped out his revolver.

"Come at once," said Lawson. "You must help me or your brother will bleed to death!"

A look of fear on the heavy face—the pallor of the bully, who is afraid of the death that creeps on in stealth and silence—showed Lawson that now, at any rate, he was master. Assuming command, he led the way into the sick-room. His enemy, thoroughly subdued at sight of the crimson stain on the linen, twisted the stick of the tourniquet as he was directed, while Lawson hastily prepared to tie the artery. He was determined to make a good job of it. A curious triumph guided his hands as he glanced at the powerful figure chained to the bedside.

And now a strange operation took place under the spot of lamp-light, while at the door, which was wide open, a cluster of men gathered to look silently in. Lawson slipped his fingers into the crushed and quivering muscle; he made a slight incision with the razor, and managed to grasp the artery above the cut, like a piece of warm India-rubber tubing. He wound it round with a piece of tape, tying it fast; then made fresh bandages, aware all the while that two men, holding lamps, had advanced nearer to the bed to facilitate the work.

When the operation was completed, carefully keeping in the shadow, he went over to the wash-stand to wash his hands. The sick man, rigid and still, had received his share of profound attention, and Lawson could feel that now *his* turn had come. It was almost as if the eyes scorched his backbone. Slowly, very slowly, he dried his fingers one by one upon the towel. Then, turning, he saw with relief that the faces greeted him with that awe of hushed admiration which is the tribute of simple natures to a knowledge greater than their own. Even the brother was obedient to his slightest gesture. The wife looked up at him beseechingly.

"He's all right," he said, with a reassuring nod. "Your brother will look after him, and give him brandy from the teaspoon every five minutes. You had better rest."

He took her hand and led her from the bed to a chair. She sank into it, and burst into tears—half of relief, half of gratitude; then, bending forward, she called toward the men who were melting from the door:

"Boys, this stranger's saved Jim's life! He'd been a dead man but for him!"

Lawson mixed her a little weak brandy and water in a glass and watched her drink it. Then, uncomfortably conscious that George was following his every movement from the other side of the bed, he walked into the passage, where the men still lingered.

"Any of you boys got anything to smoke?" he asked. There was a silent but fierce competition amongst the teamsters to furnish him with a cigar. The center of them, he walked to the front door, and slowly inhaled a few gratifying whiffs—the first for many, many months. His eyes measured the distance to the bridge—then to the shadow cutting half way across it. Once in the shadow he could make a bolt for it.

He glanced at the dim faces of the men. At present they were his friends, and the kindly attitude of the quiet, honest fellows was infinitely pleasant after his long-enforced companionship with the most brutal types. Some, with boyish faces, were those lithe Californians who seem born to the saddle. An older man, with gray hair, began to talk of the accident, and of how he had warned Jim Waters, the keeper of the toll-house, that the tunnel was dangerous. Lawson engaged him in conversation, and together they began to stroll toward the bridge. Then rapid footsteps came up behind them. A heavy hand grasped his shoulder.

"Doc," said the voice of George, "you're wanted!"

"I'll come," returned Lawson nonchalantly, "when I've finished my smoke."

"You're wanted now, doc," he answered so roughly that the teamster turned in surprise.

Lawson was compelled to obedience by the threat in the speaker's voice. Again he found himself in the prison of the sick-room, with its faint smell of stimulants, the littered wash-stand and bureau, and the discarded bandages on the floor. The woman had risen from her chair as they entered. She threw him a look full of sympathy. Then her eyes flashed hatred at the heavy figure closing the door.

"You coward! You—you beast!" she said to George in a biting whisper.

"What is it you want?" asked Lawson.

"Just this—you've got to stay in here with me!"

"And if I refuse?"

"Then I'll put the boys on to who you are!"

"Why don't you now?"

"Because he wants to get all the reward himself!" said the woman. "I know him!"

"I'll go out on the veranda and finish my smoke."

"No, you don't!" replied George.

"You sit down where you are."

"Oh, very well!" said Lawson, extinguishing his cigar with his fingers. Argument was useless. He seated himself quietly, wondering whether the faintest hope remained to him. Five, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour dragged slowly by; then the woman, murmuring that she was faint and must have air, rose. As he glanced at her a message passed between them. He understood that he was to hold the brother's attention.

Once more he bent over the pillows.

"Give him some more brandy," he said with an air of authority.

He lifted the bed-clothes; looked at the bandaged limb; then, as the other turned, as he heard the click and gurgle of the brandy bottle, he stole to the door where a hand was beckoning. In a moment he was in the passage and running down it, while the woman turned the key which she had transferred to the outside of the lock.

He was in the open air. He had broken through the startled group of teamsters, and was making for the bridge through the bright moonlight. The gates delayed him. He heard shouts and cries. The bullets of a six-shooter whizzed about him. He had reached the last gate when a man caught up with him and seized him

by the arm, forcing him to stop. No, he wasn't hurt, he said; but he had been obliged to run for his life. That fellow George had gone crazy, declaring he was the convict.

Other men came running with the welcome intelligence that his assailant had been secured and disarmed. Lawson leaned against the rail of the bridge. If they had only left him alone! If they had not been so anxious for his safety! How was he to get away from them, and reach the horse that was only a stone's throw distant?

"Say, boys," he said at last, with a laugh that shook a little, "if you don't mind, I'll finish my smoke here."

A fresh cigar was handed him. He smoked assiduously for some moments, oblivious of anything but the whirl in his brain. Then his head cleared. The men were discussing the savage attack that had been made on him and the mad idea that he could be the convict.

"And suppose I *were* the convict," he said, breaking in, his voice strange to him, as if he talked in a dream. "Suppose I *were* the convict! And suppose"—he spoke very rapidly—"that with the chance of escape in my hand I let it go and stayed to save a man's life, what then?"

There was a silence. Not a man in the group moved. Lawson heard his own heart beat. In his extremity he clenched his teeth and bit through his cigar. Then, recovering himself, he resumed his smoking, and puffed away as if his life depended on his keeping his half-extinguished weed alight. When it was glowing red again, the gray-haired teamster spoke.

"Say, doc," he said, "guess you can finish your smoke in peace." He turned toward the toll-house, and his mates like one man turned with him. "And good luck to you!" he added as a valedictory.

#### THE SILENCE OF THE DARK.

My neighbor's lamp, across the way,  
Throws dancing lights upon my wall;  
They come and go in passing play,  
And then the sudden shadows fall.

My friend's white soul through eyes and lips  
Shone out on me but yesterday  
In radiant warmth; now, swift eclipse  
Has left those windows cold and gray.

Ah, if I could but look behind  
The still, dark barrier of that night,  
And there—undimmed, unwavering—find  
That life and love were all alight!

Charles Buxton Going.

# THE GRAND DUKE.\*

BY CARLTON DAWE.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT ZILINSKI CONSPIRACY—A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA  
AND MONTE CARLO.

## XXIV.

ALL through the bleak night we pounded. A hard frost held the land in its grip, and bitter winds howled about us; but in my cozy saloon everything was delightfully warm and snug. I traveled like a prince, and I must confess that princes have a fair share of this world's good things. I really think I must have been a prince in some other life, I took so naturally to the exalted state.

Gromoff was somewhat of a nuisance, he had to be watched so incessantly. When I slept, or tried to sleep, Zilinski stood guard over him, and when his turn came to rest it was I who watched. The general, I think, rather enjoyed the annoyance to which he put us; but he was worth guarding. His appearance arm in arm with me at the Moscow station was the best of passports, even had I been doubted. From end to end of the line he was known; and even if the real Boris were to telegraph to every official on our route, my appearance, in company with Gromoff, would turn the scale in my favor. At the same time, I knew he would seize the first opportunity to betray us, and that not for one instant must our vigilance be relaxed until we had crossed the border.

Daylight broke pale and cold and still we pounded along. Occasionally, when we stopped at some station or junction, officialdom wished to pay its respects; but Boris was not on view. Once only, at Minsk, I showed myself for a few moments in company with my dear Gromoff. The general did not behave nicely. I caught him making mysterious signs to one of the officials. He swore afterwards that it was my mistake, but never before had I seen him contort his face in such an extraordinary manner. Perhaps he thought he was Peter the Great, who, history says, was afflicted with the jumps.

Of the strain and stress of that long journey I have a most vivid and horrible recollection. Countless alarms were ours;

the train stopped suddenly in odd places. I had frequent visions of breakdowns, collisions, official stoppages, and Heaven only knows what not; but fate stood by us all through, and carried us safely to the frontier station once more. Then the trouble began.

I had hoped we should be able to run through with but a trivial delay, but when we drew up at the platform, my old friend Meniski, the station-master, made his way through the darkness to my car and begged admittance. I conceded the point with what grace I could command, and when he made his appearance I rose to greet him. Gromoff was by my side. Meniski, thoroughly bewildered, looked from one to the other, and then began to stammer an apology.

"Highness, pardon the intrusion; but it is remarkable, most remarkable. See, I have just received this message from Berlin!"

With a look of great perplexity he handed me a telegram. It was from Boris, ordering him not to let train or passenger cross the frontier. I gave it back to him.

"Have you any idea what this means?"

"I cannot say, highness—unless it is some one masquerading in your name."

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised." I turned to Gromoff and Zilinski. "Some one is trying to hoax our faithful Meniski, it seems!"

I told them the contents of the telegram. Gromoff did not attempt to conceal his delight; Zilinski's face grew hard.

"Is this the only telegram?" he asked.

The man hesitated. Zilinski repeated his question, this time with more fervor.

"No, excellency."

"Where are the others?"

Slowly he handed out three other telegrams. They were all from Boris, sent from different stations, urgent, commanding this, that, and the other things. Frontiers were to be doubly guarded, and extra precautions taken. Every missive

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ended with either "I am coming," or "I will soon be with you."

"Evidently some madman," I said, turning to the general.

"Evidently," he answered dryly.

Meniski's eyes wandered from me to him, and there I thought they rested quizzingly, puzzlingly.

"He must be a madman, of course; for how can he be your highness, when I see your highness here in company with General Gromoff?"

"Imbecile," I cried, "you do not suppose that these messages are genuine?"

"It is puzzling, highness. I am imbecile, as you say. Tell me what to do."

"There is only one thing to do—give the necessary instructions for us to move on at once, and arrest this madman when he arrives."

"Yes, highness."

Still bewildered, he turned to go, but at that moment the general spoke.

"Do you know, Meniski, when this madman will arrive?"

"He is due now, general."

"Now—immediately?"

"Immediately, general."

"Then I should advise your highness to remain, see what the impostor is like, and order his arrest. He may not be so harmless as we imagine."

The little wretch! He had got in his oar at last. Zilinski's face hardened, and I saw his hand slip into his coat pocket. At that moment a whistle sounded in the distance.

"The special!" exclaimed Meniski.

"Good. Go and meet it, and escort this person to my presence. And, mark ye, Meniski, I want no scandal, so conduct him to me with as little fuss as possible." He bowed and departed. Then I turned to the general. "Your advice was quite gratuitous, my dear Gromoff, and might have cost you dearly. In a few moments now your support will be required; but you will be good enough to reserve your advice until it is asked for."

He shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously.

"He will be here presently, the true grand duke. Can you hope to carry through this farce successfully?"

"Not only do I hope to carry it through successfully, but with your aid I will."

"My aid?"

"Your aid. What do you suppose I brought you for? Presently I shall confront that impostor and denounce him. You will support me."

"I?"

"You!"

"And if I refuse?"

"Need we go into that? But no advice, remember; nothing but support. I hope you fully recognize the importance of the occasion. You may betray us; there is not the slightest doubt that a word from you will precipitate matters most unpleasantly. Yet I have faith in your discretion. Don't disappoint me."

He scowled and bit his lip with vexation, and regarded Zilinski with an ominous frown. I really believe he thought the true danger lay in my companion, and I was one with him. When Zilinski spoke seriously, it would be to some purpose.

I knew the general was inwardly seething defiance; I had no doubt he would betray us if the occasion offered. Yet at the same time he fully realized the danger he courted.

"You have a difficult task," he said coldly.

"Which I trust to your good sense not to render more difficult. I hate threatening, general, and personally I bear you no animosity; but I must get through."

"And you expect me to participate in this plot?"

"It may seem unreasonable, but it is quite true."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You are absurd!" he muttered.

"You will find it a tragic absurdity if you disobey," said Zilinski. "Listen to me, little man." He spoke rapidly. "I owe you a debt, the settlement of which has been too long deferred. You sent me to prison once."

"I dare say you deserved it!"

"Not as much as you deserve the eternal tortures of the place to which I shall send you if you try to trick us now!"

Uneasily the general glanced from side to side. Zilinski's eyes were glittering coldly; there was a deadly calmness in his voice which rendered it singularly impressive.

"Who are you?" demanded Gromoff.

An icy smile played round my companion's lips.

"My name is Nicholas Zilinski."

The general stiffened under the shock, but it was a shock all the same.

"I knew it!" he said.

"You do not remember that little incident at Kief?"

"There are so many of your sort," he replied contemptuously.

"Oh, no! If there were there would be fewer of yours. But now you know me,

and possibly you remember the debt. You must try to make me forget it." Voices were heard outside. "They are coming, General Gromoff. You will denounce this impostor when called upon. I shall be by your side. Don't attempt to move. The situation is too serious."

With a clatter the real Boris burst into the saloon, followed by Meniski and a police official—my old friend whom I had received so graciously on my first arrival at Wirballen. The grand duke wore a fur cap and a big fur coat, and though his eyes were glaring furiously, and his face was white with passion, I was immediately struck by the remarkable resemblance between us. However, I showed nothing of this, but advancing a step haughtily demanded the meaning of the clatter.

"There he is," cried Boris, "the rascal, the impostor! Caught, trapped! Arrest him at once!"

I waved him back with a lordly sweep of my hand.

"Steady, my good fellow, steady!" I replied, in a voice the tones of which, albeit they were without passion, were exactly similar to his own. "An explanation of this intrusion, if you please!"

"By Heaven," he thundered, "you mean to say you will brazen it out even now?"

"I don't know what you mean by brazening it out, but I know you are an extremely impertinent rascal. Meniski, who is this fellow, and what is he doing here?"

I thought Boris would have choked with anger. All that was evil, sensual, brutal in the man sprang to his face, gleamed in his eyes. But perplexity, surprise, fear, mingled in equal proportions in Meniski's looks, and in the looks of the chief of police. The thought flashed through me that I must keep them perplexed.

"You rogue," he began again, "you unparalleled impostor!" But I cut him short.

"Tut, tut, imbecile! What does this mean? Who are you, and why are you here?"

"I am the governor-general of Moscow, and I order your immediate arrest!"

"Oh, indeed! So you are the governor-general of Moscow! Wonderful, indeed! I hope your highness is well, and that you will enjoy your journey to your seat of government!"

I smiled pityingly at Meniski and the police official. I had no doubt that

Zilinski, whom I could not see, was well supporting me.

"There is no doubt of it," he replied, "since I shall have the pleasure of your company!"

I was afraid he had caught my tone and saw the advantage of coolness. Not that he could have entertained the faintest notion of being doubted, though my remarkable resemblance to himself must have impressed him more or less. Then for the first time he caught sight of Gromoff.

"Ah, general!" he cried. "You here? What are you doing with this impostor?"

I swung round a little, and so brought the others into my line of vision. Zilinski pressed a little closer to the general's side. One hand was still in the pocket of his coat, and that pocket was bulging ominously.

"So, so, my dear general!" I cried gaily. "An old friend of yours? This is interesting."

The general hesitated, looking from one to the other. Zilinski stood quite still.

"Come, man, come!" cried the prince harshly. "Where's your tongue? What's the matter with you? Why don't you speak?"

I turned to the general.

"You do not know this fellow?" I said. He hesitated, and, I thought, cast an imploring look at Boris. "You do not know him, general?" I repeated earnestly.

"No, highness."

Boris uttered a tremendous oath. His lips quivered with rage; passion flamed in his face. I saw the wonder deepen in the eyes of Meniski and the chief of police.

"You—you deny knowledge of me!" he spluttered. "Pretend you don't know me! Gromoff, are you mad? Speak, man; the truth! Do you deny your own prince?"

Gromoff made no answer. I stepped into the breach.

"Remove this madman," I said coldly, addressing the chief of police, "and see that he is placed under proper restraint. We have wasted enough time over this foolishness."

But Boris swung round furiously.

"You fools," he cried, "can't you see the plot? Can't you see the trick? I tell you this fellow is an impudent impostor. He is not even a Russian, though he speaks the language with any of us."

"Not a Russian, eh?"

I laughed, and even the grim Zilinski smiled.

"No, not even a Russian," he repeated. "He is an Englishman, and his name is Percival Wraymond. That other fellow is the notorious convict, Nicholas Zilinski."

"What further foolishness is this?" I cried. "The fellow bores me. Kindly remove him, and see that the poor wretch is examined by a competent doctor!"

Finding no words to express his indignation, he turned impotently from one to the other, and the doubt, perplexity, confusion, which he saw on the faces of all concerned steadied him somewhat. He seemed to realize that this was a more difficult task than he had imagined.

"So you are all leagued against me," he said, stamping with fury. "But I'll make you smart for this. I'll make you smart, each and all! Call in the police, the soldiers! This farce has gone on long enough. We must make an end of it!"

"Threats, now!" I said with an amused smile. "My good Meniski, how could you allow my privacy to be invaded by the absurd fellow?"

"Pardon, highness," murmured Meniski.

Boris uttered a guttural growl which was like the low rumbling of distant thunder.

"Unfortunately," I continued, like one conceding a possible point, "there is some resemblance between this fool and me; but I ask you, gentlemen, which of the two bears the real stamp of the illustrious Romanoff—this bloated, vulgar, and debased creature, or myself? Indeed, I think there is no necessity to ask intelligent men such an absurd question. No doubt he has seen me somewhere, and his weak head has been turned by the flattering likeness. Please remove him at once; but as he is apparently quite harmless, treat him kindly."

Boris did not allow me to complete this little effort without indulging in sundry explosions of wrath, but I managed to maintain my position with dignity. Furiously he stared from one to the other, and then hopelessly, impotently. Things were not going as well as he had anticipated. What if the fools he had brought for his support should end by doubting him? The man whom he had rushed across Europe to arrest might even now succeed in escaping.

"You're clever," he said, "clever as

the fox of your native mud-island, but the hounds run him to earth at last!"

Ignoring him, I turned with a smile to the station-master.

"My good Meniski, you owe me much service for this. Please do not deepen the debt."

Meniski nervously touched the grand duke on the arm. Boris flung on him like a fury, blaspheming in guttural Russian, and brushing his sleeve as if it had been polluted by a leper.

"You dog!" he snarled. "You dog, you touched me! Me, me! You—touched—me!"

Meniski fell back before him, muttering an apology; but in the station-master's eyes there was a look of dogged defiance. The chief of police now advanced a step.

"Don't excite yourself, my good fellow," he said consolingly. "It was quite a mistake on the part of my friend here. He forgot for the moment that you were the Grand Duke Boris, and thought of you as just an ordinary human being."

Boris glared at him.

"Are you mad, too, you fool, you worse than idiot?"

The man smiled quite cheerfully.

"I think I must be," he said. "Madness is in the air."

"You mean to say that you, too, allow yourself to become the sport of this impostor?"

"How can I doubt, highness," the man answered mockingly, "when your own chief of staff, General Gromoff, recognizes you?"

The singularity of his position was being driven home blow by blow.

"Gromoff, Gromoff!" He turned appealingly to the little man, who had remained grimly mute during this trying scene. "Speak, Gromoff, for the love of Heaven, speak! Tell these fools who I am; denounce that impostor and his revolutionary companion! You know me, Gromoff. Speak, man! Tell them who I am."

"The general has already failed to recognize you," I said. Then, turning to the two officials: "Gentlemen, need we prolong this absurd encounter?"

"One moment," cried Boris, "just one moment! Gromoff, speak! Am I or am I not the duke?"

I looked at Gromoff; all eyes were on him. Zilinski shifted his position just a little, but his pocket still bulged ominously. The general's grim mouth twitched nervously. A moment of intolerable suspense followed while he

looked meaningly into Boris' eyes. Then he said slowly, in a voice different from his usual harsh and definite tones:

"No, you are not the duke."

Boris looked thunderstruck; then piously he made the sign of the cross. I turned to the chief of police.

"Go at once and bring along two of your men," I said. "Make no fuss. We want this job done quietly."

With a grin the man saluted and disappeared.

"Are you also mad?" Boris was saying. "You, Gromoff, you; even you deny me! What does it mean? Are you in the pay of this impostor, or has he bewitched you? Or fear! Tell me, Gromoff, it is fear? I see it all! You are in their power. They are forcing you to deny me; but you recognize me, Gromoff; you recognize me?"

For a moment Gromoff hesitated, his lips twitching, his eyes darting nervously from side to side of the carriage, as if seeking some way of escape. Then like a shriek the words came:

"Yes, highness, I recognize you! You are——"

A muffled report followed, and the sentence remained unfinished. Gromoff pressed his hand to his side and doubled up on the floor. With a cry Boris flung himself toward Zilinski; but he, springing back, shouted:

"Keep off, you fool!"

The prince, however, either did not hear or did not heed. There was a flash, another report, and Boris staggered back. A moment or so he strove to recover his equilibrium, and then fell with a clatter against one of the velvet seats.

## XXV.

MENISKI uttered a cry of terror. Zilinski covered him with his still smoking revolver.

"Silence, fool—unless you want to go the same way!"

"Spare me! Spare me!" shrieked the station-master, falling on his knees and raising his hands in supplication.

"On one condition. You will do as you are told?"

"Name it, excellency. Anything, anything! Only name it."

"Then get up and listen. In a moment the chief of police will return. This madman"—pointing to the still figure of Boris—"attempted to assassinate his highness, but missing his aim shot General Gromoff, and then turned the revolver on himself. That's all.

Offer no other explanation; speak no word. Attempt a betrayal and you are a dead man!"

The chief of police, attended by two officers, came scrambling into the open carriage.

"I thought I heard a shot," he began, and then suddenly uttered a cry of alarm. "Almighty!" He quickly crossed himself. "What does this mean?"

"I regret to say that this madman was more dangerous than we imagined," I replied. "Scarcely had you left the car when he attempted to assassinate me. The general there received the shot instead. My faithful Meniski rushed forward to secure him, but before he could do so the madman turned the weapon upon himself."

Gromoff, as being the more important victim, was first examined. He was quite dead. I knelt beside the grand duke. The bullet had struck his lower jaw, and though he was senseless, and bleeding freely, I saw at a glance that the wound was not fatal, nor probably serious.

"This man is not seriously injured," I said. "He will soon recover consciousness. Take him away instantly, and bring medical assistance."

"I must congratulate your highness," said the chief of police, "on your miraculous escape."

"Thanks, thanks. But take those things away at once!"

Boris, as being most in need of help, was first removed; then they reverently removed the body of the general. I took the chief of police aside and he wrote down my statement. Needless to say, I duly impressed upon him the extreme necessity of discretion. Zilinski had disappeared into another compartment of the train with the station-master. When they rejoined us Meniski advanced to me, his face still deathly pale, his eyes still full of horror.

"Highness," he said, "it is still your wish to resume your journey?"

"I am afraid it cannot be postponed. I must be in Berlin by noon to-morrow; but I shall probably return within forty-eight hours. In the mean time"—I turned to the chief of police—"remember caution and discretion; and pay every attention to that poor fellow."

An hour afterward we had crossed the frontier and were speeding along through German territory. Meniski, the station-master, was one of our party. Of course you will understand that his solicitude for my welfare caused him to

accompany me on the journey. He and Zilinski left me outside a small country station. Zilinski was white to the lips, but he did not attempt to shake hands.

"It's good-by," he said. "I'm sorry for that affair, but it had to be. We've been good comrades. Try to think of me without shuddering. I will keep Meniski quiet for a few days. You go direct to London, Ryder Street, St. James'. You will find a recompense awaiting you. The driver of this train is one of us. Good-by!"

As he spoke the train came to a standstill, and with Meniski he disappeared in the darkness. Almost immediately a shrill whistle sounded, not the whistle of the locomotive, and the train resumed its journey.

I arrived in London without mishap, and there I found Doria and her brother awaiting. Needless to mention the nature of our meeting, but from her I learned the secret of the grand duke's escape from Monte Carlo. It was brought about by Marakoff, who had been left in charge of the prisoner. As I suspected, he had grown violently jealous of me, and insisted upon an immediate marriage with Doria. When she refused, he betrayed the cause by liberating Boris, thus hoping to encompass my destruction. How nearly he succeeded I have shown.

Of Zilinski I saw no more, but some six months after Doria and I had married we heard through a "comrade"

that he had returned to Russia, and to avoid arrest had shot himself. I mention the word "comrade," but it must not be imagined that we continued to mix in revolutionary matters. On the contrary, both she and I had had enough of Russia and Russian ways to last us a fairly long life. She calls herself an Englishwoman now. If you could hear her delightful English you might doubt her, but I doubt if you would say so.

Sometimes I feared that authority might call upon me to render an account of my doings in Moscow, but Doria always declared that Russian officials had no love for public scandals, and she proved to be right. Moreover, some highly important personages might be made to look ridiculous.

The Grand Duke Boris soon recovered from his wound, but I have heard people say that he speaks in a peculiar fashion, as if his tongue, or jaw, had been injured. It may be so.

Once in the London season, and not so very long ago either, I saw an extremely handsome woman driving in the Park. We met at the crossing near Albert Gate. She started, looked frightened, and then smiled. I raised my hat. She bowed.

"Who was that?" asked Doria. "I did not notice her."

"In Moscow they call her the Grand Duchess Sophie," I said.

"Really! How interesting!"

She knew the whole story, but she was not the least bit jealous.

THE END.

#### A GIPSY QUEST.

DAWN called, the breeze sang :

"Loiterers, up, away !"

June was astir, we followed her

All through the wine-gold day ;

June, winged with sunlight,

Sandaled with dew-starred grass,

Tossing the hours largesse of flowers,

Swift as a dream would pass ;

We, still pursuing—

Faith, but the dream was sweet !

Waft of the breeze, sway of the trees,

Ripple of shining wheat,

Nod of the clover,

Flutter of pink wild rose

Beckoned all day, whispered : "Away !

Yonder she fleetly goes."

On through the sunset

Into the afterglow

Ever she fled, ever we sped,

Till in the twilight, lo,

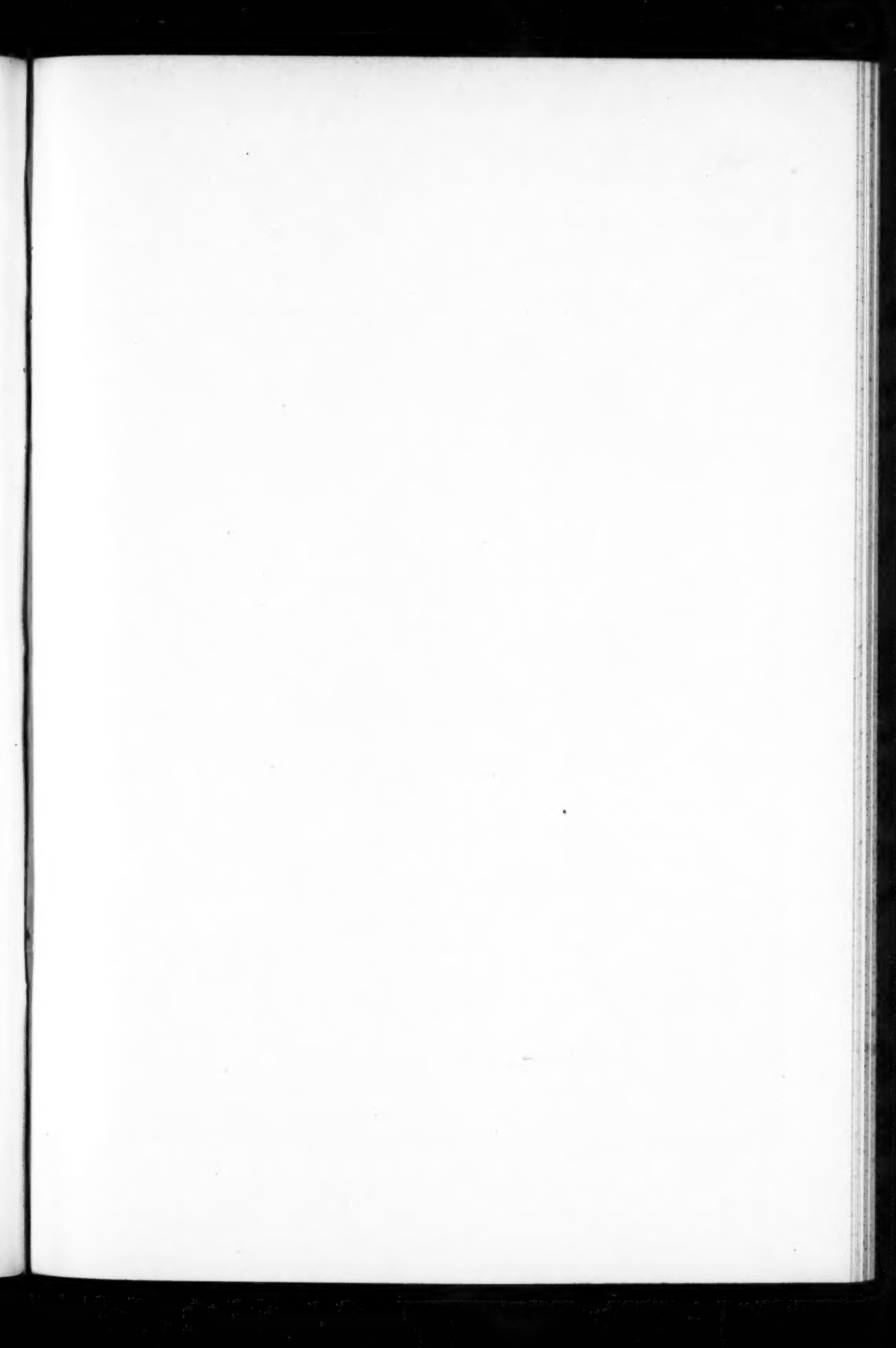
She turned and drew us

Close in her arms to rest,

Tenderly kept watch as we slept

All night long on her breast !

Grace H. Boutelle.





THE MAYFLOWER, THE HISTORIC VESSEL ON WHICH THE PILGRIM FATHERS CROSSED THE ATLANTIC IN 1620, LEAVING PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, SEPTEMBER 16, AND LANDING AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER 21.

*By courtesy of Messrs. John A. Lowell & Company, Boston, from the painting by Marshall Johnson.*

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